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THE NEW YORKER

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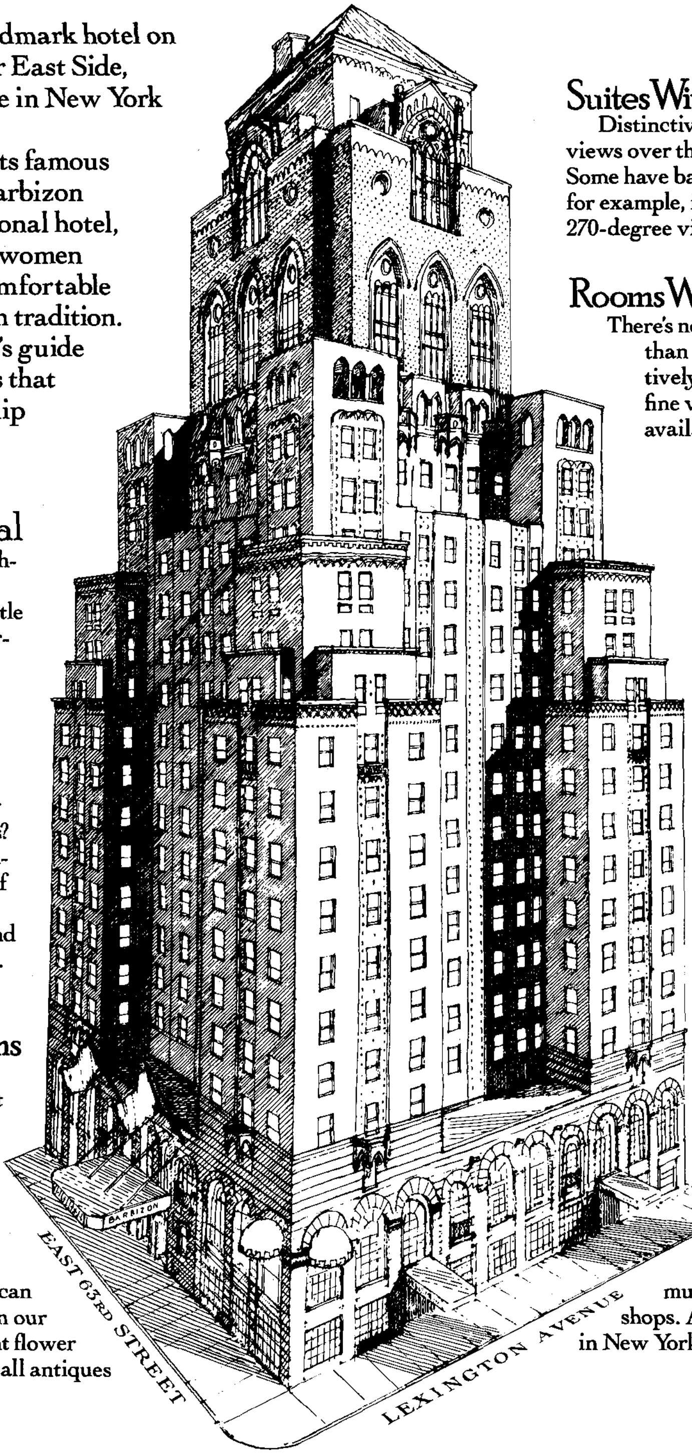

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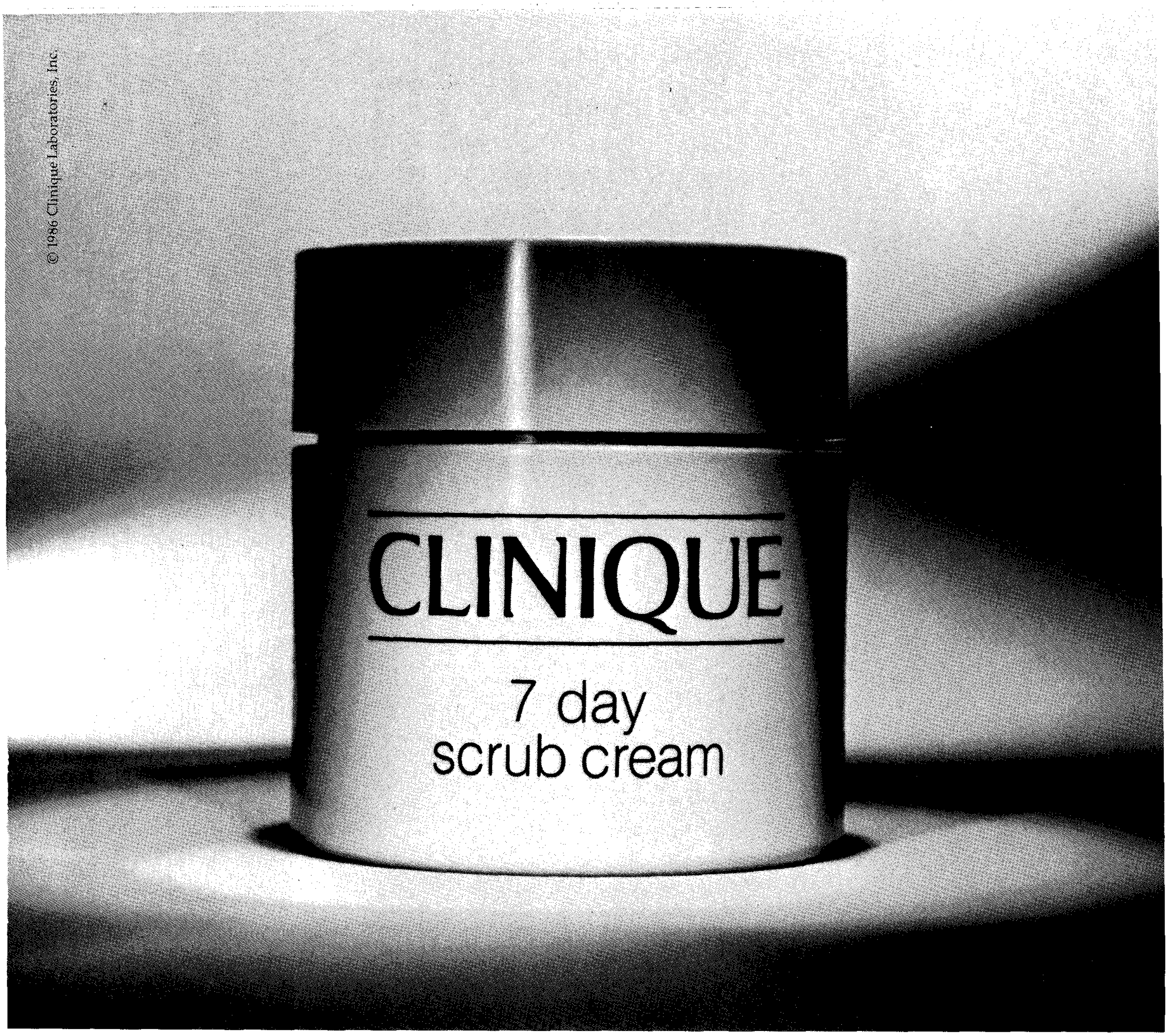

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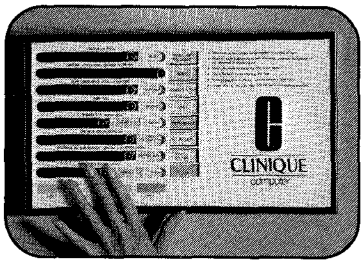

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival of the 1978 musical, with the original Broadway cast: Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. Directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. Previews through Sunday, Aug. 14. Opens officially on Monday, Aug. 15. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Aug. 16, through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Checkmates—A comedy by Ron Milner. With Ruby Dee, Marsha Jackson, Denzel Washington, and Paul Winfield; directed by Woodie King, Jr. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Fridays and Saturdays, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, and Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/88.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miracolo d'Amore—This theatre piece, conceived and directed by the extraordinary Martha Clarke, was inspired by, among other things, the Punchinello drawings of Tiepolo, the eighteenth-century Venetian artist. The score was composed by Richard Peaslee, the setting and costumes were designed by Robert Israel, and the lighting was by Paul Gallo. The show is a treat for the eye and ear and, occasionally, the funny bone for the mere sixty minutes it runs. (7/11/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesday and Thursday at 8, and Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 13.)

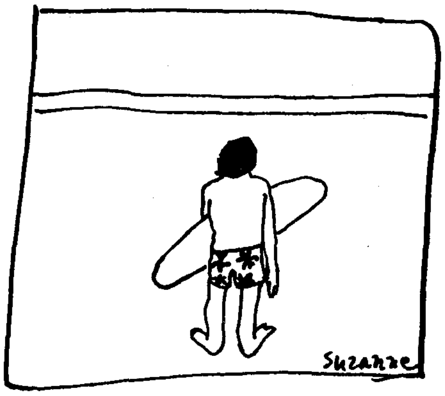
The Mistress of the Inn—Carlo Goldoni's 1753 play, with Tovah Feldshuh. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Night of the Iguana—Except for the performances of Jane Alexander and Maria Tucci, this revival of Tennessee Williams' play is disappointing. (7/11/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean, with Avery Brooks in the title role. Preview Tuesday, Aug. 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, Aug. 10. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Road—This poignant and exhilarating new play by Jim Cartwright takes the audience on a night prowl through a Lancashire slum and, by implication, on a spiritual tour of depressed Thatcherite England. The play is performed promenade style (the audience has the option of sitting or joining the actors onstage) by an exceptionally able cast. The production is not seamless, but it features some amazingly good acting, most notably from Kevin Bacon, Joan Cusack, Michael Wincott, and Jayne Haynes. Lincoln Center produced this interesting piece of theatre, directed by Simon Curtis, of the Royal Court Theatre in London. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17			

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. With Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Kathy Bates, as a young disciple of the sculptor. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under the direction of Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-2590. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. The matinée schedule varies; please call ahead.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **broadway bound:** Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags in a touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Joan Rivers plays the mother; Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Aug. 15, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **burn this:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** This longest of long runs recently celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **frankie and johnny in the clair de lune:** Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. With Dick Cavett as the Narrator. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oil city symphony:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FESTIVAL LATINO IN NEW YORK—A theatrical *celebración,* featuring plays from Latin America and Spain. Unless otherwise noted, all performances are in Spanish. The schedule: "De la Calle," by Jesús González Dávila. A production of Mexico's Compañía Nacional de Teatro. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 8-9, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available both evenings.) . . . ¶ "The Island," a 1972 play by Athol Fugard, John Kani, and Winston Ntshona; translated into Spanish and directed by Filander Funes. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 8-10, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 9-10.) . . . ¶ "Made in Lanús," by Nelly Fernández Tiscornia. Monday through Friday, Aug. 8-12, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3 and 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 8 and Aug. 12-13.) . . . ¶ "El Martirio del Pastor," a play by Samuel Rovinski. A production of Costa Rica's Compañía Nacional de Teatro. Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 15-17, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 13-14.) . . . ¶ "Mariameneo, Mariameneo," a play written and directed by Juan Sánchez; presented by Spain's La Zaranda company. Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 14-17, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 14-15.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27.) . . . **NOTE:** There is also a program of Latin-American films at the Public through Sunday, Aug. 21.

STRANGER HERE MYSELF—Angelina Réaux in a one-woman revue of twenty songs by Kurt Weill. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 11, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays and Thursday, Aug. 11, at 7.)

WITHOUT YOU I'M NOTHING—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

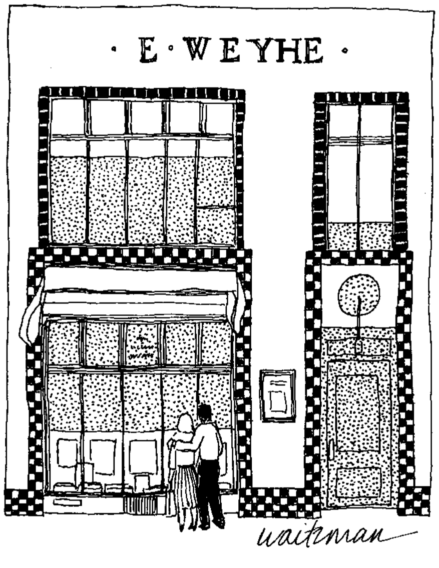
BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** who has made a fine art out of her wee voice, is once again giving her early-bird concerts. She starts at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, and finishes before the stars come out to graze. A musical-comedy trio from London called Fascinating Aida goes on at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, an avian logo (two long-billed, long-legged fowl taking it easy), and jazz people of various old and new schools. **TINY GRIMES,** a four-string guitarist who played with Parker and Tatum in the forties, leads a trio on Wednesday, Aug. 10; **CARLA WHITE** sings on Thursday, Aug. 11; and tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** brings in a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club, there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **MAD ROMANCE,** a Manhattan Transfer-ish harmony quartet from Washington, D.C., performs on Monday, Aug. 8; Bob James, who was once Sarah Vaughan's accompanist and is now a heavyweight fusion man, leads a group Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 9-14; starting Tuesday, Aug. 16, **BOBBY BLUE BLAND,** one of the few blues crooners around to cite Perry Como as an influence, shares the stage with a West Coast swing band led by **JEANNIE CHEATHAM** (vocals and piano) and her husband, **JIMMY CHEATHAM** (bass trombone). Music from nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and (a new wrinkle) drummers compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty and the drummer usually prevail. Pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH'S** trio will be on the premises through Saturday, Aug. 13; **KENNY BARRON'S** threesome plays on Sunday, Aug. 14. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Tuesdays through Sundays, **JIMMY HAMILTON,** a pure-toned clarinettist who spent a quarter of a century in the Ellington band, shares a sextet with bassist **AARON BELL,** who spent a couple of years with Ellington in the early sixties. Music from nine-thirty.



FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Catalyst, a quartet that features the hard-blowing Philadelphia tenor man **ODEAN POPE,** will be around Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 9-14. Mondays are in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese food and American jazz—can be found here, under a greenhouse roof giving on to a patch of midtown sky. **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano flies under the flags of Bud and Bird, heads up a trio Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 9-14; **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the formidable Polish pianist whose inspirations include Tatum and Chopin, goes to work on Tuesday, Aug. 16. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** a guitarist whose models include his easygoing dad, Bucky, and a singer who draws on early Nat Cole and the soft, languid tunes of Michael Franks, is here on Thursdays with his trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a veteran music-theatre man whose sets might include something from "Yokel Boy" (a 1939 Broadway show remembered chiefly for Phil Silvers), or a medley of songs about java or spinach (Irving Berlin wrote something about each), or an obscure Jerome Kern number, is here on Mondays, Aug. 8 and 15; cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** works with **MARTY GROSZ** (guitar and vocals) and **MURRAY WALL** (bass) on Tuesdays, Aug. 9 and 16; **BARBARA LEA,** a pippin of a singer, has the floor on Saturday, Aug. 13. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. Cellist **TOM CORA,** cornettist **BUTCH MORRIS,** and percussionist **SAMM BENNETT** bow and toot and clatter expressively on Tuesday, Aug. 9. The **LOUNGE LIZARDS,** the decade-old fractured-jazz outfit dear to the hearts of downtown folks, will be around Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-14. **EUGENE CHADBOURNE,** a locally trained combination of protest singer and C. & W. nut and avant-garde guitarist-noisemaker, has the floor on Monday, Aug. 15. Chadbourne's style is a mixture of homemade and antic; in addition to guitar and banjo, he plays a Duchampian found instrument called a lap steel rake, and has in his wardrobe a coat with mousetrap epaulets (to catch the gag mice running all over it). Just about everything he touches—from "Purple Haze" to "Oh Yoko" to "Ramblin' Man"—he eventually deflates. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. **DAN HICKS,** the San Francisco folk-swing man, will be here on Friday, Aug. 12. When we last saw him, he was wearing two-tone dancing shoes, gray golfing slacks hitched way up, and a brown Western-style shirt. He looked a little heavier than he'd been in the early seventies, when he and his band, the Hot Licks, were riding high on the folk-swing circuit, but he hadn't abandoned his commitment to springy, jocular, non-commercial, non-progressive music. He did some of his old tunes ("I Scare Myself," "Canned

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Music") and some of his newer ones, including the speedy "Doin' It" (which he described as "kind of a male-chauvinist-pig song, or, rather, kind of a lady's-man-bon-vivant song") and "Hell, I'd Go" (a number about interplanetary travel, which featured high-pitched backup vocals by the otherwise imperceptible Martianettes). **ALBERT KING**, the bang-up blues guitarist, performs Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, and **ROOMFUL OF BLUES**, a spirited jump band from Rhode Island, holds forth on Saturday, Aug. 13. Music after nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned honky-tonk. It has more space than the parent joint; it also has more mirrors, more Miller beer banners, more fireplaces (*two, on the second floor*), more carpeting, more Gibson electric guitars serving as wall ornaments, more letters of commendation (posted in the entryway) from Texas dignitaries (Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower, ex-Governor Mark White), and at least as many souvenir T-shirts and ball caps. **ALBERT KING** brings his axe here on Thursday, Aug. 11; **EMMYLOU HARRIS'S** high, finespun country voice can be heard the following Thursday. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and a string combo modelled after Django Reinhardt's Hot Club quintet on the bandstand. This group, which is led by a fleet young Long Island guitarist named **FRANK VIGNOLA**, will be joined by a ham named **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE**, whose assorted talents (she plays piano and accordion, sings, and does campy variations on a red-hot-mama theme) have made her popular in chic downtown spas as well as in swell rooms such as this one. Sets at nine and eleven. **JOAN RIVERS**, who is doing a stint at the Broadhurst as the mother of the Neil Simon character in "Broadway Bound," talks to you Thursdays through Saturdays at about eleven-thirty, after the young people have retired for the night. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **ART BLAKEY**, long famous for his press rolls and for the school of hard bop he runs, leads his Class of '88 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13. Music from about ten until two.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. **AMBITIOUS LOVERS**, a downtown Manhattan outfit (original Lounge Lizard **ARTO LINDSAY** and keyboardist **PETER SCHERER** are the principals) that can go from a jangly New York funk number to a wispy Brazilian song without cracking a smile, perform on Tuesday, Aug. 9; protest singer **GIL SCOTT-HERON** holds forth Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 10-11. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—Outside, on the boulevards of Greenwich Village, heedless local youths and tourists from New Jersey make mad music; inside, dulcimers are hammered, fiddles are fiddled, folk songs are sung, and Professor Irwin Corey sometimes pops his head in to explain what a light bulb is (a thing that sucks up darkness until it goes out). **ERIC ANDERSEN**, a troubadour who has been roaming this neighborhood since the time when Bob was king and Joan was queen, stops by on Saturday, Aug. 13. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **RICHARD DAVIS**, an all-around post-bop bassist who has played with everyone from Sarah Vaughan to Bo Diddley to Eric Dolphy, leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 9-14. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM**, the expatriate South African pianist formerly known as Dollar Brand, brings in his septet, **EKAYA**, for a two-week stay. Shows from ten. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain but functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. **LOUIS MYERS**, a veteran Chicago bluesman best known for his guitar work in the fifties behind Little Walter, will be out in front of a band on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13. Shows from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, in the gym-size room where hepcat d.j. Symphony Sid used to spend his Monday evenings hosting Latin-jazz shows, Latin music is still the rule on Mondays. On Aug. 15, **FRANK FOSTER**, the leader of the Count Basie ghost band, solos with ensembles run by **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and **HILTON RUIZ**. **TANIA MARIA**, a Brazilian piano thumper and whizzing scat singer, performs Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 9-14, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

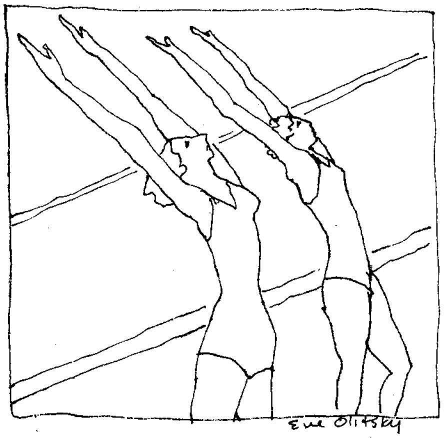
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor, and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Texas tenor man **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, a longtime Ray Charles associate, leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 9-14; tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** descends the stairs with his quartet on Tuesday, Aug. 16. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. The **WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, a youthful mini-big band that concentrates on the works of the Old Masters (Ellington, Lunceford, et al.), plays Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 10-14. Music from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Pasta and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** are on duty through Saturday, Aug. 13. Music from eight.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

BRYAN FERRY—With Loup Garou. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 9-11, at 8.)



INXS—With Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Friday, Aug. 12, at 8.)

GEORGE MICHAEL—Madison Square Garden. Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 14-16, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSÉ CAMPECHE (1751-1809)—A Puerto Rican who recorded the high society of San Juan in his portraits. Forty-seven of his paintings are currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Collages from the sixties. Through Sept. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—Paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 19. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

NANCY GRAVES / JOHN WALKER—Small-scale sculptures in sterling silver. / Monoprints. Through Sept. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

OLIVER JOHNSON—New paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 26. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BERNARD**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Louise Nevelson, Jean Dubuffet, and Boris Zaborov, among others. Through Aug. 31. . . . **DAVIDSON**, 415 West Broadway: Still-lifes on canvas and on paper by Carol Anthony, Deborah Deichler, Janis Goodman, Ruth Miller, and George Stave. Through Sept. 2. . . . **FRUMKIN-ADAMS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Sculptures by Mel Chin and Carol Kumata, and paintings by Jeanette Cole and David Krueger. Through Friday, Aug. 12. . . . **GIBSON**, 568 Broadway: Paintings in various mediums, including pieces by Merrill Wagner and Suzan Etkin. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, Isamu Noguchi, and Jenny Lee, among others. Through Sept. 16. . . . **TILTON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hispanic artists, including Patricia González and Robert Gil de Montes. Through Monday, Aug. 15.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery artists can also be seen at **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 24 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **KATZEN-BROWN**, 475 Broome St. . . . **MARCUS**, 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.). . . . **MUNROE**, 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St. . . . **PRETTO**, 103 Sullivan St. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SOHO 20**, at 469 Broome St. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JOAN FONTCUBERTA—Photographs by an artist whose work is collaged and frottaged. Through Sept. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—The Whitney Museum has mounted a show of his photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GARRY WINOGRAND (1928-84)—Black-and-white photographs dating from the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Aug. 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays. A retrospective of the artist's work can currently be seen at the Museum of Modern Art.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Collaboration in Recent American Photography," including works by Laurie Simmons and Allan McCollum, Clegg & Guttmann, and Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds. . . . ¶ Photographs of North Korea by the Japanese photographer Hiroji Kubota. Both shows through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5: Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—Photographs of planes, trains, and boats by Laura Gilpin, Robert Doisneau, André Kertész, and many others. Through

Aug. 19. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The earliest work in the David Hockney retrospective is a self-portrait done when the artist was seventeen. Mr. Hockney has also recorded the Acoustiguide tape for the show, on which he explains his ideas and techniques. Through Sunday, Aug. 14. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty pieces of American silver, dating from the seventeenth century to the present. The exhibition includes works by Paul Revere and Tiffany & Co. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Religious paintings and portraits by the eighteenth-century Puerto Rican artist José Campeche. Through Sept. 25. Works by the artist are also at the Museo del Barrio. (The Metropolitan is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Deconstructivist Architecture," drawings, models, and site plans by Coop Himmelblau, Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Zaha M. Hadid, Rem Koolhaas, Daniel Libeskind, and Bernard Tschumi. The chief organizer of the exhibit was Philip Johnson, who describes these architects as having eschewed harmony, unity, and clarity for the sake of disharmony, fracturing, and mystery. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ The Garry Winogrand retrospective. Through Tuesday, Aug. 16. Pace-MacGill has a complementary show. . . . ¶ Ninety of Matisse's black-and-white prints, including etchings, lithographs, and monotypes. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10; on these nights musicians from the Juilliard School perform works by John Cage and others at 7:30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Frank Gehry's architecture is surveyed in more than two hundred and fifty drawings, photographs, and models. The projects represented include the Fishdance Restaurant in Kobe, Japan, and the Laser Laboratory Building at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Also on display are several walk-through constructions. Through Oct. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Fifteen years' worth of Robert Mapplethorpe's prints are represented in a show of nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Uses of Photography in Contemporary Art," a small exhibit from the permanent collection, with works by Julie Wachtel, Ellen Carey, and David Hockney. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fossils from China—including several dicynodonts that are about two hundred and fifty million years old—along with some of their North American counterparts taken from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ Three Buddhist monks, including Lobsang Samten—an attendant to the Dalai Lama—create a sand mandala before your eyes. The sand men do not create on Mondays. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays; 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There are, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. Through

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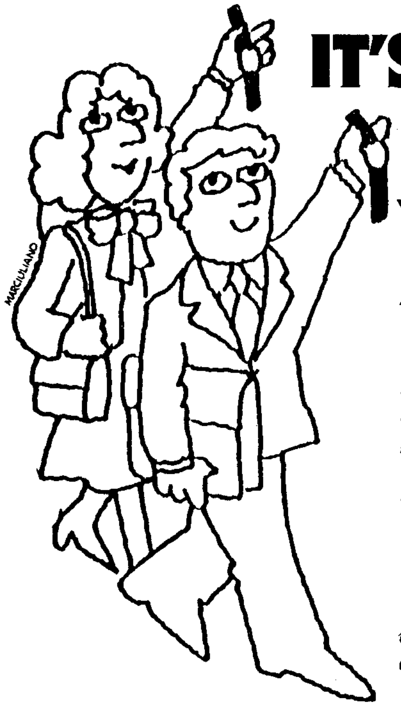

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ART—Cont'd

Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Unbuilt Architecture of the Eighties," including models, drawings, and photographs by Philip Johnson, Alice Aycock, and Antoine Predock. Through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ The museum's garden is currently dotted with lawn chairs in every conceivable style. These bizarre—but comfortable—pieces are the work of thirty-one San Francisco Bay Area artists, including Martha Schwartz, Veronica di Rosa, and Daniel Friedlander. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by the English painter Graham Sutherland (1903-1980). The prints range from pastoral landscapes to expressionistic renderings of birds and insects. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show in which Jewish themes are explored in video art: installations by Juan Downey, Beryl Korot, and Grahame Weinbren and Roberta Friedman, mounted in separate galleries; and six videos that run on a single, continuous tape for just over two hours, including "Harold's Bar Mitzvah," by Bart Friedman, and "Women in the Camps," by Barbara Rosenthal. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the works of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"The Portrayal of the Black Musician in American Art," a show of paintings, sculptures, and lithographs dating from 1830 to 1970. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 9-11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ California, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, at 7:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, Aug. 12, at 7:35; Saturday, Aug. 13, at 1:35; and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 12:05 (doubleheader).

Football—Giants vs. Jets, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8.)

Racing—At **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE,** McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15; through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 29. The Ballerina, Friday, Aug. 12; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 13; and the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 14.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Tuesday evening, Aug. 9: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Pamela Kucenic, Stefano Algieri, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, Pablo Elvira, and Ned Barth. Sergiu Commissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Holleque, Jane Shaulis, Stefano Algieri, and Kenneth Shaw; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 11: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Stephen O'Mara, and Pablo Elvira; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 12: "Mefistofele," with Frances Ginsberg, Jane Shaulis, John Cheek, and Robert Grayson; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday matineé, Aug. 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Erie Mills, Jane Shaulis, Robert Orth, and Gran Wilson; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 13: "Rigoletto," with Maureen O'Flynn, Janis Eckhart, Frederick Burchinal, and Richard Leech; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 16: "Madame Butterfly," with Marianna Christos, *Jane Bunnell, Stefano Algieri, and William* Parcher; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 17: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Ruth Golden, Richard White, and Gran Wilson; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Monday, Aug. 8, at 8: The Cleveland String Quartet, with guest artists Emanuel Ax, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, at 8: Hermann Michael conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Mr. Ax, piano, and David Shifrin, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 7:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Festival Orchestra and Amy Kaiser directing the Festival Chorus, in a performance of "Lucio Silla." With vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 8: An all-Schubert program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Michael Morgan, double bass; Yefim Bronfman, piano; and William Sharp, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 7:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting a repeat performance of "Lucio Silla.". . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 15, at 8: Kurt Masur conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, at 8: Gunther Herbig conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

Frank Patterson—Tenor. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 288-0700.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Central Park Zoo—More than four hundred and fifty animals are here, exploring their renovated habitats, and they'll be ready for the admiration of the public starting Monday, Aug. 8. (Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5:30.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various local parks. Andrew Davis conducting. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Monday, Aug. 8. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens: Tuesday, Aug. 9. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting. **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island: Friday, Aug. 12. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx: Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Monday, Aug. 15. (Evenings at 8.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **KING JOHN,** with Mariette Hartley, Kevin Conway, and Moses Gunn, will begin on Thursday, Aug. 11, and run through Sunday, Sept. 4. The second of two productions presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Washington Square Park—Final performances of the season—Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8: Abba Bogin conducting the Festival Orchestra. With Masako Yanagita, violin, and Henry Schuman, oboe. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8: The Dean Pratt Big Band. (In the event of rain, the concerts will take place at Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: The Limón Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: Xavier Rist conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with William Wolfram, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Mario Bauza and his orchestra, with Graciela.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Friday, Aug. 12: Grover Washington, Jr., and B. B. King. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Joe Cocker. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Prospect Park Band Shell—Friday, Aug. 12, at 8: Mario Bauza and his orchestra, with Graciela. (Rain date, Aug. 13, at 3.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8: Ray Barretto, with Urban Jazz Ensemble. (Rain date, Aug. 14, at 3.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 8: Dave Valentin, with Sonido Costeño. (Rain date, Aug. 15, at 8.)

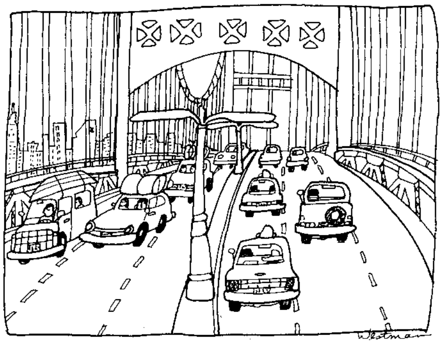
Central Park Band Shell—Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3: Sussan Deihim & Richard Horowitz, with Jon Gibson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3: Joel Nascimento & the Brazilian Sextet. (Mid-Park at 72nd St. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Music Festival—Friday, Aug. 12 at 9: Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Edward Carroll conducting the New York Trumpet Ensemble, with Anthony Newman, organ. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 5:30: Richard Westenburg directing Musica Sacra. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 21. Trains leaving Grand Central Terminal on Saturdays at 2:48 and 5:48, and on Sundays at 3:48, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Tanglewood—The summer residence of the Boston Symphony. Friday, Aug. 12, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the orchestra, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the orchestra, and John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a performance of Strauss's "Elektra." With vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—A three-week engagement of the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA,** which runs through Saturday, Aug. 27. Wednesday evening, Aug. 10: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 11: William Smith conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Louis Rosenblatt, English horn. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 12: David Zinman conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 13: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Ian Hobson, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 17: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.) . . . **NOTE:** From *Monday, Aug. 8, through Saturday,* Aug. 13, the Lewitzky Dance Company will be performing in the Little Theatre. The Mark Morris Dance Group starts a one-week engagement on Monday, Aug. 15.



ET ALIA

Republican National Convention—Opens at the Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans on Monday, Aug. 15, at 10 A.M., C.D.T. President Reagan will speak that evening, and the keynote address, by Governor Thomas Kean, of New Jersey, will be delivered Tuesday evening, Aug. 16. The convention continues through Thursday, Aug. 18.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of Latin-American films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Hairspray" (†). From Aug. 12: "Young Guns" (directed by Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Willow" (†). From Aug. 10: "Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Die Hard" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 11: "Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear" (George A. Romero). From Aug. 12 (tentative): "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Jeff Bridges.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
(Matinées only) "Bambi" (†); and (evenings only) "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 11: (Matinées only) "The New Adventures of Pippi Longstocking" (Ken Annakin); and (evenings only) "Vibes" (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.
From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Big" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Rescue" (Ferdinand Fairfax).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Run" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Midnight Run" (†). From Aug. 12: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 11: "Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear" (George A. Romero).
From Aug. 12: "Mac and Me" (Stewart Raffill).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

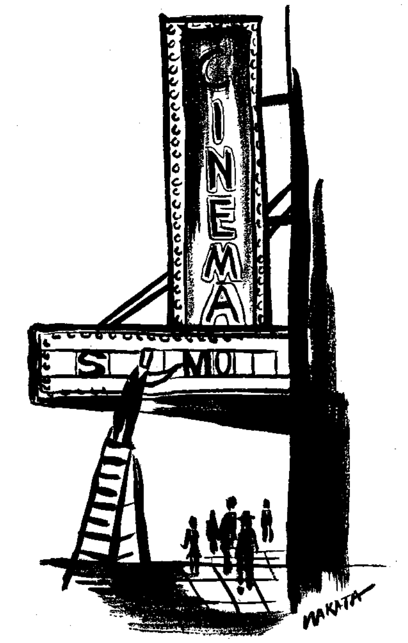
Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Pascali's Island" (James Dearden), with Ben Kingsley, Charles Dance, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.
Theatre 2: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Aug. 9: "Arthur 2 on the Rocks" (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.
From Aug. 10: "Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Big Top Pee-wee" (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman. From Aug 12 (tentative): "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Jeff Bridges.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)



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14	15	16	17			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 11.

"Mr. North" (Danny Huston), with Anthony Edwards.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 11: "Vibes" (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.
From Aug. 12: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "Alice" (†). From Aug. 17: "The Burglar" (1987; directed by Valery Ogorodnikov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Family Viewing" (Atom Egoyan).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "A Taxing Woman" (†) and "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood. From Aug. 12: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "Midnight Run" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Shame" (Steve Jodrell).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: (Matinées only) "The New Adventures of Pippi Longstocking" (Ken Annakin); and (evenings only) "Tokyo Olympiad" (†). From Aug. 12: "A Summer Story" (Piers Haggard), with Imogen Stubbs and James Wilby.
Theatre 3: "Vibes" (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 4: "A World Apart" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Rescue" (Ferdinand Fairfax).
Theatre 2: "Midnight Run" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 11: "Bull Durham" (†). From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 11: "Bambi" (†).
From Aug. 12: "Mac and Me" (Stewart Raffill).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A World Apart" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Shame" (Steve Jodrell).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Aug. 11: "White Mischief" (†).
From Aug. 12: "A Summer Story" (Piers Haggard), with Imogen Stubbs and James Wilby.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Handful of Dust" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 11: "Big Business" (†).
From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Fish Called Wanda" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Commissar" (1967; Alexander Askoldov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" ("L'Ami de Mon Amie") (†).

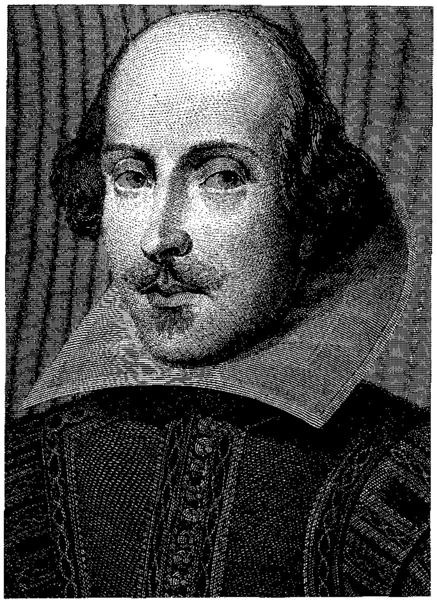
Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Big" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Rescue" (Ferdinand Fairfax).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Coming to America." (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "Coming to America." From Aug. 10 (tentative): "Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.
Theatre 3: "Bull Durham" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 11: "Big Top Pee-wee" (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman. From Aug. 12 (tentative): "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 5: "Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 6: "The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 11: (Matinées only) "Bambi" (†); and (evenings only) "The



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It may just be the factor that decides whether this year's sales goals are to be or not to be.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE
FOR THE ARTS, INC.

Prepared as a public service by Ogilvy & Mather.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood. From Aug. 12: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Vibes" (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum. From Aug. 12: To be announced.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (316-6660)
"Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Run" (†).
Theatre 2: "Die Hard" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear" (directed by George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi. From Aug. 12: "Young Guns" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: "The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.
Theatre 4: "The Blob."
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bull Durham" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 11: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.
From Aug. 12: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 11: "Big Top Pee-wee" (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman. From Aug. 12: "Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.
Theatre 3: "Bambi" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Rescue" (Ferdinand Fairfax).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Vibes" (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 9: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood. From Aug. 10: "Clean and Sober" (Glenn Gordon Caron), with Michael Keaton and Kathy Baker.
Theatre 2: "Midnight Run" (†).

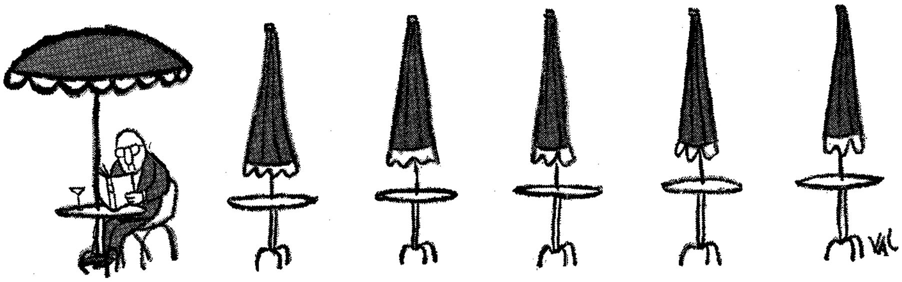
Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Aug. 9: "Big" (†).
From Aug. 10: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Aug. 8: "A Damsel in Distress" (1937; directed by George Stevens), with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen; and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland), with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire.
Aug. 9-10: "Bachelor Mother" (1939; Garson Kanin), with Ginger Rogers, David Niven, and Charles Coburn; and "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou.
Aug. 11-13: "The Gay Divorcée" (†); and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. On Aug. 11, at 7:55, actor Erik Rhodes will be present.
Aug. 14-15: "Let's Dance" (1950; Norman Z. McLeod), with Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire, Roland Young, and Ruth Warrick; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, and Dick Powell.
Aug. 16: "Tales of Manhattan" (1942; Julien Duvivier), with Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Paul Robeson, Edward G. Robinson, and Charles Laughton; and "I'll Be Seeing You" (†).
From Aug. 17: "The Pleasure of His Company" (1961; George Seaton), with Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds, and Lilli Palmer; and "Forever Female" (1954; Irving Rapper), with Ginger Rogers, William Holden, and Paul Douglas.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 9: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day—one program featuring the work of Frank Tashlin and Robert McKimson, and the other the work of Friz Freleng.
Aug. 10-11: "Anna" (1987; Yurek Bogayevicz), with Sally Kirkland; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.
Aug. 12-13: "The Lighthorsemen" (1988; Simon Wincer); and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
Aug. 14: "Wetherby" (†); and "Steaming" (1986; Joseph Losey), with Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, and Diana Dors.
Aug. 15-16: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day—one program featuring the work of Tex Avery.
From Aug. 17: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 8: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings.
Aug. 9: "The Hideous Sun Demon" (1959; Robert Clarke), with Clarke; and "She Demons" (1958; Richard E. Cunha), with Irish McCalla.
Aug. 10: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Hans Conried, and Tommy Rettig; and "7 Faces of Dr. Lao" (1964; George Pal), with Tony Randall, Barbara Eden, and Arthur O'Connell.
Aug. 11-12: "Thunderbirds Are Go" (1968; David Lane), a full-length animated film; and "Batman" (1966; Leslie Martinson), with Adam West and Burt Ward.
Aug. 13-14: "The Quatermass Xperiment" (1956; Val Guest), with Brian Donlevy; "Quatermass II" (1957; Val Guest), with Brian Donlevy; and "Quatermass and the Pit" (1967; Roy Ward Baker), with Andrew Keir.
Aug. 15: "Things to Come" (†); "Chandu the Magician" (1932; William Cameron Menzies), with Bela Lugosi and Edmund Lowe; and "Just Imagine" (1930; David Butler), with El Brendel and Maureen O'Sullivan.
Aug. 16: "Fiend Without a Face" (1958; Andrew Crabtree), with Marshall Thompson; and "First Man Into Space" (1959; Robert Day), with Marshall Thompson.
Aug. 17: "Infra-Man" (1976; Hua Shan); and



"The H-Man" (1959; Inoshiro Honda), with Yumi Shirakawa.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Aug. 8: "Let's Scare Jessica to Death" (1971; John Hancock), with Zohra Lampert; and "Isabel" (1968; Paul Almond), with Geneviève Bujold.

Aug. 9: "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; and "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.

Aug. 10: "Valentino" (1977; Ken Russell), with Rudolf Nureyev; and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920; Rex Ingram), with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery.

Aug. 11: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "Man Hunt" (†).

Aug. 12-13: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

Aug. 14: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Moralist" (1959; Giorgio Bianchi; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi.

Aug. 15: "Nightfall" (1957; Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft; and "Uncle Harry" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Ella Raines.

Aug. 16: "Road House" (1948; Jean Negulesco), with Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde, and Celeste Holm; and "Moontide" (1942; Archie Mayo), with Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino.

Aug. 17: "Le Corbeau" (†); and "Manon" (1949; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Cécile Aubry, Michel Auclair, and Serge Reggiani.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Aug. 9: "Blonde Venus" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.

Aug. 10: "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke) and "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Aug. 11: "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (1933; James Whale), with Nancy Carroll, Paul Lukas, Walter Pidgeon, and Frank Morgan; and "Laughter" (†).

Aug. 12-13: "The 39 Steps" (1935 †) and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938 †).

Aug. 14: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.

Aug. 15: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World;" 1927; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Potemkin" (†).

Aug. 16: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The Stars Look Down" (1939; Carol Reed), with Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, and Emlyn Williams.

Aug. 17: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Aug. 8 at 2:30: "Bullfighter and the Lady" (1951; directed by Budd Boetticher), with Robert Stack, Gilbert Roland, and Katy Jurado. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "The Bat" (1926; Roland West; a silent film), with Louise Fazenda, Jack Pickford, and Tullio Carminati. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30 and 6: "On Your Back" (1930; Guthrie McClintic), with Irene Rich, Raymond Hackett, and Ilka Chase. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "A Star Is Born" (1937; William A. Wellman), with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934; Mitchell Leisen), with Fredric March, Evelyn Venable, and Kent Taylor. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Specter of the Rose" (1946; Ben Hecht), with Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov, and Lionel Stander; and screen tests made in 1937 by Luther Adler, Elia Kazan, and others.

Theatre 2: Aug. 11 at 6: "The Bat" (1926; Roland West; a silent film), with Louise Fazenda, Jack Pickford, and Tullio Carminati. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "On the Night Stage" (1915; Thomas H. Ince; a silent film), with William S. Hart, Robert Edeson, and Rhea Mitchell; and a group of short films from 1911 and 1912. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: A program of silent serial films. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2: A program of film clips showing Hollywood behind the scenes, 1919-45. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5: "On the Night Stage," and a group of short films from 1911 and 1912. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2: A program of film clips showing Hollywood behind the scenes, 1919-45. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5: "The Reform Candidate" (1915; Frank Lloyd; a silent film), with Maclyn Arbuckle, Charles Ruggles, and Jane Darwell; and an episode from the 1915 serial "Who Pays?" . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2:30: A program of silent serial films. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "The Reform Candidate" and an episode from the 1915 serial "Who Pays?"

Film Society of Lincoln Center—A retrospective of films that have opened at the New Directors/New Films series and later films by some of the same directors. Aug. 12 at 6:15: "Smash Palace" (1981; Roger Donaldson). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8:30: "No Way Out" (1987; Roger Donaldson). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Beauty Knows No Pain" (1971; Elliott Erwitt) and "Brooklyn Bridge" (1981; Ken Burns). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 4:30: "Huey Long" (1985; Ken Burns). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6:45: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (1984; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 9: "Law of Desire" (1987; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2: "Streetwise" (1984; Martin Bell, Mary Ellen Mark, and Cheryl McCall). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 4: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 6:45: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (1985; Hector Babenco). . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 9:15: "Ironweed" (1987; Hector Babenco). . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6:15: "Idi Amin Dada" (1974; Barbet Schroeder). . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: "Barfly" (1987; Barbet Schroeder). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6:15: "The Funeral" (1984; Juzo Itami; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:45: "Tampopo" (1986; Juzo Itami; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6:15: "El Super" (1978; Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8:30: "Crossover Dreams" (1985; Léon Ichaso). (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Aug. 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (1940; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Josette Day, Fernandel, Fernand Charpin, and Line Noro. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 12:15, 3:15, 6, and 9: "Angèle" (1934; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Orane Démazis, Andrex, Henri Poupon, Annie Toinon, Fernandel, and Jean Servais.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—Aug. 11 at 8: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin.

Murder, Mystery and Mayhem—A series of films set in New York City during the thirties, forties, and fifties. Aug. 14 at 2: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, Gary Merrill, and Karl Malden. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug. 20: "Woody Allen: The Television Work," featuring Allen's 1969 one-hour television special and a thirty-minute compilation of other appearances he made between 1958 and 1967. Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:05, 1:45, and 3:30. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 5:30: "Carousel" (1967), with Robert Goulet and Mary Grover.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Alice—The Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words, and creates out of Carroll's Wonderland a world of more ambiguous, more unsettling nonsense. Švankmajer, who animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. The landscape of Alice's imagination is a domestic maze of doors, drawers (the "rabbit-hole" she falls into is the shallow drawer of an old wooden table), stairs, hallways, cabinets, shelves, and doll houses. And in this world—the half-familiar, half-obscure territory of the shut-in child—everything has a heightened, shockingly vivid presence. We sense a kind of frenzy in this little girl's dream images: her fantasy universe is one of violence, confinement, and obsessive repetition. The director—a self-described "militant Surrealist," who has been making short films since 1964—brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material, and his approach sometimes seems overly formal, a little rigid. But this is an extraordinary piece of work. There are sequences that are small miracles of stop-motion animation: the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. "Alice" is a film for children of a certain kind, for the quiet, solitary ones who spend hours in conversation with their dolls and who invest the smallest cast-off objects with secret significance. It's a brilliant demonstration of the connection between a child's imagination and the lonely, obsessive craftsmanship of a great animator. Alice is played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová; she's the only human being in the movie.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/8/88.) (Film Forum 1; through Aug. 16.)

Au Revoir les Enfants ("Goodbye, Children")—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (2/22/88) (Carnegie Screening Room.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Bambi (1942)—None of the animals in this animated Disney feature has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some of the sequences (such as Bambi's birth) have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema. Matinées only. . . . ¶ Guild; through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Aug. 11, matinées only.)

Big—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. Also with John Heard, David Moscow, Jon Lovitz, and Mercedes Ruehl. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Warner; through Aug. 9.)

Big Business—Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin, in a farce about two sets of identical twins accidently mismatched at birth. They're the Ratliffs, who live in a backwoods Southern town, and they're the Sheltons, who run the New York conglomerate Moramax. The four women and their various courtiers, flunkies, and love objects wind up spending the weekend at the Plaza Hotel. The film often looks third class, and the director, Jim Abrahams, doesn't have the knack of making the details click into place. Yet the picture moves along, spattering the air with throwaway gags, and a minute after something misfires you're laughing out loud. Fred Ward, who plays Tomlin's down-home suitor, is serenely unself-conscious, and takes over as the film's hero. Midler breezes through, kicking one gong after another. She's pure appetite. And as the mogul of Moramax she flips up her collar and her gesture bespeaks perfect self-satisfaction. (Chaplin did this sort of thing, and he didn't do it better.) With Leo Burmester as the bum. Script credited to Dori Pierson and Marc Rubel. (6/27/88) (Cinema 3; through Aug. 11.)

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Boyfriends and Girlfriends ("L'Ami de Mon Amie")—The sixth, and last, in Eric Rohmer's series of "Comedies and Proverbs" is a light romantic comedy set in Cergy-Pontoise, an overdesigned and self-contained modern suburb of Paris. In this bourgeois Forest of Arden, four completely unremarkable young people—two women, two men—reshuffle their affections so that each winds up with the "right" partner in the end. It's essentially the same leisurely comedy of self-knowledge that Rohmer has been making for nearly twenty years, but this time he treats his themes with a frivolous, casual air. He takes pleasure in the cleanness and brightness of this world, in the contented buzz of shoppers and office workers and Sunday picnickers, in the forthright way his characters pursue their comforts. "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" is fluff: it's artificial without being oppressive—a graceful, friendly abstraction. With Emmanuelle Chaulet, Sophie Renoir, François-Eric Gendron, and Eric Viellard. In French. —T.R. (7/25/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Bull Durham—Written and directed by Ron Shelton, this sunny romantic comedy has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Kevin Costner plays the smart, hyper-articulate catcher Crash, and comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance; at his best, he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks. After playing for twelve years, Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and learns that he's been brought in to train baby-faced Nuke (Tim Robbins), a wild young rookie pitcher who is destined to move up. Susan Sarandon plays the beautiful, passionate Annie Savoy, a baseball fanatic who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." What you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles. (6/27/88) (Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 11.)

Le Corbeau (1943; "The Raven")—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. With Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 17.)

Die Hard—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire—all in 70 mm. and bowel-rumbling Dolby sound. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). As McClane roams through the office tower, lurking and darting, a portable C.B. unit allows him to keep up a steady stream of patter: tough-guy wisecracks when he's talking to the head terrorist (Alan Rickman, who gives the character wonderful slimy elegance); manly sincerity and soul-searching when he's speaking with a fat, Teddy-bearish black cop (Reginald Veljohnson), who's the only person on the outside who seems to appreciate him. The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence: there's real relish in the way he and his team go about riddling corporate offices with gunfire, blowing slick terrorists out of their European shoes, and turning large sections of the Fox Plaza into billowing fireballs. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). The movie keeps nagging us to love its hero. By the end, there has been so much onscreen applause for McClane that the picture's "humanity" seems narcissistic and fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. Also with Alexander Godunov and Paul Gleason.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Bay Cinema, Baronet, 86th Street East Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce (about mistaken identities), but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who has seen them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes, and Betty Grable—a cuddly pixie in satin pajamas dancing "Let's K-nock K-neez." Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 11-13.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Aug. 11.)

A Handful of Dust—The filmmakers who have brought Evelyn Waugh's sharp, satiric 1934 novel to the screen treat it as if it were one of the writer's ponderous later works—as if it were "Brideshead Revisited." In fact, the producer, Derek Granger, and the director, Charles Sturridge, were also responsible for the plodding TV miniseries of "Brideshead" several years ago. Waugh's novel traces the decline of Tony Last, a naïve English landowner, husband, and father who is betrayed by everything and everyone he believes in—especially by his charming, shallow wife, Brenda. Although virtually all the dialogue is lifted directly from the novel, the polished cruelty rarely sounds witty. The filmmakers give the appearance of being perfectly faithful to the novel, but they're constantly betraying it. In the last half hour, though, we're treated to a brilliant performance by Alec Guinness, as the alarming Mr. Todd. Playing Tony's final betrayer, he hits the tiny notes of menace and ruthless self-interest in the lulling tones of polite English discourse: his sly, precise effects are an actor's equivalent of Waugh's sneakily devastating prose. With James Wilby (as Tony), Kristin Scott Thomas (as Brenda), Judi Dench, Rupert Graves, and Anjelica Huston. Screenplay by Granger, Sturridge, and Tim Sullivan.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Paris.)

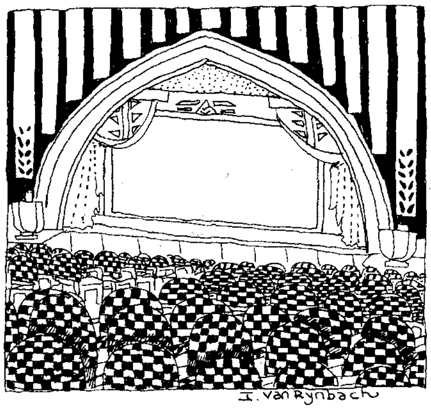
I'll Be Seeing You (1945)—This Selznick project originated in a radio play (by Charles Martin), and it may have *sounded* like a good movie idea. But oh, my! Ginger Rogers is the young woman doing a six-year prison stretch for having killed a man in the course of defending her honor. Midway in her sentence, she's allowed to return home for three weeks to visit her family—an aunt (Spring Byington), an uncle (Tom Tully), and their daughter (Shirley Temple). They are a tactless bunch, so compulsively drawn to the subject of her penal servitude that one imagines that she'd have preferred to remain in the jug. But she meets a shell-shocked sergeant (Joseph Cotten) on furlough from an Army hospital; he is being harassed by the local people's insistence on talking to him about the war. Having the same problem brings them together, and at the close they return to their separate institutions, planning to reunite forever. Doesn't it reek of radio drama? On the screen, as directed by William Dieterle from a script by Marion Parsonnet, it's damned close to intolerable. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 16.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fuzzy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave. The heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12-13.)

Laughter (1930)—Just before his death, Herman J. Mankiewicz, who produced this film, said that of all the movies he'd worked on, it was his favorite. A lovely, sophisticated comedy, an ode to impracticality, it failed commercially but its attitudes and spirit influenced the screwball hits of the thirties. (Even the famous Bogart exchange with Claude Rains about coming to Casablanca for the waters is paraphrased from "Laughter.") Fredric March is the composer-hero who returns to New York after some expatriate years in Paris; he finds that the Follies beauty (Nancy Carroll) whom he loved has married for money and lost her gift of laughter. The pacing of the director, H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast, is a little leisurely, and he dawdles just when he should move faster, but he has visual style, especially when he works in interiors or in deliberately artificial sets. The enchanting Nancy Carroll wears perhaps the best clothes ever seen on the screen (with the *possible* exception of Garbo's in "A Woman of Affairs"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Fritz Lang directed the Dudley Nichols adaptation of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male"—an anti-Nazi thriller about a broad-shouldered British big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon) stalking Hitler at Berchtesgaden. It's ingenious, all right, but the direction is too insistent and the plot too tangled. Joan Bennett plays the streetwalker heroine, whom the studio turned into a "seamstress" to get past the Hays office. With George Sanders, John Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Ludwig Stossel. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 11.)

Midnight Run—At first, Martin Brest's new film is content to be a pleasantly flaky buddy movie and to lean on the talents of its two stars, Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin. De Niro's Jack Walsh, an ex-cop who works for a weaselly L.A. bail bondsman (Joe Pantoliano), goes to New York to retrieve a white-collar crook named Jonathan Mardukas (Grodin), an accountant who upon learning that the corporation he worked for was an organized-crime front embezzled fifteen million dollars and gave almost all of it to charity. They travel across the country in a succession of vehicles, dodging federal agents, hit men, and a profoundly stupid rival bounty hunter (John Ashton). This all seems no more than a serviceable frame for a series of loose, impeccably timed odd-couple routines by the classically mismatched De Niro and Grodin. De Niro gets marvellous effects by seeming to be constantly suppressing anger and powerful physical energy. Grodin, a minimalist and a miniaturist, does all his acting with sneaky looks and minute variations in the tone of his flat, dull voice, and he creates a memorable comic character—a placid solid-citizen type who's much wilier and crazier than he appears to be. The two actors look as if they were genuinely enjoying each other. But as they get close to L.A. Brest starts pumping up his sweetly funny road movie with large-scale action scenes—it's as if he were afraid that a pair of superlative actors doing low-key character comedy wouldn't be enough entertainment for us. Over its more than two hours of running time, "Midnight Run" just keeps swelling until it explodes, like a balloon inflated to the bursting point. Also with Yaphet Kotto, Dennis Farina, Richard Foronjy, and Robert Miranda. Screenplay by George Gallo.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and National Twin.)



Potemkin (1925; also known as "The Battleship Potemkin")—Voted the greatest film of all time by an international panel of critics in Brussels in 1958, as it was in 1950 and at just about every other competition. "Potemkin" has achieved such an unholy eminence that few people any longer dispute its merits. Great as it undoubtedly is, it's not really a likable film; it's amazing, though—it keeps its freshness and its excitement, even if you resist its cartoon message. Perhaps no other movie has ever had such graphic strength in its images, and the young director Sergei Eisenstein opened up a new technique of psychological stimulation by means of rhythmic editing—"montage." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin, and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. But policies in the U.S.S.R. changed; mutiny could no longer be sanctioned, nor could experimental film techniques, and under Stalin Eisenstein was purged, partially reinstated, and then fell from grace over and over. "Potemkin" looks astonishingly like a newsreel, and the politically naïve have often taken it as a "documentary." The more knowing have a graceful euphemism: Eisenstein, they say, "sacrificed historical facts for dramatic effect." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15.)

Tampopo (1986)—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Taxing Woman—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo" (see above). In Japanese.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay (based on his book "The Shape of Things to Come") and the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed. Wells peers ahead through a century of devastation to the cold, abstract architecture of 2055. The whole "scientific" phantasmagoria is posh and modernistic—an amusingly dated view of the future. (It suggests

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

the twenties.) The movie is more handsome than dramatic, with spacious sets and great costumes, and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. With Cedric Hardwicke, John Clements, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott, and Derrick de Marney. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 15.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—This suave, amusing spy melodrama is directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit; it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock ever did. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: a performer with both personal warmth and professional skill. The heroine is Madeleine Carroll. Hitchcock paired them off by the mischievous use of a gimmick: a man and a woman who detest each other are handcuffed together; as day wears into night, they fall in love. The movie thus contains an extra—implicit, as it were—element of bathroom-humor suspense. The film also has one of his rare emotionally felt sequences: the brief, chilling scenes between Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie as a mismated couple joined together by real chains. With Godfrey Tearle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12-13.)

Tokyo Olympiad (1965)—Kon Ichikawa's documentary of the 1964 Summer Olympics in Tokyo was first shown in the United States in a version that ran only ninety-three minutes. It has now been restored to its original length of a hundred and fifty-four minutes, and it's astonishing. Ichikawa doesn't simply report on the athletic events. He makes us aware of everything: the construction of the stadium, the weather, the behavior of the crowds, the food in the Olympic Village, the life of a lonely, bewildered-seeming entrant from one of Africa's developing nations. Even before the Games have begun we're riveted: the opening-night parade of delegations is full of hilarious details that seem oddly revelatory of each team's national character, and the sequence focusses our attention—makes us alert to the smallest nuances of how things look and sound—as only the greatest documentaries do. The sporting events are shot and edited with dazzling virtuosity. No two sequences are the same: some are nearly abstract meditations on the properties of the human body under stress; some are bizarrely funny; some are moving and even heroic. Ichikawa's styles are almost as various as the sizes and shapes and personalities of the athletes. The subject of "Tokyo Olympiad" is the beauty and humor of diversity: the movie is an anthology of marvels. The cinematography was supervised by the masterly Kazuo Miyagawa. Music by Toshiro Mayuzumi. In Japanese.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 11, evenings only.)

Wetherby (1985)—It's about a younger generation whose souls are bombed out, and a middle-aged middle class that's spiritually desiccated, but David Hare, who wrote and directed this English film, devised a who-is-to-blame mystery structure for his morality tale, and the interlocking flashbacks that he toys with are ingeniously worked out. A sallow, dead-eyed university graduate student (Tim McInnerny) comes to the Yorkshire village of Wetherby, crashes a dinner party given by an emotionally repressed secondary-school English teacher (Vanessa Redgrave), and the next day returns to her cottage to blow out his brains right in front of her, in her kitchen. The only real mystery is the radiant star-shine that Redgrave gives off; she saves the movie from being a totally arid puzzle. With Suzanna Hamilton, Ian Holm, Judi Dench, Stuart Wilson, and Redgrave's daughter Joely Richardson, who plays the teacher as a young woman in love. (Cinema Village; Aug. 14.)

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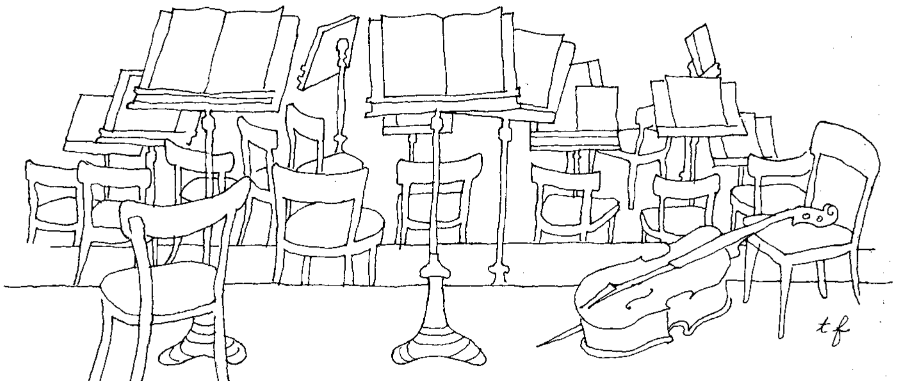
White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes.—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Aug. 11.)

Who Framed Roger Rabbit—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye (Bob Hoskins). The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties, but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams. Adapted, very loosely, from the novel "Who Censored Roger Rabbit?," by Gary K. Wolf.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Ziegfeld, and Columbia Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Aug. 12.)

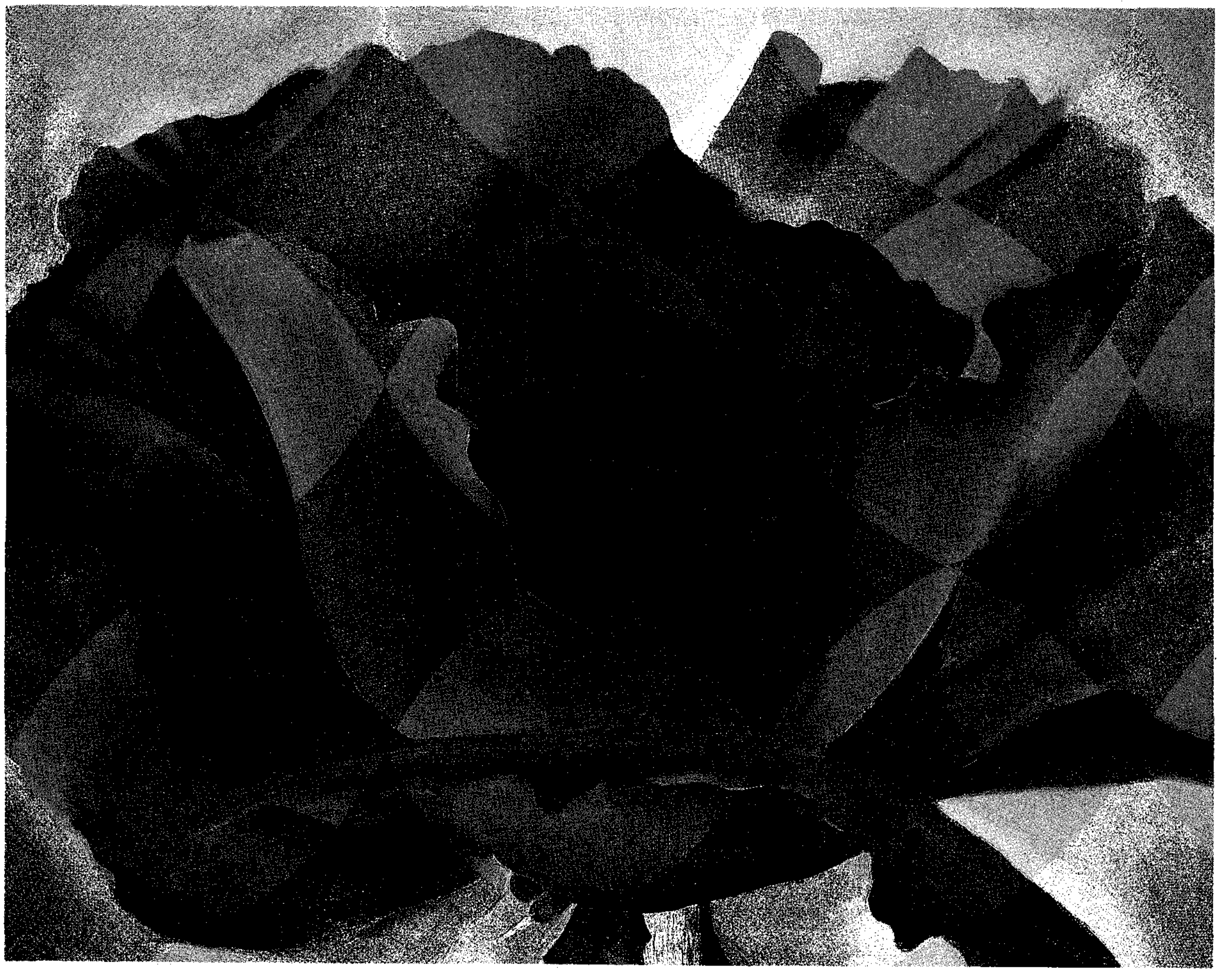
Willow—The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. Placed on a raft of rushes, the savior baby girl drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. A young Nelwyn farmer, Willow (Warwick Davis), tries to protect her, and eventually, with the help of an outlaw Daikini swordsman (Val Kilmer) and a rebel Daikini (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. This tale involves trolls, vicious black boars, nine-inch-tall men called Brownies, platinum-wigged Tinker Bells, a two-headed dragon, and some four hundred special-effects shots. Before it's over, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Produced by George Lucas, who also wrote the story, the movie seems to be one stale idea after another. The director, Ron Howard, shows his gentle talent only in his handling of the three-foot-four-inch Willow, whose sweet-faced humility could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. With Billy Barty—triumphant as usual—as the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns. (5/30/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Aug. 9.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

A World Apart—Set in 1963, it's about a thirteen-year-old girl (Jodhi May) who lives a well-ordered, ruling-class life in a fine home in suburban Johannesburg until her father (Jeroen Krabbé), who's a Communist, flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest, and her mother (Barbara Hershey), the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. Based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, the movie deals with the girl's feeling confused and resentful—the fight against apartheid is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reason for it. Shot in Zimbabwe, this remarkable first feature directed by the noted cinematographer Chris Menges has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. And though, toward the end, it falls into chanting slogans, it has a radiant intelligence. The cast includes Linda Mvusi, who shared the best-actress award at Cannes with May and Hershey, and Tim Roth, Yvonne Bryceland, Albee Lesotho, David Suchet, and Nadine Chalmers. (6/13/88) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)



"Still–in a way–nobody sees a flower–really–
it is so small–we haven't time–
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time."
—Georgia O'Keeffe



Red Poppy, 1927 *Oil on canvas 7" × 9", Private collection, Geneva*

Photography by Malcolm Varon

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE 1887-1986

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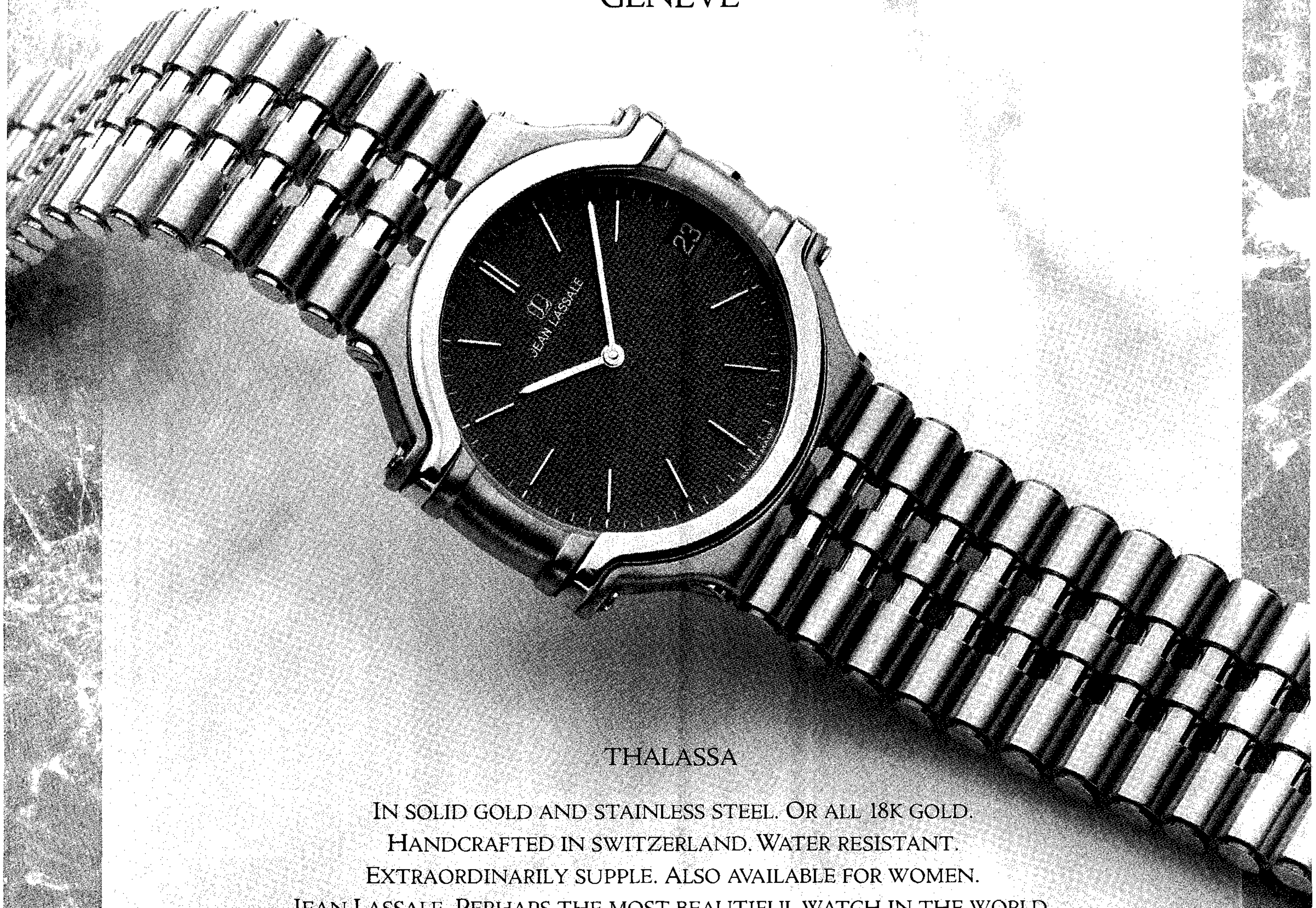

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

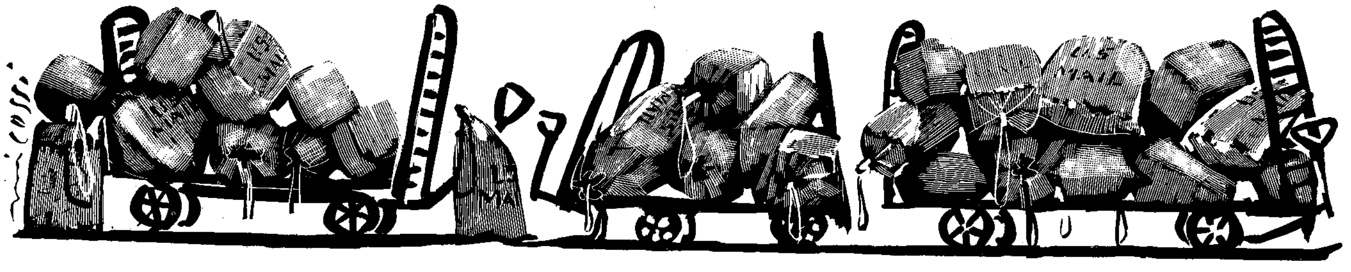
NOBODY knows yet what effects King Hussein's recent announcement that Jordan was severing key ties to the West Bank will have on the search for peace in the Middle East. Meanwhile, the tangle of agony and acrimony which is the Israeli-Palestinian conflict persists. As the uprising that has convulsed the occupied territories enters its ninth month, the death toll stands at some two hundred Palestinians and three Israelis. The Palestinians engage in stone-throwing, strikes, and other acts of resistance; the Israelis counter with armed patrols and expulsions of suspected ringleaders. On the same day that Hussein delivered his much analyzed speech, Israel jailed Faisal Husseini, a prominent Palestinian who just the week before, in the words of the Los Angeles *Times*, "had broken a long standing nationalist taboo by speaking out at an Israeli sponsored public forum in favor of a historical compromise between the two peoples." The next day, Israel deported eight Palestinians to Lebanon, charging them with inciting unrest.

The deportations, which raise to about thirty the number expelled during the uprising, brought to mind the case of Mubarak Awad, the Palestinian social worker and pacifist who prompted headlines in the United States in June when Israel deported him. For the better part of the last five years, Mr. Awad had been living in Jerusalem (where he was born, forty-four years ago) and publicly advocating nonviolent resistance to Israeli rule. In doing so, he had accumulated an extraordinary number of enemies. Meir Kahane, the right-wing Israeli politician, staged numerous public demonstrations against Awad, and militant Jewish settlers on the West Bank prepared a coffin specially for him. On May 6th, the Israeli authorities finally arrested him, on charges of inciting violence and residing in Israel illegally. Awad remained in jail while his lawyer appealed to the Israeli Supreme Court; on June 5th, the court upheld the deportation ruling. A week later, Awad was aboard a plane to the United States. (In the seventies, he was a student and social worker here, and became an American citizen.) Awad's expulsion went forward although Secretary of State George Shultz issued a personal appeal on his behalf and warned Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir that the expulsion would damage Israel's image in the United States. Awad, after all, appeared to fit exactly the pattern that Israel has said it looks for in a negotiating partner: he had renounced terrorism and recognized Israel's right to exist.

The Israeli government, however, argued that Awad was not the apostle of nonviolence he claimed to be. In a statement released in Washington on June 14th, Israel charged specifically that Awad "does not oppose violence, considering it a legitimate means of advancing Palestinian Arab political goals," that he "views non-violence as a strategy to complement violence in the Palestinian Arab uprising," and that he "explicitly supports the PLO." Exhibit A in Israel's case is an article entitled "Non-Violent Resistance: A Strategy for the Occupied Territories," which Awad published in 1984 in the Washington *Journal of Palestine Studies*. Israeli authorities regard the following passage as a virtual smoking gun:

> For the Palestinians who are living in the West Bank and Gaza during this period, the most effective strategy is one of nonviolence. This does not determine the methods open to Palestinians on the outside; nor does it constitute a rejection of the concept of armed struggle. It does not rule out the possibility that the struggle on the inside may turn into an armed struggle at a later stage.

Recently, we had an opportunity to talk with Mr. Awad, at a dinner in Washington organized by his friend Abdul Aziz Said, a Syrian, who is a professor of international relations and the director of the Department of Peace and Conflict Resolution at the American University. Awad appeared as the featured guest before some twenty-five journalists, most of whom represented publications based in the Middle East. A bulky, energetic man with bright



eyes and graying curly hair, he was accompanied by his wife and political partner, Nancy Nye, who is an American Quaker, and who has since returned to her job as principal of the Ramallah Friends Girls School, near Jerusalem. Using the Arabic word for the Palestinian uprising, Awad declared, "The *intifada* has not been [about] violence but, rather, has sent a message to Israel: We are ready to sacrifice whatever is necessary; you cannot occupy us any longer. . . . We don't want Tel Aviv. We are not leaving our villages to come and attack you, but we do not want you in the West Bank."

As it happened, that dinner in Washington took place on the day the *Times* printed on its Op-Ed page an extraordinary article in which a senior official of the Palestine Liberation Organization advocated direct talks with Israel. This official, Bassam Abu Sharif, who is the press spokesman for P.L.O. Chairman Yasir Arafat, implied, furthermore, that the P.L.O. was prepared to accept a so-called two-state solution, in which the security of both Israel and an independent Palestinian state would be internationally guaranteed. Awad, responding to a journalist's query about the proposal, said he "loved it," adding only that it should have had Arafat's own name on it and been endorsed by the entire Palestinian National Council.

For Awad, nonviolence—a concept that is often mistakenly equated with submissiveness—is not a retreat from the struggle. It is simply his method of waging it, a method he regards as morally and practically superior to any alternative. Nevertheless, because he does urge nonviolence, and because he engages in dialogue with Israelis, supports a two-state solution, and chose to take his case before the Israeli Supreme Court (a step that most Palestinians would avoid, believing that it implicitly confers legitimacy upon Israeli authority), Awad is often referred to as a moderate Palestinian. It is a label he shuns. "I am not a moderate," he firmly informed one journalist during the dinner in Washington. "I am a rebel."

As an organizer, however, Awad faced a constituency that overwhelmingly favored the use of arms. Complaining that he was repeatedly quoted out of context, he explained at the dinner that one goal of his article on strategy was to convince Palestinians that a nonviolent approach deserved at least a try. "If you use arms, I am asking you to come and use this nonviolent strategy," he told the journalists. "If it works, we have been successful. If it doesn't, the arms are still there. A lot of people say, 'But you are nonviolent. Why do you have to tell them the arms are still there?' I answer, 'If nonviolence fails, I am not telling you to sit and do nothing. Then you must make your own choice. As for me, I still choose nonviolence."

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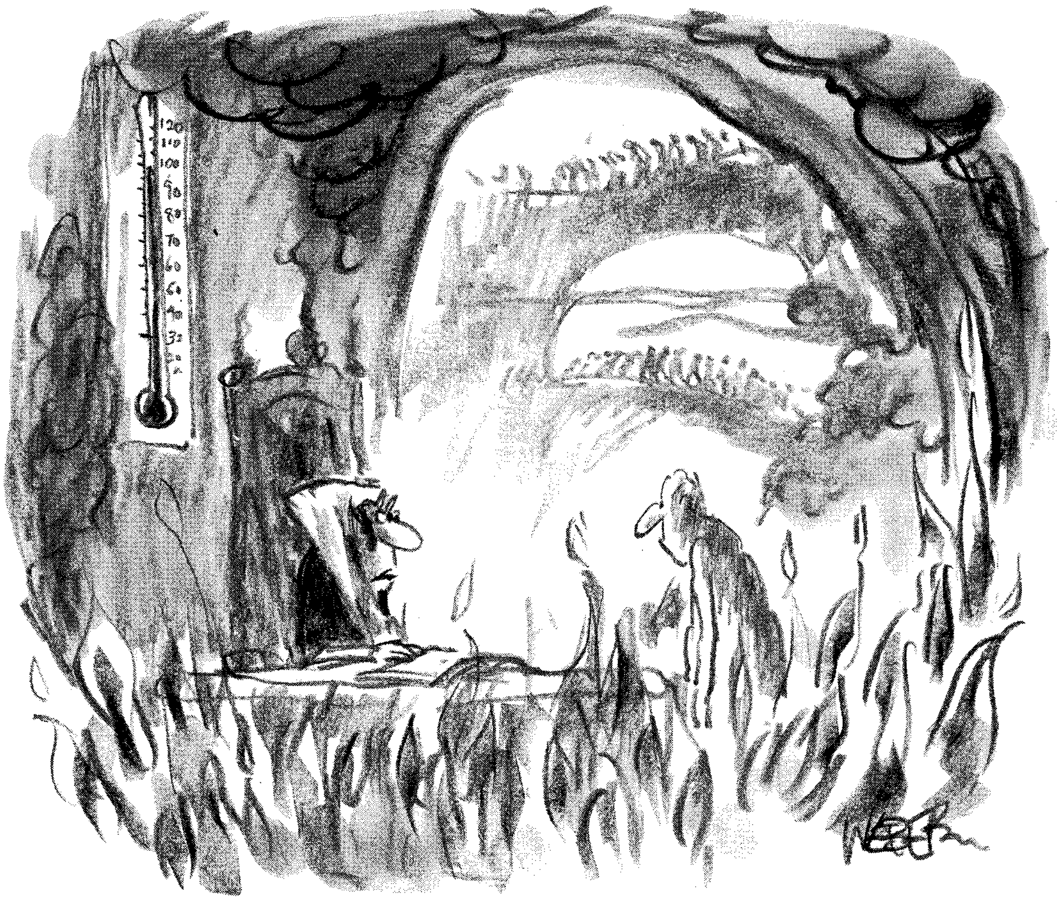
A FRIEND writes:

I have just returned from a week of leisure. My wife and I decided to spend our vacation this year at a bed-and-breakfast near Nauset Beach, on Cape Cod—not the private, genteel Cape Cod of old shingle houses and secluded sailboats but the public, Patti Page Cape Cod of lifeguards' chairs and Philbrick's snack shop ("On the Beach Since 1953") and enormous asphalt parking lots behind the dunes which fill up by eleven o'clock even on a weekday. Terrific place. We hadn't been on an American beach since a drizzly summer week on that same beach eight years ago, at a gloomy time in American life when just about everything—cars, vacations, the President—seemed to be running out of gas. So we were unprepared for the pleasures of an American beach—above all, for the sheer beauty and sensuality of American bodies. "Balanchine said that America is the land of the beautiful body," my wife announced on our first day (she was reading his biography), and this seemed overwhelmingly true—especially of those blondes who, by God only knows what genetic combination, still tan to a mahogany stain. As we followed the news about the mysterious waves of hypodermic needles and broken vials that were washing up on beaches only a little to the south, Cape Cod felt not just safer but, somehow, older.

On my first day of leisure, I decided to buy a copy of Thoreau's "Cape Cod" and find out more about the history of the place. I felt extremely complacent, up on my dune, as I began reading—Thoreau seemed to me a uniquely high-minded purchase—but as the week wore on I noticed a disconcerting number of similarly pallid types perched up on the dunes with *their* copies of "Cape Cod." I suspect that a copy of Thoreau's "Cape Cod" serves the same essential purpose for a particular kind of vacationer that a scrap of bikini does for the sunbathers—it establishes the high-mindedness of the owner, despite any appearances to the contrary.

Thoreau's book, I discovered, is a fine, gloomy account of several long walking tours he took on the Cape about a hundred and forty years ago. In my ignorance, I had thought that "Cape Cod" was an early book about the nascent life of leisure in America; it is in fact the direct reverse. Thoreau's purpose in going to Cape Cod was to consider what New England must have been like in its original, austere state. The Cape, for Thoreau, produces the least comfortable (and the most typically and deeply "American") people, because it is the least comfortable of places, the most uninviting landscape on earth. The book begins with corpses from a shipwreck washing up onto the shore at Cohasset, passes through the drafty cabins of older Cape Codders, and proceeds to the remote seclusion of the Highland Light. Reading Thoreau on Nauset Beach while you are actually *on* Nauset Beach is an eerie experience. Over there, where a family is listening to old Jefferson Airplane cassettes, is doubtless the spot where Thoreau encountered the "wrecker"—a kind of ghoulish beachcomber who collected driftwood from recent shipwrecks—and meditated on mortality. There, where two girls in one-piece mock-snakeskin swimsuits are playing paddleball, is probably the spot where Thoreau saw an earlier beach beauty he described as “a Nauset woman, of a hardness and coarseness such as no man ever possesses or suggests,” adding “It was enough to see the vertebrae and sinews of her neck, and her set jaws of iron, which would have bitten a boardnail in two.” And yonder, where the line for Philbrick’s begins, with its happy hungry children and whining hungry children, could well be the very spot where Thoreau decided that the sea-shore is “a wild rank place . . . strewn with crabs, horse-shoes, and razor-clams, and whatever the sea casts up,—a vast *morgue*, where famished dogs may range in packs, and crows come daily to glean the pittance which the tide leaves them.” He went on to say, “The carcasses of men and beasts together lie stately up upon its shelf, rotting and bleaching in the sun and waves, and each tide turns them in their beds, and tucks fresh sand under them. There is naked Nature,—inhumanly sincere, wasting no thought on man, nibbling at the cliffy shore where gulls wheel amid the spray.”



“You’ve been very bad, so we’re sending you back to New York.”

• •

As always happens when you are reading a good book at leisure, the author became a companion, and I started to explain to Thoreau how *that* became *this*—how that Nauset woman became these Nauset women, and how that redoubt of Puritan austerity turned into this landscape of pleasure. But Thoreau answered that what interested him was not the mechanics of this transformation but the underlying transformation in the Spirit (a word he likes to capitalize) of the place and its people. And, as the week wore on, it came to seem to us—to me and my invented Thoreau—that in some respects, at least, the Spirit of the place and its people really hadn’t changed much after all. To him Nauset Beach was a hostile place that demanded a determined life, and this is still so. The people of Nauset Beach may have entirely altered their determination of what they want to do, but they haven’t much altered their determination to do it, and haven’t at all altered their love of determination.

The leisure of an American beach is charged with a puritanical impulse—a love of labor. A beach—any beach—*is* a hostile place. A suntan is yielded up by a beach as unwillingly as was the paltry living the wreckers used to seek from it. Getting a tan requires patience, skill, and a feeling for wind and cloud and sun as subtle as a sea captain’s. (First you put up the Bain de Soleil No. 15 sunblock; then, in the middle of the day, run it down and hoist up the No. 8; leave that up and cruise through the afternoon; then take it down and tack for home with the Coppertone No. 4.) There are bags and umbrellas and radios to lug and towels to shake out. There are lifeguards running races along the edge of the water all day long, back and forth, and attendants running ahead of them with bullhorns, asking everyone else to please get out of the runners’ way.

This is not leisure as they know it in Europe; this is the old Pilgrim spirit finding new material to work on. What we were seeing on the beach, it seemed to us—to Thoreau and me—was not a replacement of the Puritans’ vision of hostile nature and industrious man by a Mediterranean ideal of endless pleasure but something more interesting, and more authentically American: the marriage of a piety about accomplishment with the belief that the highest of all accomplishments is having a good time.

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The Morgan Mansion

No. 231 Madison Avenue is the old Morgan Mansion, a great sun-browned dowager of a building, perhaps the last freestanding Italianate brownstone in Manhattan, and almost certainly the only empty one. With forty-five rooms, it consumes the southeast corner of Thirty-seventh and Madison, next to the Morgan Library and across from the Consulate General of the Polish People. Built in 1852 for the banker Anson Phelps Stokes, the Morgan Mansion got its name when Pierpont Morgan bought it, in 1904, making it one of three houses he owned on the block. He lived in the south one, No. 219, tore down the middle one for his garden, and gave No. 231 to his son, J. P. Morgan, Jr., but the younger Morgan's wife did not like it much, and the couple chose to live mainly on Long Island. No. 219 was eventually razed to make room for the Library annex. From 1944 until last May, when the Morgan Library acquired No. 231, it was a headquarters of the Lutheran Church, and the bishop's workplace. We stopped by recently to learn how Lutherans and bishops use mansions and what they leave behind them when they move.

The air inside the mansion was charged with emptiness. In the subbasement, the silver vault hung open. A month of *Wall Street Journals* lay unread in the mailroom. The caretaker's quarters, in the basement, were vacant. From the pavement-level windows of the staff lunchroom we watched heels snap noiselessly past on Madison while buses and cabs spread exhaust.

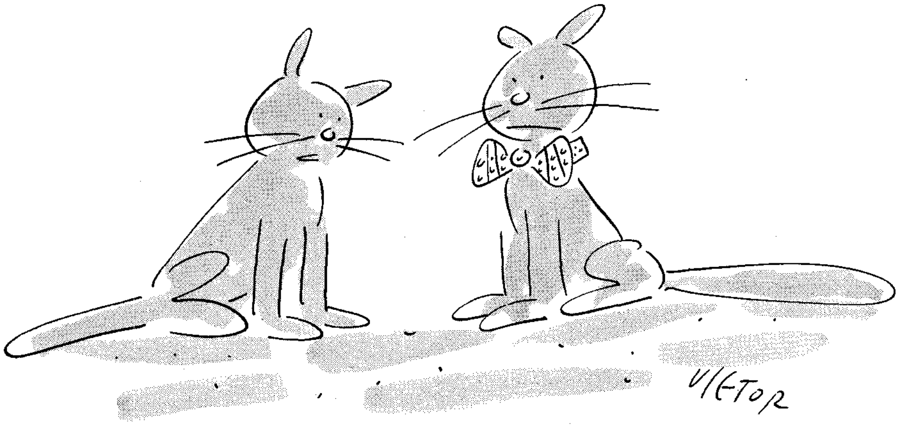
We have often noticed that on busy weekdays in midtown Manhattan a sudden silence causes a feeling of temporal displacement, as if the city's din were all that confined us to the present. On the ground floor of the Morgan Mansion we felt the double-glazed calm of an earlier era. An immense formal staircase flanked by cream pilasters and trailing a skirt of red carpet swept gracefully upward through light from bay windows. An ugly chandelier—a gaudy bag of bulbs—hung in the stairwell on a long velvet rope. By the entry hall's fireplace—a mighty rectangle of youthful marble pagans—stood the Lutheran switchboard and reception desk. One could step swanlike down the staircase in 1900, it seemed, and find oneself at work answering phones in 1950.

This effect of anachronism piled on anomaly was repeated in nearly all the rooms. As we wandered, we discovered that a telephone on the floor is a potent symbol of desolation, and that a lone steel desk in an empty room draws the eye more forcibly than gilded wall panels fourteen feet high. Ground-floor fireplaces were heaped with birch logs. On the upper floors, one fireplace held coal, and others had been fitted with cabinets and bookcases—a lot of incidental shelving in a house with a total of twenty-two hearths. We found two stickers on a glass door, the sole remnants of an office personality. One sticker named a famous brand of chocolate-chip cookie; the other said, "God Loves You, and So Do I."

What was once the spacious ballroom of No. 231, echoing waltzes and the firm tread of plutocrats, had become a corral for clerical chairs—some substantial, for the portlier ranks of authority, and others svelte, good for the kidneys and lumbar regions of typists. The chairs were lined up along one wall, cowed, like wallflowers waiting to dance, and no wonder. In a cove at the east end of the room stood an altar. On its front, the Greek alpha and omega appeared in mosaic, and into its top were set five ornamental crosses. When the Lutherans left, they removed a piece from the top. What the Morgan Library will do with the altar is anyone's guess. It's a nice chunk of marble, though—a good place to roll out a piecrust.

We roamed on—through hallways, past bathrooms, closets, servants' quarters. No room was smaller than a "luxury studio;" no room was larger than a horse barn. We checked the attic (dust and dry rot) and tried not to trip on telephone cords stretching across its floor. We pawed through a shoebox of skeleton keys and found one marked "Our Room." We made an effort to imagine the Stokeses and the Morgans at home (pushing their chairs back after dinner, drawing their curtains on a dark winter day), but all we could see was the corporate face of religion. On the whole, we concluded, the Lutherans had been good to the mansion. They erected new walls but demolished no old ones. They stuffed the windows with air-conditioners but ripped out no fixtures or moldings. They wisely restricted their zeal for construction to putting up a dark modern annex at the east end of the mansion.

Outside, we took a leisurely survey of the mansion's wrought iron, which wreathes its shallow balconies, and considered what seemed to be a jungle of ivy and brush against its south side. Someone had removed a copper drainpipe from the front of the building, we noticed. We resolved to return when the Library opens the ground floor, newly restored, to the public, in the spring of 1991. (The rest of the building will be offices and classrooms.) Then, conjuring up what we hoped was the sound of a phaeton being driven at a trot, we crossed with the light and followed the traffic uptown.



"I'm sorry, but I think it's uncatlike."

Wicketkeeper

WICKETS are falling in the Bronx. Between 250th Street and Mosholu Avenue, on a huge field riddled with mud, weeds, and Coors Light cans, and even across Broadway, in Sidekicks Café and in Lloyd's Carrot Cake bakery, the "tuck, tuck" of cricket balls being hit by members of clubs like Primrose, Rising Star, and Castle Hill can be heard. You can also hear dozens of islands-accented men, dressed in the kind of outfit that Bill Tilden used to play tennis in, yelling "Howzatt?" and laughing percussively, like bongo drums being played by someone in a very good mood. But it is the hollow, almost splintering sound of wickets being knocked over by five-and-a-half-ounce red leather Kookaburra balls that seems to rise above all the other sounds characteristic of cricket.

On a day when we would otherwise have been at Shea Stadium, cheering on the Mets, we went up to Van Cortlandt Park to watch the cricket matches, which, we had learned, are held there every Saturday and Sunday from mid-May to mid-September and go on from one-thirty in the afternoon until well into the evening. When we arrived, five or six matches were under way on the hot, scarred field. We walked from one to another, trying to take each of them in, but soon realized that switching randomly from match to match was like watching a TV cartoon in which the characters move rapidly along in a car yet keep passing the same tree, the same little red house. It was only when we met James Gabriel, the chairman of the New York Cricket League and the official scorekeeper for the St. Lucia Athletic Club, that we were able to start sorting things out.

Mr. Gabriel is a spindly white-haired man who was wearing a crisp green poplin suit, a yellow Paisley-print tie, and shiny brown shoes. He told us that the New York Cricket League started in 1919, with five clubs playing in Central Park. When the league expanded to ten clubs, in 1952, the matches were moved to Pelham Bay Park. And in 1971, with the league comprising a dozen clubs, it moved to Van Cortlandt, which has more fields. When we asked Mr. Gabriel about his involvement in cricket over the years, he said, "Since I stopped playing, twenty-three years ago, I've become a delegate to the league, the way you have a delegate to the United Nations. I have to make decisions about holding matches in inclement weather, you know—the mud and so forth. For example, I have been here since eleven-thirty this morning making sure that the wickets have been set in the ground correctly, that the grass has been cut, that the pitches have been rolled, and that their canvases are sufficiently taut. Also, there's always the score that needs keeping, and some of the players—well, all of the players—seem to need a little organizing. I do that, too. I started to play when I was nine years old, on the island of St. Lucia. I came to this country in 1958, and I was an active player until I was seventy years old. I am ninety-three now."

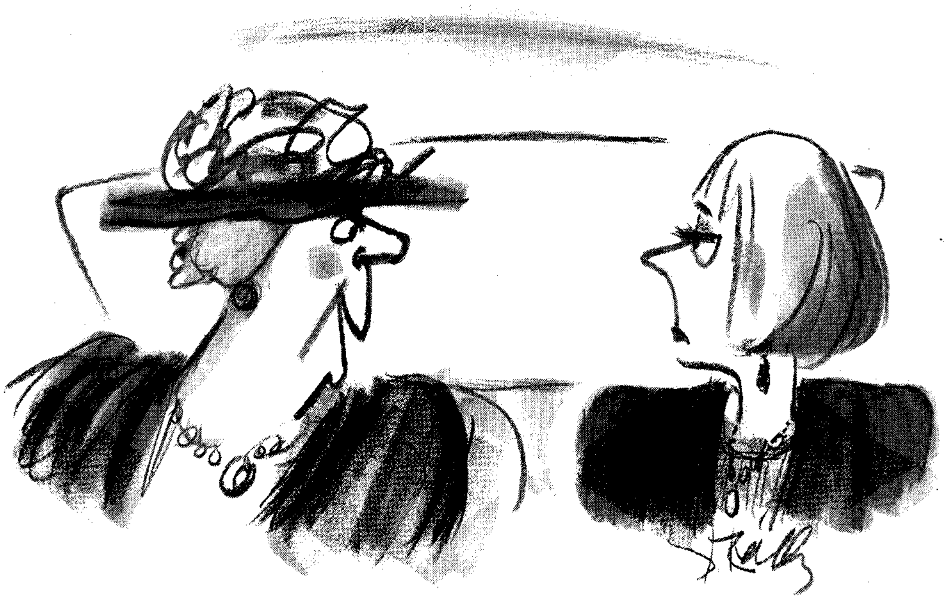
Mr. Gabriel went on, "To be a good cricket player, you must be physically fit, but you must also have excellent vision. It's important to be able to see a ball coming at you, especially if it's travelling at ninety-two miles an hour." Here Mr. Gabriel produced an old news clipping with a photograph of a young man grimacing in anticipation of the arrival of a cricket ball, and said, "That young man with the terrible expression on his face is me. When I was an active player, I was a wicketkeeper, or catcher, which is the most demanding position on the field. The wicketkeeper must always pay close attention to what's going on, because if he doesn't he can get hurt."

We asked Mr. Gabriel what he meant by this, and, moving closer, he said, "One time, I was hit in a delicate area of the body, and for a while it was most uncomfortable."

Mr. Gabriel introduced us to Alec John, a quiet, mustached all-star wicketkeeper for the Pelham team. Mr. John told us that being a wicketkeeper today is no less hazardous than being a wicketkeeper was fifty years ago, when Mr. Gabriel was in his prime. "Look at dis," Mr. John said melodically, pointing to a row of stitches running along his puffed upper lip. "I was hit in de face a couple a weeks ago by a ball which spun uncontrollably off de pitch. But I love bein' a wicketkeeper. When you're dealin' with de opponent, de wicketkeeper is better than any other position, because he's so close to de batsman. He tells him tings, you know."

We asked Mr. Gabriel if there were other places in New York where cricket is played. He told us that not only are matches held in Brooklyn and Long Island but the Memorial Stadium in Mount Vernon will soon be the scene of a match between the West Indies team, which may be the best in the world right now, and the U.S.A. Select XI. He gave us a flyer for the match. It said "CRICKET LOVELY CRICKET" above photographs of some of the West Indian players, who have names like Viv Richards (wielding a bat), Courtney Walsh (cradling a ball over his head), and Richard Richardson (looking friendly and somehow unfriendly at the same time).

Mr. Gabriel said we could keep the flyer, and as we walked away we heard Mr. John say "Hey, Gabbri-ell, when you played, were you good like me?" and Mr. Gabriel reply "Better than you."



"Well, dear, I'm a woman, and I'm mad for George Bush!"

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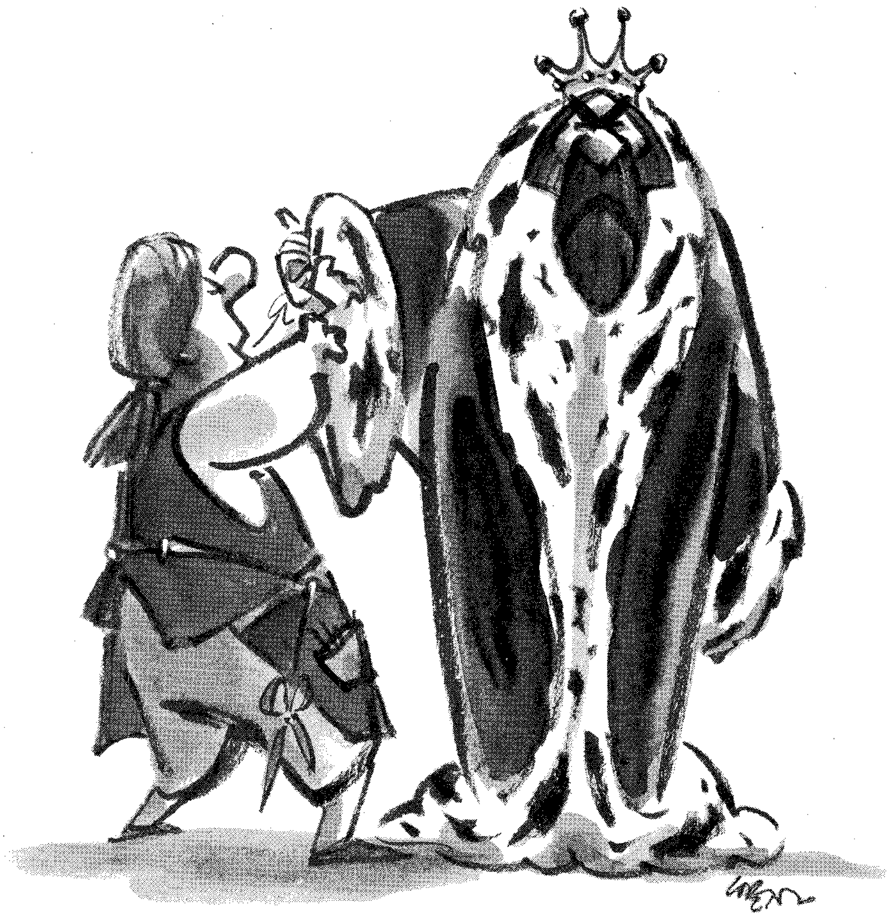
MEN'S ROOM

FROM the men's room down the hall came the roar of a flushed urinal, followed immediately by "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" whistled with infectious cheerfulness and a lot of rococo tricks—most notably the difficult yodel trill, used here on the "ee" of "dandy," in which the whistler gets his lips to flip the sound binarily between the base tone and a higher pitch that is I think somewhere between a major third and a perfect fourth above it (why it is not a true harmonic but rather perceptibly out of tune has puzzled me often—something to do with the physics of pursed lips, perhaps) a display of virtuosity forgivable only in the men's room, and not, as some of the salesmen seemed to think, in the relative silence of working areas, where people froze, hate welling from suspended Razor Point pens, as the whistler passed. Tunes sometimes lived all day in the men's room, sustained by successive users, or remembered by a previous user as soon as he reëntered this tiled and marble orpheum. Once, cheerful before my lunch break, I loudly whistled the opening of the song that starts out "All I want is a room somewhere," and then stopped, embarrassed, because I realized that I had unknowingly interrupted someone else's quieter and more masterly whistling of a soft-rock standard with my toneless, aerated tweets; later that day, though, I heard a stylishly embellished version of *my* tune whistled at the copying machine by someone who must have been in one of the stalls during my earlier visit.

This time, I leaned quite hard into the men's room door to open it, startling the Doodle Dandy man, who was on his way out, and who turned out to be Alan Pilna, from International Service Marketing. His face, when the opening door revealed it, was not formed in the fruity whistler's pout but had a momentary flinch of surprise on it.

He said, "Oop!"

I said, "Oop!" and then, as he stood aside, holding the door for me to enter, "Thanks, Alan."[1]



"You're lucky. Most people can't stand up to ermine."

I negotiated the quick right and left that brought me into the brightness and warmth of the room. It is decorated in two tones of tile, hybrid colors I don't know the names for, and the sinks' counter and the dividers between urinals and between stalls are of the same marble as covers the lobby of the building. I checked in the mirror to be sure that while I had been chatting with my office-mate Tina I had not had some humiliating nose problem or newsprint smudge on my face—she would probably have told me about the smudge, but not about the nose. A couple of sinks over from me, a vice-president named Les Guster was brushing his teeth. He was staring straight at the mirror and was very probably seeing there the same expression, the same quick bulgings in his cheek, that he had seen while brushing his teeth since he was eight years old. He blinked frequently, each blink slightly more deliberate than a blink he would have performed while reading or talking on the phone, possibly because the large motor movements of toothbrushing interfered with the autonomic rhythms of blinking. As soon as I took my place at a sink, Les bowed close to *his* sink, holding his tie with his free hand against his stomach, even though he was clearly not ready to rinse or spit yet, in order to shield something—his sense of privacy, most probably—against my presence in the mirror. We were not obliged to greet each other. The noise of the water from his tap, and Alan Pilna's winding-down urinal-flush, defined us as existing in separate realms. I am impressed by people like Les who have the bravery to brush their teeth (*before* lunch, even!) at work, since the act is so powerfully unbusinesslike. To indicate to him now that I didn't think that his toothbrushing was in any way notable or comic, and that in fact I was unaware of his presence, I leaned into the mirror, pretending to study a defect on my face, and then I cleared my throat so unpleasantly that there could be no doubt that I was oblivious of him. This established, I straightened up again, shifted my gaze in the mirror, and regarded, behind me and around me, the hydraulic splendors of the men's room.

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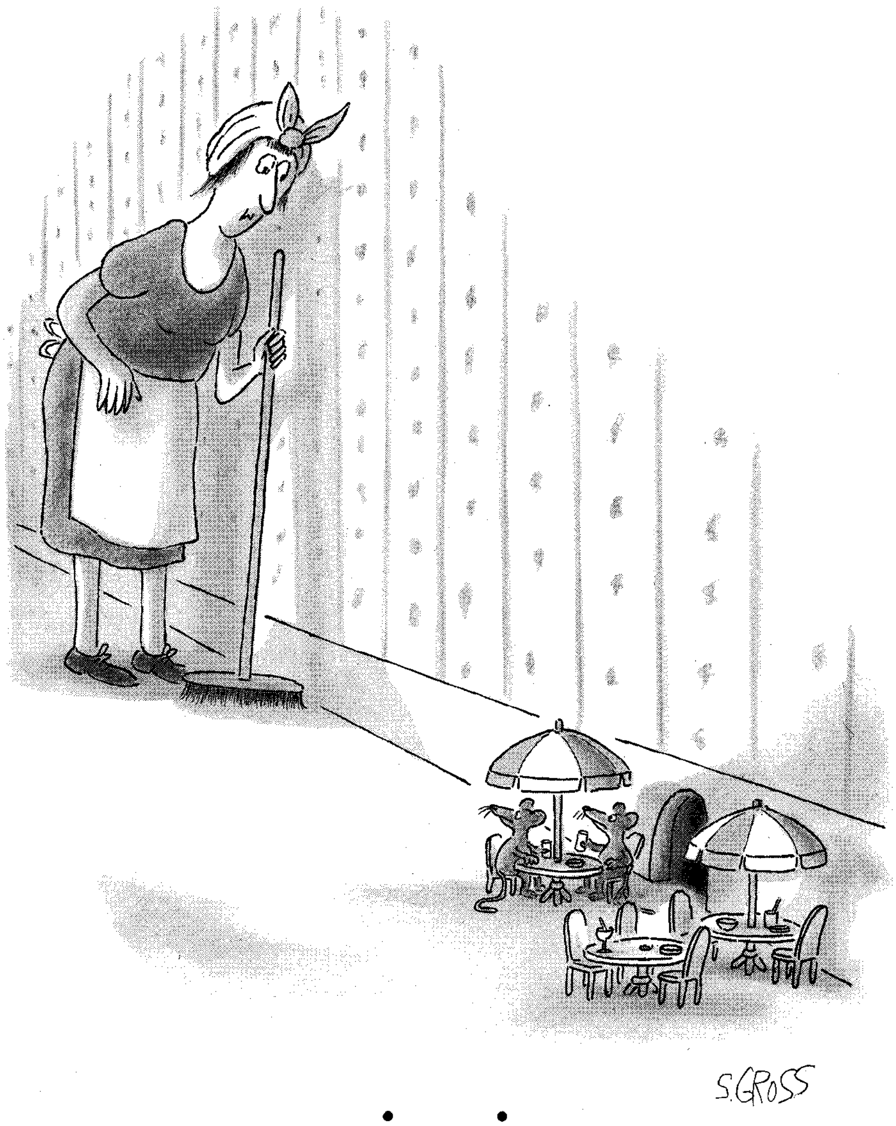
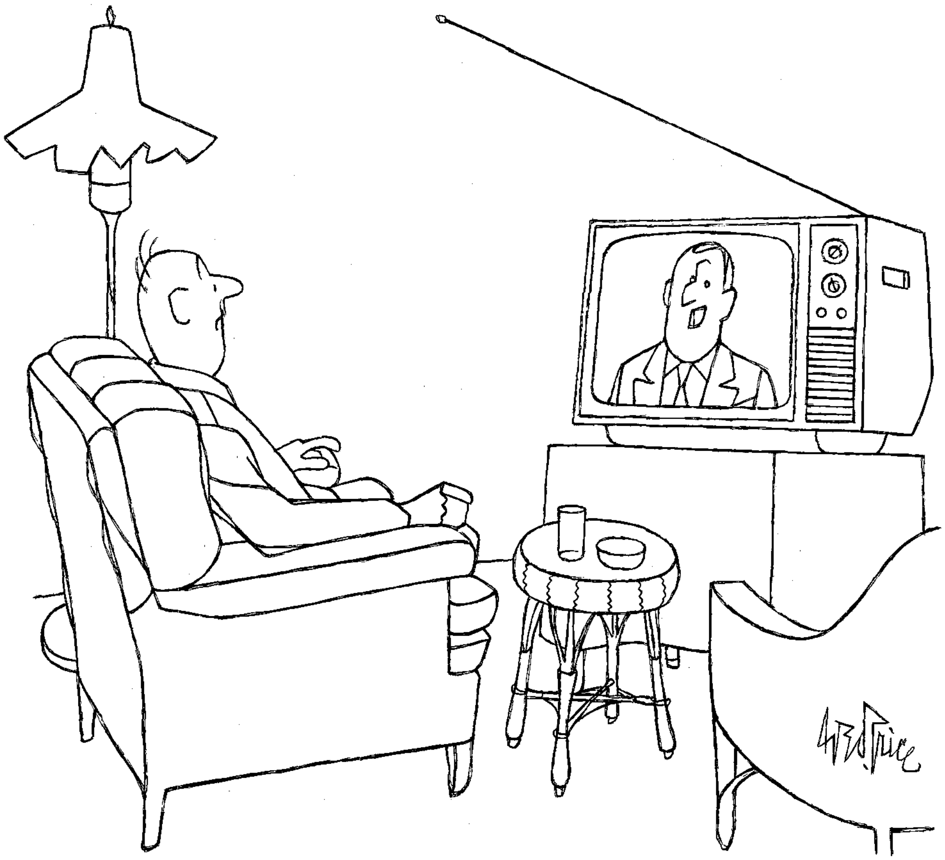
[1] Among average men, the singular, "oop," is the normal usage; the word is found in its plural as "oops" most often among women or men talking to women, in my experience, although there are so many exceptions to this that it is irresponsible of me to bring it up.

Is there any other spot in a modern office where a comparable level of mechanical ingenuity is so concentrated and on display? Telephone PBX systems, computers, and typewriters are electronically sophisticated and therefore fundamentally uninteresting. The Pitney Bowes licker and stamper and the automatic paper-feed mechanism in the high-speed copier are somewhat more interesting, because they are combinations of electronic and mechanical invention—but except for date stampers and the bearings in ballpoint pens and in desk drawers, which exist in isolation, where but in the corporate bathroom do we witness mechanical engineering in such a pure form? Here are valves that allow a certain amount of water and no more to rush into a toilet; and shapes of porcelain designed so that the turbulence in them forms almost fixed and decorative (yet highly functional) braids and twists; and a little built-in machine that squirts pink liquefied soap (with a special additive that gives it a silvery sheen, also used in shampoo recipes now, I've noticed) into the curve of your fingers; and the soap-level indicator—a plastic fish-eye directly into the soap tank, which tells the maintenance man (either Ray or the other one, whose name I've never been quite sure of) whether he must unlock the brushed-steel panel that day and replenish the supply; and the beautiful chrome-plated urinal plumbing, here presented in a row of four identical side-by-side states of severe gnarledness, which give you the impression of walking into a petrochemical plant, and inscribed with names like "Sloan Valve" and "Delany Flushboy" on their six-sided half-decorative boltlike caps, names that become completely familiar over the course of your employment even though if asked you couldn't come up with them. Here also, in the midst of the office's dry, carpeted arrangement of in-boxes, framed art-gallery posters, and horizontal filing cabinets, you confront a very industrial-looking storm drain, set right in the floor. And consider the architectural mazelet you must walk in order to arrive in the bathroom proper after going in the door—an enormous improvement over the old double-door system—intended to keep passing eyes from seeing in. It works, too, no matter how close to the hallway wall you walk. I know because I have sometimes tried in passing to glance into the women's corporate bathroom when by chance someone was opening the door, wanting to glimpse the row of sinks and the women leaning over them toward the mirror to adjust their shoulder pads or put on lip gloss, wanting to see a woman drawing her lower lip tight over her lower teeth à la William F. Buckley, Jr., and then, holding the screwed-out stick of gloss motionless, slide the lip from side to side under it and press her mouth together and then *moue* it outward, because the sight of this in a corporate setting would give an exotic overlay to memories of my beloved darling getting ready for parties—the arousing skin-smell of her recent shower, the knowledge that she was putting on makeup to be attractive to other people, the sight of the holy expression that women have only for themselves in mirrors: slightly raised eyebrows, opened throat, very slightly flared nostrils.



This suggestion of domesticity, come to think of it, contributes a characteristic tone to the inventions found in the corporate bathroom. These inventions are grander, more heroic variants of mechanisms central to our life away from work—the sink, soap dish, mirror, and toilet of home bathrooms. The toilet-paper roll and supporting spindle, in contrast with their plainer home configuration, here are housed in a locked device that pays out the frames of paper with a certain amount of resistance, so that you have to pull slowly and carefully in order to keep the paper



"Portions of the following are extremely generous portions."

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from tearing on one of the perforations,[2] discouraging waste; furthermore, when one roll is spent, a second drops into place. I am willing to have my wastefulness discouraged—to some degree. Before that invention, I sometimes felt a qualm when I was able to make the roll trundle momentumously around the spindle, reeling off a great drape of unnecessary paper; although when you have a cold and you do want a mass of absorbency to hold to your face when you blow your nose, the care you now must take tugging at the nearly tearing paper can be irksome.

At this point in my musings, Don Vanci (from Domestic Service Marketing), completing his visit to the urinal, turned and unexpectedly caught my eye, and we greeted each other in the mirror.

"Don."

"Howie."

Les Guster was on his way out, his toothbrush stowed in a ribbed-plastic travel container. He nodded at us. "Gentlemen."

Don Vanci followed Les Guster out without washing his hands.

FOR the moment, I had the men's room to myself. I set down my lunch-break paperback and rested my glasses on it; then I washed my hands briefly, making the date I had idly stamped on my palm while chatting with Tina fade but not disappear. Without turning off the water, I used a paper towel to dry my hands. We have the finest style of paper-towel dispenser available, I think: a six- or seven-foot high architectural element, fashioned from a band of brushed steel laid almost flush with the wall, in which is recessed a diamond-shaped opening that offers you the next paper towel and, just below that, a waste region where you can throw the towel away. The maintenance man unlocks the front panel of this unit—perhaps using the very same key that opens the soap dispenser, or perhaps not—empties the trash bag full of used paper towels, and loads hundreds of just-unbound and slowly expanding new towels into a packed queue above the diamond cutout. The paper towels themselves are the best kind: nearly a foot wide, wavily embossed, white, folded with two flaps for easy removal—it's an honor to use them. Since the cost of paper has gone up so much in the last decade, some companies that used to stock these wide towels have installed an adapter in the dispenser which allows it to handle smaller, cheaper ones. Elsewhere, facilities managers have turned even more radical, installing, right next to the ghost town of the brushed-steel dispenser, a plastic Towlsaver with a little slot-machine lever that you have to pull four times, each time advancing an invisible internal roll, before you get an acceptable, crumplable length of brown rough paper, which you tear off against a set of metal teeth. Another version of this replacement machine has a rotating crank with a calculatedly low gear ratio: the hope is that you will tire of cranking, and use less paper. At the very bottom of the range is the "hazards of disease" machine—the hot-air blower. You find it now not only in freeway rest stops but in the rest rooms of Friendlys, Wendy's, Howard Johnsons, and Papa Gino's. What the well-meaning but deluded managers responsible for overseeing bathroom cost control in these chains seem to have done, hypnotized by the sales rap of the hot-air-blower company, is to rip out their paper-towel dispensers, bolt the hot-air blowers on the walls, and then *remove the wastebaskets.* Towels were what filled the wastebaskets; the restaurants no longer provided towels, therefore they no longer needed to pay somebody to empty the wastebaskets. But in removing those wastebaskets they also removed the only unpostponable reason for some employee to check out the bathroom at least once a shift, and the place quickly became a wasteland.

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[2] Perforation! Shout it out! The deliberate punctuated weakening of paper and cardboard so that it will tear along an intended path, leaving a row of fine-haired white pills or tuftlets on each new edge! It is a staggering conception, showing an age-transforming feel for the unique properties of pulped-wood fibre. Yet do we have national holidays to celebrate its development? Are festschrift volumes published honoring the dead greats in the field? People watch the news every night like robots, thinking they are learning about their lives, never paying attention to the far more immediate developments that arrive unreported, on the pull-tab perforated top of the ice-cream carton, in reply coupons bound in magazines and on the "Please return this portion" edging of bill stubs, on sheets of postage stamps and sheets of Publishers Clearing House magazine stamps, on paper towels, in rolls of plastic bags for produce at the supermarket, in strips of hanging-file-folder labels. The lines dividing one year from another in your past are perforated, and the mental sensation of detaching a period of your life for closer scrutiny resembles the reluctant guided tearing of a perforated seam. In school we are taught about the Indians of New York State, about the making of the Erie Canal, about Harriet Tubman and Samuel Morse and George Washington Carver and Susan B. Anthony, but never a word about perforation. How is that simple perforate dotting of the reply coupon or the roll of toilet paper accomplished? By circular pizza cutters with diamond-tipped radii? By zirconium templates, fatally sharp to the touch, stamping the paper with their barbed braillery? And why isn't the pioneer of perforation chiselled into the façades of libraries, along with Locke, Franklin, and the standard gang of French encyclopedists? *They* would have loved him. They would have devoted whole pages of beautiful illustrations, with *fig.* 1s and *fig.* 2s detailing the tectonics of schizogony.

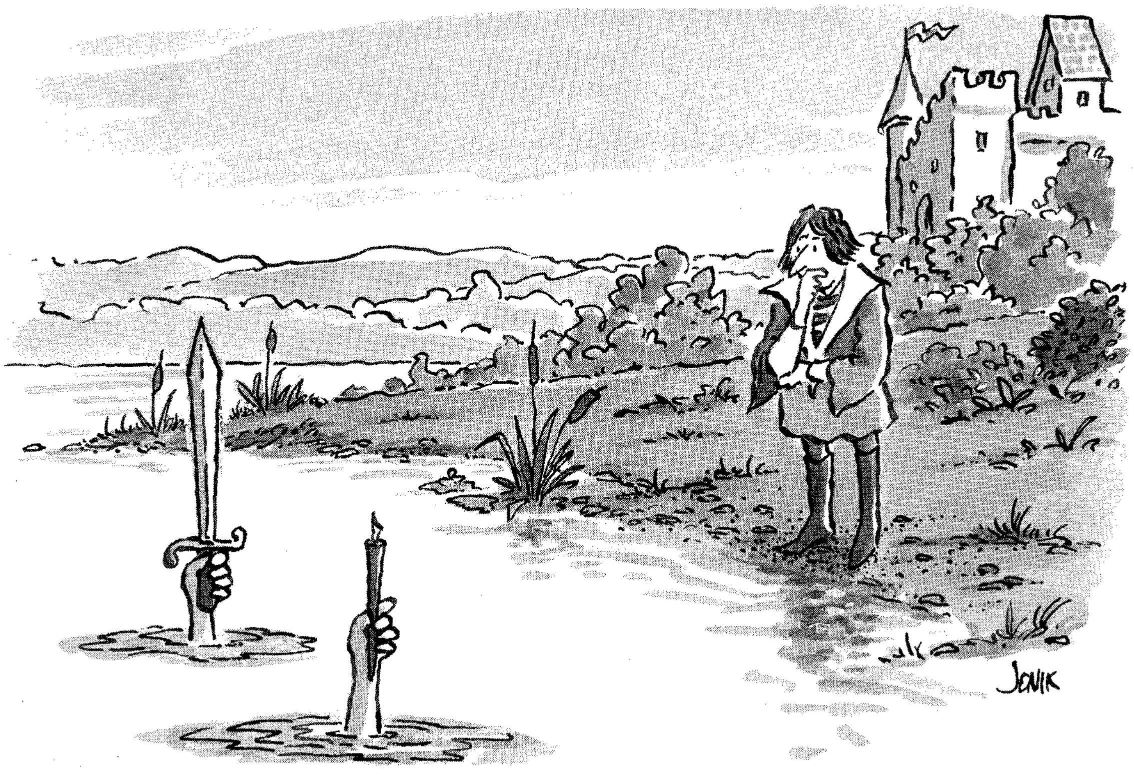
Is anyone truly content to be using the hot-air blower? You hit the mushroom of metal which turns it on and then, as the instructions recommend, Rub Hands Gently under the warm blast. But to dry your hands as thoroughly as a single paper towel would dry them in four seconds, you must now supplicate under the droning funnel for a full thirty seconds, much longer than anyone has patience for. Inevitably you give up and exit, flicking water from your fingers, while the blower continues to heat the room. If you do decide to stay for the full count, the manufacturer (World Dryer Corporation) has provided a short text to help pass the time. I disapprove of this text now, but when I was younger it bespoke the awesome oracular power of prophets whose courage and confidence allowed them to scrap the old ways and start fresh—urban-renewal architects; engineers of traffic flow; clear-eyed foretellers of monorails, paper clothing, food in capsule form, programmed learning, and domes over Hong Kong and Manhattan. I used to read it to myself as if reciting a quatrain from the "Rubáiyát," and I have read it so many times that it now holds for me some of the Ur-resonances of Crest's "conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." It says:

> To serve you better . . . We have installed Pollution-Free Electric Hand Dryers to protect you from the hazards of disease which can be transmitted by cloth towels or paper towel litter. This clean, quick, sanitary method dries hands more thoroughly . . . prevents chapping . . . and keeps washrooms free of towel WASTE.

In the lower-right corner of this statement, World has printed the small Greek letter that looks like a hamburger in profile, the symbol of the environmental movement. But does the environmental movement have anything at all to do with the reason that the particular Wendy's restaurant that I stood in on September 30, 1987 (copying the legend out, while I counted chimpanzees to be sure that the warm air really did blow for thirty seconds, as I had estimated), had installed this machine in its men's room? No, I say.

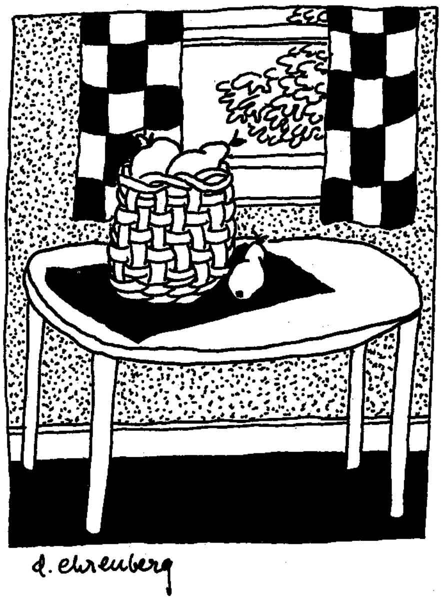
Is the blower, in fact, an efficient, environmentally upright user of electricity produced by burning fossil fuels? No: there is no "off" button that would allow you to curtail the aforesaid thirty-second dry time; you are forced to participate in waste. Does it prevent chapping? *Dry air*? Is it quick? It is slow. Is it more thorough? It is less thorough. Does it protect us from the hazards of disease? You will catch a cold quicker from the warm microbe-nutrifying public metal dome you press to start the blower than from plucking a sterile piece of paper that no human has ever held from a towel dispenser, clasping it in your very own hands to dry them, and throwing it away. Come to your senses, World Dryer Corporation! The tone of authority and public-spiritedness that surrounds these falsehoods is outrageous! How can you let your marketing men continue to make claims that sound like the eighteen-nineties ads for patent medicines or electroactive copper wrist bracelets which are printed on the Formica on the tables at Wendy's? You are selling a hot-air machine that works well and lasts for decades: a simple, possibly justifiable means for the fast-food chains to save money on paper products. Say that or say nothing.

Far more important than printed hype, however, is the fact that in trading paper towels for this blower the food chains and other corporate bathroom proprietors, aided by World's rhetoric, are assuming that the only thing you do with paper towels is to dry your hands. Not so, not so! You need paper towels to dab at a spot of food on your sleeve; you need them to polish your glasses dry; you need them to wash your face. When you are sweaty on a hot day in a room made hotter by the hot-air dryer and you decide you want to wash your face before you order your Big Classic, what can you do? Out of desperation, you resort to toilet paper. So much toilet paper is



being used in bathrooms with hot-air blowers that some of the same facilities managers who thought they were cost-cuttingly crafty in moving to blowers have been forced to go to the opposite extreme in the area of toilet-paper dispensers, installing gigantic, side-mounted, hundred-thousand-sheet rolls the size of automobile tires in each stall. But toilet paper in any quantity is a poor towel substitute. Forehandedly, you step into a vacant stall and pull yourself a sizable handful of paper and, returning to the sink, expose it to water. It quickly wilts to a semi-transparent purée in your fingers. You apply the dripping plasma to your face, with discouraging results; in the mirror you observe that flecks now adhere to your cheeks and brow. You return to the stall (pushing the door open with an elbow) to assemble another big wad for drying off—but now your hands are wet, so that when you try to pull more yards of toilet paper from the hundred-thousand-sheet roll the forward square dissolves on contact and prematurely tears itself free. Deciding to let your face air-dry, you look around for a place to throw away the initial macerated flapjack and discover that the wastebasket is gone. So you drop the thing in the corner, to join other miscellaneous trash there, or flip it vengefully into the already impaired toilet.

All this is why I considered it such an honor to be working at a place that still featured the classic corporate paper-towel dispenser. But sometimes when I pulled several paper towels from it, as when at other times in my employment there I opened a gray steel supply cabinet stocked with black-handled scissors, page-a-day calendar refills, magnetized paper-clip dispensers, staplers, cobralike staple removers, and box after box of Razor Point pens, or when I got a memo with a distribution cover sheet that had forty or fifty names on it, I would suddenly doubt that the company I worked for could afford all this. I would think of all the people in my department—one department out of maybe sixty-five in the corporation—and I would visualize my salary, plus Tina's, Abelardo's, Sue's, Dave's, Jim's, and Steve's, and that of ten or twelve other colleagues, none of whom did anything that directly pulled in money, as a row of odometer numbers spinning around too fast to see, measuring the amount of cash required every second to keep us working. Our salaries were based on a forty-hour week, not a thirty-five-hour week: think of the amount of money the company officially paid out every day just to finance the time all of its thousands of employees spent for lunch! In certain moods it became impossible for me to shift from my personal impression of the one small expensive subunit of the company to the over-all net-income figures we read every quarter on earnings reports in the internal newsletter—it was difficult to believe that money was coming in at anywhere near the rate at which we were pouring it out. And this doubtfulness would sometimes extend to companies all over the city: a skyline's worth of overreaching expenditure, a whole corporate stratum existing at an unsustainably high standard—the white-paper-towel standard, rather than the hot-air-blower standard.



Despite this periodic meta-scruple, I certainly helped myself to the paper towels. Now I briskly pulled five of them from the diamond-shaped opening: one to wash my face with, two to rinse it, a fourth to dry it, and a fifth to dry my glasses after I had rinsed them. Each time I pulled, a new but identical towel flap was there for me to grasp: if you blinked at the right moment, you might never have known that it was different from the towel you had been looking at! This renewing of newness, whether recalling

- the appearance of another identical Pez tablet at the neck of the plastic Pez elevator, or
- the sight of one parachutist after another standing for a second in the door of an airplane before he jumped, or
- the rolling-into-position of a pinball after the previous one had escaped your flippers, or
- one sticky disk of sliced banana displaced from its spot on the knife over the cereal bowl by its successor, or
- the uprising before your toes of yet another step at the bottom of the escalator

was and is still one of the greater sources of happiness that the man-made world can offer. And, in contrary fashion, it remains a matter of some personal frustration to me that diners and other fast-food restaurants, which offer so much of this kind of patterned mechanical renewal (as in the spring-loaded holes from which one plastic cup after another emerges), consistently interfere with such pleasures by (a) failing to stress to their employees the extreme importance of loading the black-and-chrome table-napkin dispensers with the napkins *pointing in the right direction*—not backward, with flap folds hidden, so that to get two napkins out you have to pinch a bulge of six or more at a time and wrestle them all through the chrome mouth at once, leaving the guilty excess on top, where nobody will use them because nobody will trust them; or, even if they don't do that, by (b) allowing their people to stuff the dispenser far beyond its capacity, carried away by the admittedly impressive number of napkins it can hold, so that the napkin flap you pull tears, or draws the machine shuddering on its rubber nubs over the countertop: frustrating because here is an invention that is simple, long-lived, life-enhancing, ingenious, and one that could easily provide one of those pings of small-time pleasure in your fast-food meal, and yet through ignorance or carelessness its greatness is consistently traduced, and, as a result, millions of table napkins are thrown away without having served their purpose. But I am confident that the food chains will recognize this mistake in time and institute training procedures that have their new-hires chanting "Flaps to the front! Flaps to the front!" just as they will one day trade in all those hot-air blowers and take on the hazards of towel waste. Progress in these areas is inevitable; for example, the maddening tendency of the soda straw to float up and out of its drink has recently been corrected (by some venders, anyway) by substituting a heavier version that remains stable in most carbonated environments.[3]

I OPENED the first of the five towels under the hot water, folded it in half wet, and tapped just a half squirt of pink soap onto it, which I diluted with another quick pass under the tap. Then, bending low over the sink, with my tie clamped out of harm's way under one elbow, I raised the dripping folio in both hands and blinded myself in its warmth. I scrubbed. The wings of my nose were held closed by the sides of my little fingers. Immeasurably soothed, I murmured, "Oh, God," into the sopping paper. Face-washing seems to work as acupuncture is said to: sudden signals of warmth flooding your brain from the nerves of the face, especially the eyelids, unmoor your thinking for an instant, dislodging your attention from any thoughts that have been in progress and causing it to slide back randomly to the first fixed spot in memory that it finds—often a subject that you had left unresolved earlier in the day, which returns now as an image magnified against the grainy blackness of your closed eyelids, but in my particular case halting at a much earlier memory of my father and me joyfully flinging a set of fancy, otherwise neglected croquet mallets into the middle boughs of a blue spruce tree in our side yard in order to free the large black Frisbee that frequently got stuck there beyond our reach.

I rinsed my glasses quickly under the tap, and polished the lenses with the fifth paper towel, making bribe-me, bribe-me finger motions over the two curved surfaces until they were dry. A toilet began roaring. I stepped back from the sink and brought my glasses toward my face, enjoying the approach of those two reservoirs of widening distinctness; and I raised my eyebrows as I hooked the side pieces over my ears.[4] Abe, my manager, emerged from a stall.

"What do you think, Howie?" he said. It was his standard greeting—one I was fond of.

"Abe, I don't know what to think," I replied—my standard response. I turned off the water and adjusted my glasses in the mirror so that they weren't crooked, knowing that they would revert to their normal slight skew within five minutes.

"Lunchtime?" said Abe, soaping his hands.

"Yep," I said.

He leaned toward my Penguin Classics paperback and pretended to read the title. " 'How to Remove Your Own Pancreas.' Yikes."

"I won't do it here at the office."

"Yes, you will. This afternoon, if you can manage it."

"I'll get Tina to reserve the conference room," I said. The secret to working for Abe was realizing that nothing he said, outside of company business, was serious or true.

"Service Marketing should be there, too," said Abe.

"Alan will want me to remove more than a pancreas."

"Very true. I'll make sure there's ample space in the refrigerator."

"Would you?"

"Or no, I think Sue's seeing to that now. 'What's this, a ham? *Chrom, chrom, chrom.*' " He mimed gluttony. (Abe had gotten a lot of mileage out of the fact that Sue had mistakenly taken a bite out of his sandwich in the cafeteria a week earlier. She had apologized profusely.)

" 'Hey, here's a tasty brace of oxen!' " I said, taking it up as best I could.

" '*Chrom, chrom, chrom.*' " He waved. "Enjoy."

"Take it easy." I threw out the five paper towels and began to whistle loudly. When I pulled on the door handle, the door swung toward me fast with no resistance.

"Oop," I said.

"Oop," said Ron Nemick, entering.

I held the door for him. As I walked out into the hall, I realized that the tune I had just begun was "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy."

From within I heard Abe cheerfully start up with "I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly."

—NICHOLSON BAKER

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[3] Let me take this opportunity to mention another fairly important development in the history of the straw. I recently noticed, and remembered dimly half-noticing for several years before then, that the paper wrapper, which once had slipped so easily down the plastic straw and bunched itself into a compressed concertina that you could use to perform traditional bar and dorm tricks with, now does not slip at all. It hugs the straw's surface so closely that even though the straw itself is stiffer than the earlier paper straw, the plastic sometimes buckles under the force you end up using in trying to push the wrapper down the old way. A whole evolved method for unwrapping straws—one-handed, very like rapping a cigarette on a table to ensure that the tobacco was firmly settled into the tube—now no longer works, and we must pinch off the tip of the wrapper and tear our way two-handedly all the way down the seam as if we are opening a piece of junk mail. But I have faith that this mistake, too, will be corrected; and we may someday even be nostalgic about the period of several years when straws were difficult to unwrap. It is impossible to foresee the things that go wrong in these small innovations, and it takes time for them to be understood as evils and acted upon. Similarly, there are often unexpected plusses to some minor new development. What sugar-packet manufacturer could have known that people would take to flapping the packet back and forth to centrifuge its contents to the bottom, so that they could handily tear off the top? The nakedness of a simple novelty in pre-portioned packaging has been surrounded and softened and made sense of by gesticulative adaptation (possibly inspired by the extinguishing oscillation of a match after the lighting of a cigarette); convenience has given rise to ballet; and the sound of those flapping sugar packets in the early morning fluttering over from nearby booths is not one I would willingly forgo, even though I take my coffee unsweetened. Nobody could have predicted that students would discover that you can flip pats of pre-portioned butter so they stick to the wall, or that tradesmen would discover that they could conveniently store pencils behind their ears, or later gradually *stop* storing pencils behind their ears. An unpretentious technical invention—the straw, the sugar packet, the pencil—has been ornamented by a mute folklore of unpatented behavioral inventions, adopted and fine-tuned without comment or thought.

[4] People seem to raise their eyebrows whenever they bring something close to their faces. The first sip of a morning cup of coffee makes you raise your eyebrows; I have seen some individuals displace their entire scalp along with their eyebrows when they bring a forkful of food to their mouths. A possible explanation is that eyebrow-raising is a way of telling your brain not to activate the natural flinch reaction that the approach of moving objects near the face normally triggers.

WISH

Sam tried to hold his eyes open. The preacher, a fat-faced boy with a college degree, had a curious way of pronouncing his "r"s. The sermon was about pollution of the soul and started with a news item about an oil spill. Sam drifted into a dream about a flock of chickens scratching up a bed of petunias. His sister Damson, beside him, knifed him in the ribs with her bony elbow. Snoring, she said with her eyes.

Every Sunday after church, Sam and Damson visited their other sister, Hortense, and her husband, Cecil. Ordinarily, Sam drove his own car, but today Damson gave him a ride because his car was low on gas. Damson lived in town, but Hort and Cecil lived out in the country, not far from the old homeplace, which had been sold twenty years before, when Pap died. As they drove past the old place now, Sam saw Damson shudder. She had stopped saying "Trash" under her breath when they passed by and saw the junk cars that had accumulated around the old house. The yard was bare dirt now, and the large elm in front had split. Many times Sam and his sisters had wished the new interstate had gone through the homeplace instead. Sam knew he should have bought out his sisters and kept it.

"How are you, Sam?" Hort asked when he and Damson arrived. Damson's husband, Porter, had stayed home today with a bad back.

"About dead." Sam grinned and knuckled his chest, pretending heart trouble and exaggerating the arthritis in his hands.

"Not again!" Hort said, teasing him. "You just like to growl, Sam. You've been that way all your life."

"You ain't even knowed me that long! Why, I remember the night you was born. You come in mad at the world, with your stinger out, and you've been like that ever since."

Hort patted his arm. "Your barn door's open, Sam," she said as they went into the living room.

He zipped up his fly unselfconsciously. At his age, he didn't care.

Hort steered Damson off into the kitchen, murmuring something about a blue dish, and Sam sat down with Cecil to discuss crops and the weather. It was their habit to review the week's weather, then their health, then local news—in that order. Cecil was a small, amiable man who didn't like to argue.

A little later, at the dinner table, Cecil jokingly asked Sam, "Are you sending any money to Jimmy Swaggart?"

"Hell, no! I ain't sending a penny to that bastard."

"Sam never gave them preachers nothing," Hort said defensively as she sent a bowl of potatoes au gratin Sam's way. "That was Nova."

Nova, Sam's wife, had been dead eight and a half years. Nova was always buying chances on Heaven, Sam thought. There was something squirrelly in her, like the habit she had of saving out extra seed from the garden or putting up more preserves than they could use.

Hort said, "I still think Nova wanted to build on that ground she heired so she could have a house in her own name."

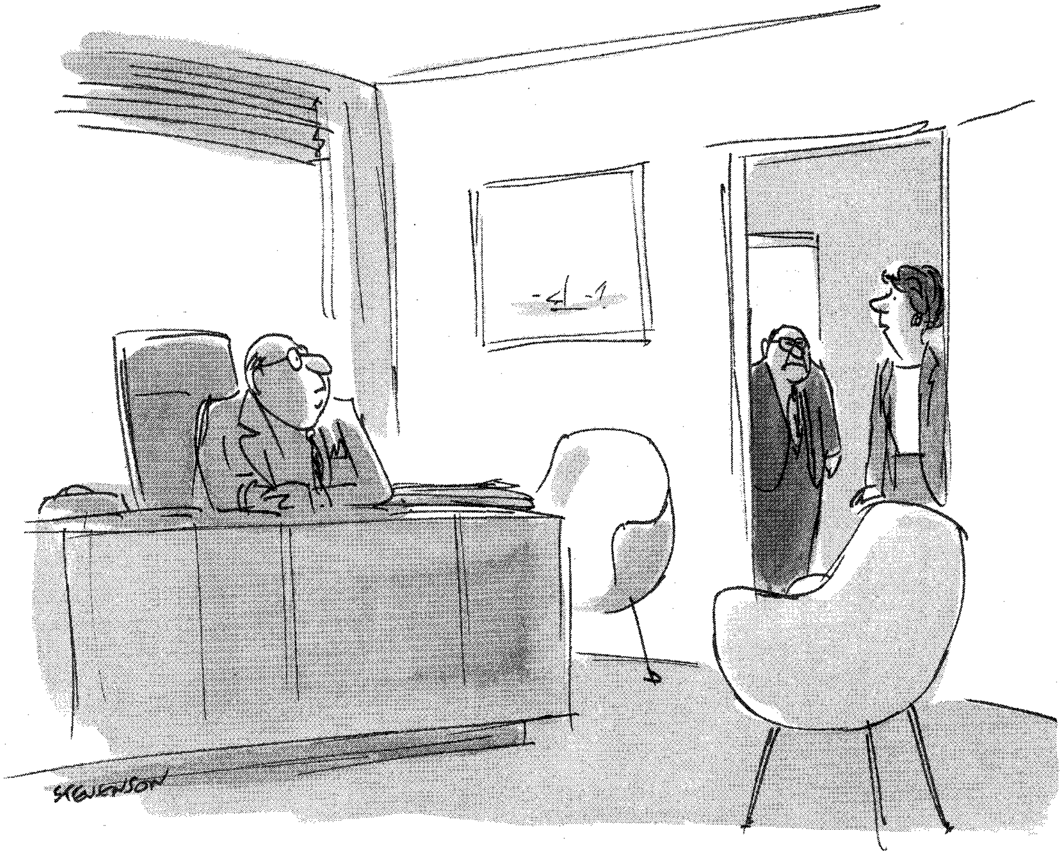
Damson nodded vigorously. "She didn't want you to have your name on the new house, Sam. She wanted it in her name."

"Didn't make no sense, did it?" Sam said, reflecting a moment on Nova. He could see her plainly, holding up a piece of fried chicken like a signal for attention. The impression was so vivid he almost asked her to pass the peas.

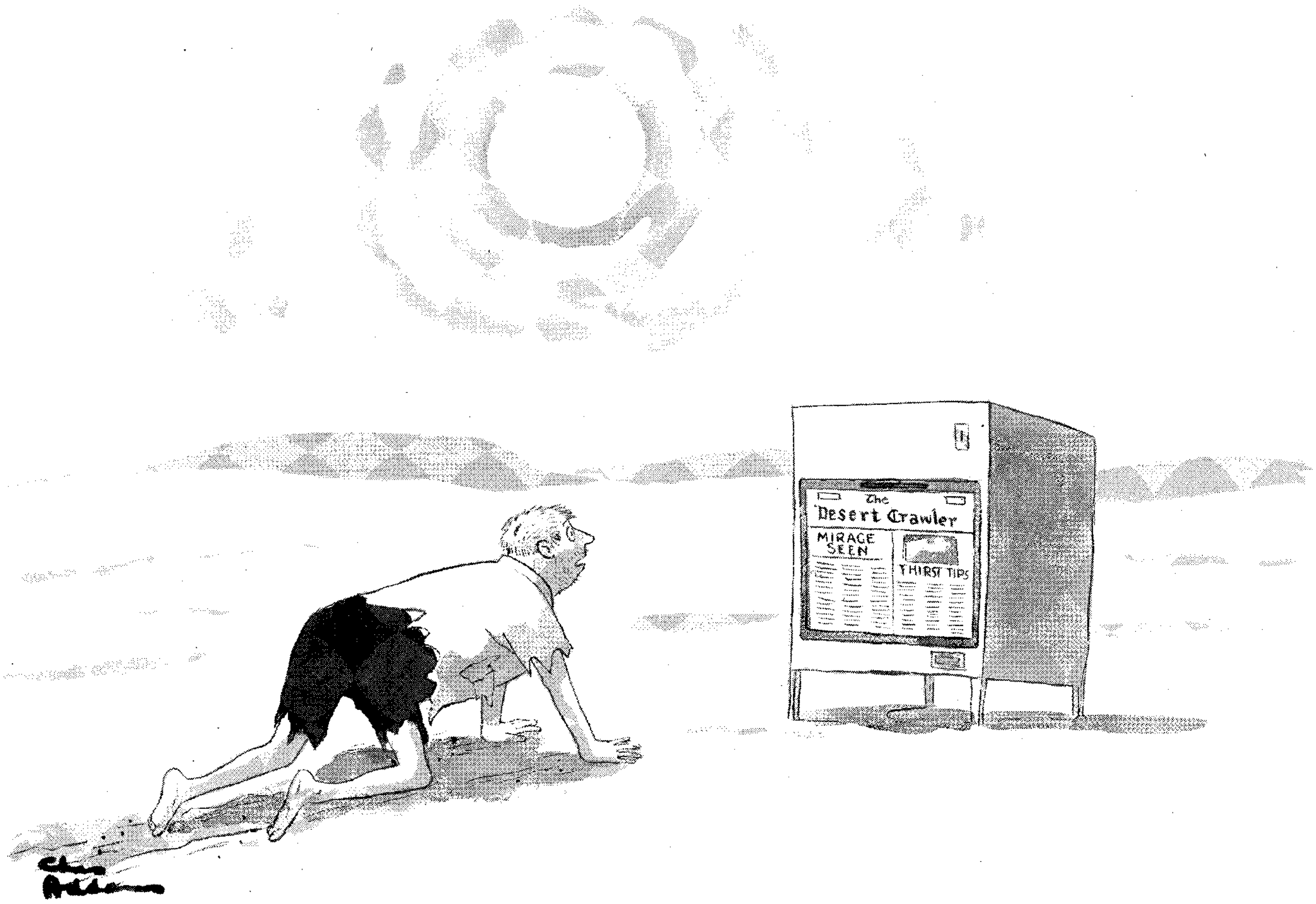
Hort said, "You already had a nice house with shade trees and a tobacco patch, and it was close to your kinfolks, but she just *had* to move toward town."

"She told me if she had to get to the hospital the ambulance would get there quicker," said Damson, taking a second biscuit. "Hort, these biscuits ain't as good as you usually make."

"I didn't use self-rising," said Hort.



"Are you in the mood for flak?"



"It wouldn't make much difference, with that new highway," said Cecil, speaking of the ambulance.

On the day they moved to the new house, Sam stayed in bed with the covers pulled up around him and refused to budge. He was still there at four o'clock in the evening, after his cousins had moved out all the furniture. Nova ignored him until they came for the bed. She laid his clothes on the bed and rattled the car keys in his face. She had never learned to drive. That was nearly fifteen years ago. Only a few years after that, Nova died and left him in that brick box she called a dream home. There wasn't a tree in the yard when they built the house. Now there were two flowering crab apples and a flimsy little oak.

AFTER dinner, Hort and Cecil brought out new pictures of their great-grandchildren. The children had changed, and Sam couldn't keep straight which ones belonged to Linda and which ones belonged to Donald. He felt full. He made himself comfortable among the crocheted pillows on Hort's high-backed couch. For ten minutes, Hort talked on the telephone to Linda, in Louisiana, and when she hung up she reported that Linda had a new job at a finance company. Drowsily, Sam listened to the voices rise and fall. Their language was so familiar; his kinfolks never told stories or reminisced when they sat around on a Sunday. Instead, they discussed character. "He's the stingiest man alive." "She was nice to talk to on the street but *H* to work with." "He never would listen when you tried to tell him anything." "She'd do anything for you."

Now, as Sam stared at a picture of a child with a Depression-style bowl haircut, Damson was saying, "Old Will Stone always referred to himself as me. '*Me* did this. *Me* wants that.' "

Hort said, "The Stones were always trying to get you to do something for them. Get around one of them and they'd think of something they wanted you to do." The Stones were their mother's people.

"I never would let 'em tell me what to do," Damson said with a laugh. "I'd say, 'I can't! I've got the nervous trembles.' "

Damson was little then, and her Aunt Rue always complained of nervous trembles. Once, Damson had tried to get out of picking English peas by claiming she had nervous trembles, too. Sam remembered that. He laughed—a hoot so sudden they thought he hadn't been listening and was laughing about something private.

HORT fixed a plate of fried chicken, potatoes, field peas, and stewed apples for Sam to take home. He set it on the back seat of Damson's car, along with fourteen eggs and a sack of biscuits. Damson spurted out of the driveway backwards, scaring the hound dog back to his hole under a lilac bush.

"Hort and Cecil's having a time keeping up this place," Sam said, noticing the weed-clogged pen where they used to keep hogs.

Damson said, "Hort's house always smelled so good, but today it smelled bad. It smelled like fried fish."

"I never noticed it," said Sam, yawning.

"Ain't you sleeping good, Sam?"

"Yeah, but when my stomach sours I get to yawning."

"You ain't getting old on us, are you?"

"No, I ain't old. Old is in your head."

Damson invited herself into Sam's house, saying she wanted to help him put the food away. His sisters wouldn't leave him alone. They checked on his housekeeping, searched for ruined food, made sure his commode was flushed. They had fits when he took in a stray dog one day, and they would have taken her to the pound if she hadn't got hit on the road first.

COMING CLOSE

Take this quiet woman, she has been
standing before a polishing wheel
for over three hours, and she lacks
twenty minutes before she can take
a lunch break. Is she a woman?
Consider the arms as they press
the long brass tube against the buffer:
they are striated along the triceps,
the three heads of which clearly show.
Consider the fine dusting of dark down
above the upper lip, and the beads
of sweat that run from under the red
kerchief across the brow and are wiped
away with a blackening wristband
in one odd motion a child might make
to say No! No! You must come closer
to find out, you must hang your tie
and jacket in one of the lockers
in favor of a black smock, you must
be prepared to spend shift after shift
hauling off the metal trays of stock,
bowing first, knees bent for a purchase,
then lifting with a gasp, the first word
of tenderness between the two of you;
then you must bring new trays of dull,
unpolished tubes. You must feed her,
as they say in the language of the place.
Make no mistake, the place has a language,
and if by some luck the power were cut,
the wheel slowed to a stop so that you
suddenly saw it was not a solid object
but so many separate bristles forming
in motion a perfect circle, she would turn
to you and say, "Why?" Not the old *Why*
of *Why must I spend five nights a week*?
Just "Why?" Even if by some magic
you knew, you wouldn't dare speak
for fear of her laughter, which now
you have anyway as she places the five
tapering fingers of her filthy hand
on the arm of your white shirt to mark
you for your own, now and forever.

—PHILIP LEVINE

• •

Damson stored the food in the kitchen and snooped in his refrigerator. Sam was itching to get into his bluejeans and watch something on Ted Turner's channel that he had meant to watch. He couldn't remember now what it was, but he knew it came on at four o'clock. Damson came into the living room and began to peer at all his pictures, exclaiming over each great-grandchild. All Sam's kids and grandkids were scattered around. His son worked in the tire industry in Akron, Ohio, and his oldest granddaughter operated a frozen-yogurt store in Florida. He didn't know why anybody would eat yogurt in any form. His grandson Bobby had arrived from Arizona last year with an Italian woman who spoke in a sharp accent. Sam had to hold himself stiff to keep from laughing. He wouldn't let her see him laugh, but her accent tickled him. Now Bobby had written that she'd gone back to Italy.

Damson paused over an old family portrait—Pap and Mammy and all six children, along with Uncle Clay and Uncle Thomas and their wives, Rosie and Zootie, and Aunt Rue. Sam's three brothers were dead now. Damson, a young girl in the picture, wore a lace collar, and Hort was in blond curls and a pinafore. Pap sat in the center on a chair with his legs set far apart, as if to anchor himself to hold the burden of this wild family. He looked mean and willful, as though he were about to whip somebody.

Suddenly Damson blurted out, "Pap ruined my life."

Sam was surprised. Damson hadn't said exactly that before, but he knew what she was talking about. There had always been a sadness about her, as though she had had the hope knocked out of her years ago.

She said, "He ruined my life—keeping me away from Lyle."

"That was near sixty years ago, Damson. That don't still bother you now, does it?"

She held the picture close to her breast and said, "You know how you hear on the television nowadays about little children getting beat up or treated nasty and it makes such a mark on them? Nowadays they know about that, but they didn't back then. They never knowed how something when you're young can hurt you so long."

"None of that happened to you."

"Not that, but it was just as bad."

"Lyle wouldn't have been good to you," said Sam.

"But I loved him, and Pap wouldn't let me see him."

"Lyle was a drunk and Pap didn't trust him no further than he could throw him."

"And then I married Porter, for pure spite," she went on. "You know good and well I never cared a thing about him."

"How come you've stayed married to him all these years then? Why don't you do like the kids do nowadays—like Bobby out in Arizona? Him and that Italian. They've done quit!"

"But she's a foreigner. I ain't surprised," said Damson, blowing her nose with a handkerchief from her pocketbook. She sat down on Sam's divan. He had towels spread on the upholstery to protect it, a habit of Nova's he couldn't get rid of. That woman was so practical she had even orchestrated her deathbed. She had picked out her burial clothes, arranged for his breakfast. He remembered holding up hangers of dresses from her closet for her to choose from.

"Damson," he said. "If you could do it over, you'd do it different, but it might not be no better. You're making Lyle out to be more than he would have been."

"He wouldn't have shot hisself," she said calmly.

"It was an accident."

She shook her head. "No, I think different."

Damson had always claimed he killed himself over her. That night, Lyle had come over to the homeplace near dark. Sam and his brothers had helped Pap put in a long day suckering tobacco. Sam was already courting Nova, and Damson was just out of high school. The neighborhood boys came over on Sundays after church like a pack of dogs after a bitch. Damson had an eye for Lyle because he was so daresome, more reckless than the rest. That Saturday night when Lyle came by for her, he had been into some moonshine, and he was frisky, like a young bull. Pap wouldn't let her go with him. Sam heard Damson in the attic, crying, and Lyle was outside, singing at the top of his lungs, calling her. "Damson! My fruit pie!" Pap stepped out onto the porch then, and Lyle slipped off into the darkness.

Damson set the family picture back on the shelf and said, "He was different from all the other boys. He knew a lot, and he'd been to Texas once with his daddy—for his daddy's asthma. He had a way about him."

"I remember when Lyle come back late that night," Sam said. "I heard him on the porch. I knowed it must be him. He was loud and acted like he was going to bust in the house after you."

"I heard him," she said. "From my pallet up there at the top. It was so hot I had a bucket of water and a washrag and I'd wet my face and stand in that little window and reach for a breeze. I heard him come, and I heard him thrashing around down there on the porch. There was a loose board you always had to watch out for."

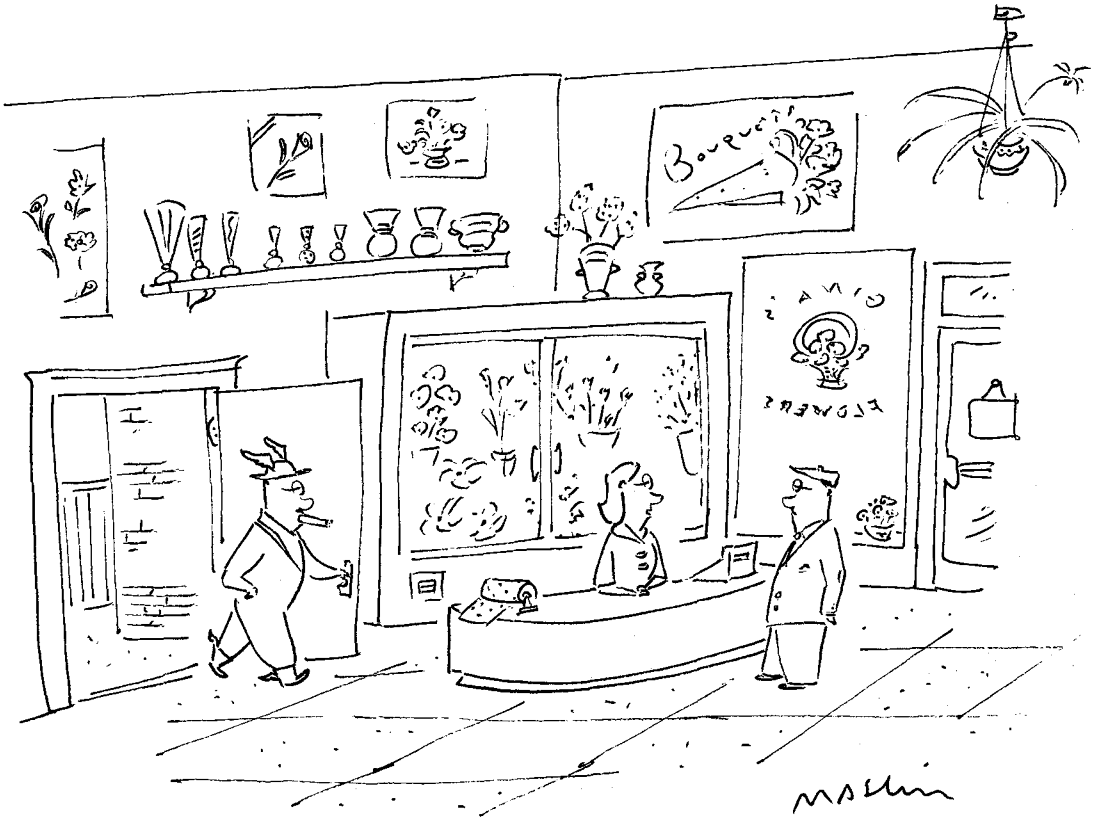
"I remember that!" Sam said. He hadn't thought of that warped plank in years.

"He fell over it," Damson said. "But then he got up and backed down the steps. I could hear him out in the yard. Then—" She clasped her arms around herself and bowed her head. "Then he yelled out, 'Damson!' I can still hear that."

A while later, they had heard the gunshot. Sam always remembered hearing a hollow thump and a sudden sound like cussing, then the explosion. He and his brother Bob rushed out in the dark, and then Pap brought a coal-oil lantern. They found Lyle sprawled behind the barn, with the shotgun kicked several feet away. There was a milk can turned over, and they figured that Lyle had stumbled over it when he went behind the barn. Sam had never forgotten Damson on the living-room floor, bawling. She lay there all the next day, screaming and beating her heavy work shoes against the floor, and people had to step around her. The women fussed over her, but none of the men could say anything.

Sam wanted to say something now. He glared at that big family in the picture. The day the photographer came, Sam's mother made everyone dress up, and they had to stand there as still as stumps for about an hour in that August heat. He remembered the kink in Damson's hair, the way she had fixed it so pretty for Lyle. A blurred chicken was cutting across the corner of the picture, and an old bird dog named Obadiah was stretched out in front, holding a pose better than the fidgety people. In the front row, next to her mother, Damson's bright, upturned face sparkled with a smile. Everyone had admired the way she could hold a smile for the camera.

Pointing to her face in the picture,



"I suggest you speak with my husband—he makes all the deliveries."

• •

Bernard Schoenbaum

• •

he said, "Here you are, Damson—a young girl in love."

Frowning, she said, "I just wish life had been different."

He grabbed Damson's shoulders and stared into her eyes. To this day, she didn't even wear glasses and was still pretty, still herself in there, in that puffed-out old face. He said, "You wish! Well, wish in one hand and shit in the other one and see which one fills up the quickest!"

He got her. She laughed so hard she had to catch her tears with her handkerchief. "Sam, you old hound. Saying such as that—and on a Sunday."

She rose to go. He thought he'd said the right thing, because she seemed lighter on her feet now. "You've got enough eggs and bacon to last you all week," she said. "And I'm going to bring you some of that popcorn cake my neighbor makes. You'd never guess it had popcorn in it."

She had her keys in her hand, her pocketbook on her arm. She was wearing a pretty color of pink, the shade of baby pigs. She said, "I know why you've lived so long, Sam. You just see what you want to see. You're like Pap, just as hard and plain."

"That ain't the whole truth," he said, feeling a mist of tears come.

THAT night he couldn't get to sleep. He went to bed at eight-thirty, after a nature special on the television—grizzly bears. He lay in bed and replayed his life with Nova. The times he wanted to leave home. The time he went to a lawyer to inquire about a divorce. (It turned out to cost too much, and anyway he knew his folks would never forgive him.) The time she hauled him out of bed for the move to this house. He had loved their old place, a wood-frame house with a porch and a swing, looking out over tobacco fields and a strip of woods. He always had a dog then, a special dog, sitting on the porch with him. Here he had no porch, just some concrete steps, where he would sit sometimes and watch the traffic. At night, drunk drivers zoomed along, occasionally plowing into somebody's mailbox.

She had died at three-thirty in the morning, and toward the end she didn't want anything—no food, no talk, no news, nothing soft. No kittens to hold, no memories. He stayed up with her in case she needed him, but she went without needing him at all. And now he didn't need her. In the dim light of the street lamp, he surveyed the small room where he had chosen to sleep—the single bed, the bare walls, his jeans hanging up on a nail, his shoes on a shelf, the old washstand that had belonged to his grandmother, the little rag rug beside the bed. He was happy. His birthday was two months from today. He would be eighty-four. He thought of that bird dog, Obadiah, who had been with him on his way through the woods the night he set out to meet someone—the night he first made love to a girl. Her name was Nettie, and at first she had been reluctant to lie down with him, but he had brought a quilt, and he spread it out in the open pasture. The hay had been cut that week, and the grass was damp and sweet-smelling. He could still feel the clean, soft, cool cotton of that quilt, the stubble poking through and the patterns of the quilting pressing into his back. Nettie lay there beside him, her breath blowing on his shoulder as they studied the stars far above the field—little pinpoint holes punched through the night sky like the needle holes around the tiny stitches in the quilting. Nettie. Nettie Slade. Her dress had self-covered buttons, hard like seed corn.

—Bobbie Ann Mason

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TREASURE OF THE DEBRAAK

EARLY in August of 1986, a barge towed by a tugboat and carrying a crane with a hundred-foot boom dropped anchor about a mile northeast of Cape Henlopen, a sandy two-mile-long peninsula that juts northward into the mouth of Delaware Bay from the Delaware shore. During the next few days, the barge was visited regularly by small boats carrying divers and supplies from a pier at an abandoned fish-fertilizer factory on the outskirts of the town of Lewes, just to the west of Cape Henlopen. Boats and divers had been working over the same spot off the cape for more than two years, but the arrival of the barge and the crane was portentous: word spread quickly through Lewes—a small resort town, with some twenty-five hundred year-round inhabitants—that an attempt was going to be made to raise the wreck of H.M.S. DeBraak, a British warship that had sunk at the mouth of the Delaware in May of 1798.

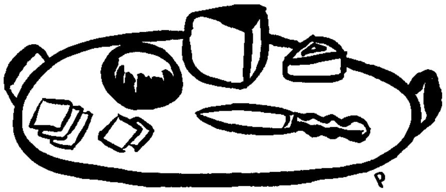
The shoals at the mouth of the Delaware are among the most treacherous on the Atlantic Coast, and the seafloor in the area is strewn with the remains of more than a hundred vessels that have foundered over the past three centuries. None of these wrecks had gripped the imagination of the inhabitants of Lewes and other Delawareans as the DeBraak had, however, for the simple reason that she was said to be carrying a hoard of gold bullion, jewels, and specie when she went down. During the next hundred and eighty-six years, the DeBraak and her cargo were the object of searches mounted by more than a dozen expeditions, but a five-knot tidal current at the mouth of the bay made diving extremely difficult except at slack water, and algae and sediment limited visibility on the bottom to a foot or two during much of the year, so the exact location of the ship eluded everyone until the spring of 1984. At that time, the DeBraak was found, in eighty feet of water, through the use of sidescan sonar—an underwater device that emits fan-shaped sound beams that are reflected by objects on the bottom and recorded electronically on a graph.

Since then, divers exploring the wreck of the DeBraak had brought up more than four hundred gold and silver coins, several pieces of jewelry, and several thousand artifacts. The gold specie included British guineas and eight-escudo pieces from Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, and Peru, which are called Spanish doubloons; the silver coins were mostly eight-real pieces from Mexico, which are known as pieces of eight; the jewelry included gold rings, a gold snuffbox, and an intaglio brooch with a gold rim; and among the artifacts were enough cannon, muskets, pistols, gunflints, scabbards, tools, octants, pulleys, buckles, buttons, bottles, dishes, glassware, and cutlery to whet the appetite of historians and marine archeologists up and down the seaboard.

As might be expected, anticipation surrounding the raising of the ship—an event that was scheduled to take place at slack tide on Monday afternoon, August 11th—was high. Over the weekend, several newspapers carried reports that a diver had retrieved handfuls of gold coins from the wreck, and other stories estimated the value of the ship's treasure to be anywhere from five million to five hundred million dollars. While conjecture was taking place on shore, divers worked feverishly at the bottom of the bay to sling cables around the hull of the DeBraak and position a steel-beam cradle beside it. The idea was to place the wreck on the cradle so that it could be lifted to the surface without spilling its contents.

Because of heavy swells and equipment problems, the raising had to be postponed until the next slack tide, much to the dismay of television crews, of a thousand or so spectators who had piled on board more than a hundred pleasure craft and fishing boats clustered around the salvage barge, and of some ten thousand onlookers who had gathered on the beach at Cape Henlopen State Park. As a result, the raising of the DeBraak took place at night, with the barge lit up by floodlamps, and the lights of the boats in the spectator fleet forming a semicircle in the darkness, as if a town had materialized at sea. At 9 P.M., the diesel engine of the crane started up with a roar and a belch of smoke; then the crane boom was raised to free the DeBraak from the suction of the mud, and a huge drive wheel began reeling in a pair of four-and-three-quarter-inch cables attached to the wreck.

Archeologists on the barge expected the hull of the DeBraak to be brought up slowly and in the same position on the cradle that it had been in on the bottom—cupped like the palm of an upturned hand—but at the last minute the salvagers decided not to use the cradle, and the wreck came up keel first, indicating that the hull had shifted in its sling as it was pulled from the mud. Then, just as the keel broke water, a friction brake in the crane failed, forcing a halt to the operation, and over the next hour, while the brake was being repaired, the wreck stayed awash and the archeologists worried that whatever artifacts remained in the hull were being swept away by the tide. When the lift resumed, a seventy-foot section of the keel, which was attached to a twenty-two-foot-wide section of the starboard hull, emerged from the sea and hung in the glare of the floodlamps, streaming water and mud, while cannonballs and other solid objects dropped away and plunged back into the bay. Then the tugboat pushed an empty barge into position beneath the suspended wreck, and the crane lowered it onto the barge's deck. At that point, a cheer went up from the spectator fleet, and divers on the salvage barge doused one another with champagne. Afterward, they clambered aboard the adjacent barge and



stood in triumph upon the slippery, mud-blackened remains of the DeBraak.

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CREDIT for finding the DeBraak belongs to Harvey Harrington, a professional diver, originally from Scituate, Rhode Island, who had been researching the ship and its cargo since 1978. A graying, soft-spoken man of fifty-one when he found the sunken ship, Harrington had been making his living for over twenty years as a contract diver for construction firms engaged in installing, repairing, and inspecting underwater pipelines, sewer outfalls, pier pilings, bridge supports, and the like. In 1969, while on a job in Panama, he was shown some jewels that turtle fishermen had recovered from the wreck of a Spanish galleon, and from then on he was hooked on finding treasure.

In 1977, Harrington moved to Boise, Idaho, and he lived there for the better part of the next seven years, working in underwater construction, dredging rivers for gold, salvaging sunken timber logs, and, in his spare time, researching the whereabouts of sunken treasure ships. Eventually, he focussed his hopes and his energy on the DeBraak, and started looking for investors. He also applied to the State of Delaware for a permit to search for the DeBraak in the waters off Cape Henlopen. In the meantime, he came East to dredge for gold and silver in the Ten Mile River, a small stream in Attleboro, Massachusetts, in which precious metals had been accumulating for many years as a result of the dumping of effluent containing the residue of grinding and polishing operations by a number of local jewelry factories. While he was working on this project, he met Louis Calcione, a fellow-Rhode Islander, from Cranston, who had been prospecting in the same stream with a shovel and hand screens, and he told Calcione he was looking for investors to finance a search for the DeBraak.

In October of 1983, Calcione introduced Harrington to two friends of his who were in the construction business—George Peloso, of Warwick, Rhode Island, and Ralph LaPadula, of Dix Hills, New York—and they expressed interest in backing the venture. The following month, Harrington, Calcione, and Peloso met with Richard T. Wilson, a seventy-year-old commercial-real-estate broker from Warwick, who, Harrington knew, had been a member of a 1935 expedition that had tried to find the DeBraak. At the meeting, Wilson showed the three men a piece of teakwood that he said had been brought up from the DeBraak, and told them about a silver coin bearing the date 1786 which had fallen from the boot of a diver who had been exploring the seafloor near where the wreck was thought to be. He also showed them a United States Coast and Geodetic Survey map of Cape Henlopen and the Delaware Breakwater, which lies half a mile northwest of the cape; the map was marked with the spot where Wilson believed the DeBraak to be, as well as the spot where the silver coin had been recovered. In return, the three men assured Wilson that he would share in any profit if the salvage venture was successful. Meanwhile, the Delaware Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control had issued Harrington a permit to look for the DeBraak.

Harrington, Calcione, and Peloso continued to talk about forming a corporation to search for the ship, but no agreement was signed, and early in January of 1984 Harrington returned to Idaho and got in touch with Joseph Wise, a geologist from Tucson, Arizona, with whom he had previously discussed the prospect of raising money to salvage the DeBraak. Wise introduced Harrington to Gary Steingrebe, an accountant in Loyalton, California, and Steingrebe arranged to finance a preliminary search for the ship with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar investment and a fifty-thousand-dollar loan from the trust fund of a woman schoolteacher who was one of his clients. The three men and the schoolteacher signed joint-venture papers on February 17, 1984, giving Harrington forty per cent, Wise thirty per cent, Steingrebe twenty per cent, and the schoolteacher ten per cent of whatever might be recovered. (The schoolteacher's share was later raised to fifteen per cent when her trust fund invested an additional hundred thousand dollars in the project, and the shares of Wise and Steingrebe were lowered two and a half per cent each.) The four partners then agreed to form a company called Sub-Sal to conduct the salvage operation, and Sub-Sal was incorporated in the

State of Nevada on March 15, 1984. At that point, with time running out on his search permit, Harrington came East again to start looking for the DeBraak.

THE DeBraak, a one-masted cutter, was built in England, captured by the French during the American Revolution, and in 1781 sold to the Dutch, who named the ship after a small, swift hunting dog that often appears in old Dutch landscape paintings. She was eighty-four feet long on deck, with a beam of nearly twenty-nine feet; she was framed with oak and planked with oak and Riga pine; and she displaced two hundred and fifty-five tons. In June of 1795, the DeBraak, en route to Suriname, was at anchor in Falmouth Harbour when war broke out between Great Britain and the Batavian Republic—as Holland, a satellite of the French Revolutionary government, was then known. She was detained as an enemy ship and, the following year, was officially confiscated and taken to Plymouth Dockyard, where she was rerigged with two masts, as a brig, and her hull was sheathed with copper. She was outfitted with fourteen twenty-four-pound carronades—short-barrelled, large-bore deck guns, named after the Scottish arsenal at Carron, where they were cast—and two long-barrelled six-pound guns known as bow chasers. In June of 1797, the DeBraak was commissioned in the Royal Navy as a sloop of war and assigned to convoy duty on the British coast under the command of Captain James Drew, a forty-six-year-old officer. In December, the ship sprung her mainmast, which Drew attributed in his report of the incident to the belief that she was overmasted, giving rise to subsequent speculation that officials of the Plymouth Dockyard may have erred in resparring her as a brig. After repairs, the DeBraak was provisioned for foreign service in February of 1798, and Drew was ordered to take her to Cork and place himself under the command of Captain Francis Pender, of the sixty-four-gun St. Albans, who had been put in charge of escorting a convoy of some forty American and English ships to North America. The convoy sailed on March 26th. On April 1st, Pender signalled to Drew to investigate a pair of ships he had spotted. They turned out to be a British warship and a French privateer that she had captured. When Drew tried to rejoin the fleet, a storm prevented him from doing so.

Because the ship's log and the captain's journal were lost when the DeBraak went down, there is no official record of her whereabouts during the next seven weeks. When she appeared at the mouth of the Delaware on May 25th, however, she was accompanied by the Don Francisco Xavier—a Spanish merchantman bound from the Río de la Plata, in South America, to Cádiz—which she had fallen in with and captured at the end of April. As the two ships arrived at the anchorage off Cape Henlopen, they were struck by a line squall that drove down upon them from the northwest. The Don Francisco Xavier somehow managed to survive the storm, but the DeBraak heeled over far enough to put her lee guns underwater. She filled through some open hatches and went quickly to the bottom, taking Drew, who had been about to go ashore in the ship's boat, and thirty-four members of a crew of eighty-two to their deaths.

Drew's body washed ashore a few days later, and was buried in a small cemetery, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in Lewes. It lies beneath a rectangular stone monument that was said to have been sent from England several years later by his widow. His captain's chest, made of mahogany and oak and covered with leather, floated free as the ship sank, and was said to have been used as a raft by three Spanish prisoners, who managed to cling to it and paddle to shore. (The chest is on display in the Zwaanendael Museum, an elaborately gabled brick replica of a Dutch town hall, which was erected in 1931 to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding at the mouth of the Delaware of a Dutch settlement, called Zwaanendael, meaning Valley of the Swans.) Forty-seven members of the crew, together with a river pilot from Lewes named Andrew Allen, survived the sinking; most of them escaped in the ship's boat and rowed to the Don Francisco Xavier.

Early in September, after learning that the tops of the DeBraak's masts were out of water at ebb tide, the admiral in charge of the British fleet at Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent two salvage ships to the Delaware to try to raise her. The salvagers spent four days in the attempt and managed to recover an anchor and a steering-sail boom from the sunken ship, but they lost several cables, which snapped when they winched down on the DeBraak at low water in the hope that the rising tide would lift her off the bottom and allow them to move her inshore. On September 19th, they gave up and set sail for Halifax.

At the time, the presence of the British salvage ships fuelled rumors that the DeBraak had been carrying treasure. The rumors had got started right after the sinking, when some of the survivors were said to have settled accounts for room and board in town with gold and silver Spanish coins. They were enhanced when the three Spanish prisoners who had come ashore on Captain Drew's sea chest were given shelter in the

SPRAY
Hair
ZIEGLER

home of Gilbert McCracken, a local river pilot and colleague of Andrew Allen, and told their benefactor that Drew had captured several Spanish treasure ships while crossing the Atlantic and had transferred their cargoes to the hold of the DeBraak. This disclosure led to the conclusion that Drew was a privateer, operating with letters of marque from King George III that granted him permission to harass and plunder any French or Spanish ships he might encounter.

In light of the stories that the DeBraak had carried treasure, it is not surprising that Gilbert McCracken saw fit to take a compass bearing on the wreck from the Cape Henlopen lighthouse. One account has it that McCracken made his measurement when the DeBraak's masts were still out of water; another that he took the bearing in 1805, with the help of his son, Henry F. McCracken, who was also a river pilot. Henry wrote it in the family Bible. In 1935, Randolph McCracken, a great-grandson of Gilbert's, showed the Bible bearing to Charles N. Colstad, an engineer from Attleboro, Massachusetts, who led the expedition of which Richard Wilson had been a member. The bearing read "ENE × ½ E," and Colstad drew it on a 1933 Geodetic Survey map as a line extending out into Delaware Bay from a spot on the seaward shore of Cape Henlopen which he marked as the site of the lighthouse. It was a copy of this map that Wilson showed Harvey Harrington, Louis Calcione, and George Peloso in the autumn of 1983.

WILSON's map might have provided the sine qua non for Harrington's search if Gilbert McCracken had taken a cross bearing on the wreck, but McCracken either was unable to find another vantage point from which to get a compass reading or was simply content to judge the DeBraak's distance from the lighthouse by eye. But even if there had been a cross bearing the accuracy of the bearing that Colstad drew on his map a hundred and thirty years later would have been suspect, because the lighthouse—a seven-story octagonal tower that had stood a quarter of a mile inland when it was erected, in 1765—had succumbed to the encroachment of the sea and fallen into the surf in April of 1926. By 1935, when Colstad arrived on the scene, the granite blocks of which it had been constructed had found their way into foundations, fireplaces, and chimneys in Lewes and nearby Rehoboth, and he must have had to guess at its site. This may account for the fact that the bearing on his map turned out to pass some seventeen hundred feet to the east of where Harrington found the wreck of the DeBraak almost fifty years later. By that time, the part of the shoreline on which the lighthouse had stood was completely under water, even at low tide, and treasure maps, compass bearings, and grappling hooks—the favorite tools of treasure hunters for centuries—had been supplanted by modern technology.

In addition to using the sidescan sonar, salvagers were searching for shipwrecks with the marine magnetometer, an instrument that can detect small variations in the earth's magnetic field caused by ferromagnetic objects, such as cannon, anchors, and pig-iron ballast, even when they are buried in sand. Harrington decided, however, to look for the DeBraak with the sidescan sonar, for two reasons. First, he knew that because the mouth of the Delaware was a graveyard for ships a magnetometer was likely to record emanations from so many old anchors and so much ballast and other ferrous debris that, as he has put it, "you'd be getting bangs on the damn thing all day long." Second, a review of the historical data had convinced him that the DeBraak would still be visible on the bottom. From an early account he knew that just after the ship went down the tops of her masts were out of water at ebb tide. After calculating that the masts of a vessel of the DeBraak's size must have extended at least a hundred feet above her keel, and allowing for the possibility that she had come to rest on the bottom at an angle, he estimated that she had probably sunk in sixty to ninety feet of water. Since there was little chance of shoaling at that depth, he assumed that the wreck would not be buried by sand and mud. He expected, however, that after a hundred and eighty-six years the sides of the hull would have caved in, and that much of the rest of the ship would have been eaten by teredo worms and carried away by storms and tidal current. For these reasons, he concluded that the wreck he was looking for would present a very low profile on the seafloor.

Harrington began his search for the DeBraak in April of 1984, using a boat he had rented from the University of Delaware's College of Marine Studies, in Lewes. Alan Bieber, a marine-search specialist from Lyme, Connecticut, operated the sidescan sonar. For a week, the two men combed the area in which Harrington believed the DeBraak had sunk by towing the sidescan in an overlapping pattern along uniform depth lines, and ended up detecting no fewer than thirteen wrecks. On April 26th, they sat down and carefully evaluated the sidescan printouts delineating the shapes of these wrecks, and narrowed the thirteen targets down to three, of a length, width, and general appearance that warranted sending a diver down to investigate them. The more Bieber studied one of these targets—a sixty-foot-long wreck that the sidescan had picked up on the first day of the search—the more he liked what he saw. The wreck was about twenty feet wide and only six feet high, and the oval shape of its stern and the outline of its hull suggested that it might be an eighteenth-century vessel. "It looked like what you might expect a wooden hull to look like after nearly two hundred years on the bottom of the sea," Bieber said not long ago. "It seemed to be in the right stage of deterioration." At the time, he wrote in the margin of the sidescan printout, "Beautiful small wreck."

THE next day, the weather turned bad, and the marine forecast held little hope that it would improve during the coming week. Since the sidescan, the boat, and the diver were costing more than two thousand dol-

Hanging Loose

Hanging Tough

Just Hanging In There

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lars a day, Harrington called a halt to the operation and returned to Idaho, where he reported on his progress to Wise and Steingrebe, who arranged for more money to be lent to Sub-Sal by his schoolteacher client's trust fund. Harrington also applied to the State of Delaware for permission to conduct a salvage operation off Cape Henlopen. When he returned to Lewes and resumed his search for the DeBraak, on June 21st, he retained the services of Bieber and also of two divers from New Hampshire—Timothy Lena and Thomas McGehearty—and hired Donald Evans, of Lewes, and his thirty-eight-foot fishing boat, the Seneca, to transport them to the search area and provide them with a diving platform. Once Bieber had again found the three targets that were slated for further investigation, Harrington sent the divers down to explore them. The first two wrecks they investigated proved to be of recent vintage, so Harrington's chances of success hung on the wreck that Bieber had described in the margin of the sidescan printout. With so much at stake, Harrington told Tim Lena, whose turn it was to dive, to bring up something for him to look at. Lena brought up a foot-long piece of debris that looked like corroded metal, and told Harrington that it had come from a steel wreck. Harrington saw, however, that it was actually a piece of encrusted wood, and decided to send McGehearty down for a look. McGehearty brought back a bottle with a crooked neck, which looked as if it had been hand-blown, as well as some encouraging news: he had come across an anchor, a ship's bell that was still in its belfry, and several large, encrusted objects that looked as if they might be cannon.

The following day, McGehearty went down and attached a line to the anchor, which was then hoisted to the surface and brought on board the Seneca. Examining it, Bieber found that it was made of wrought iron, which indicated that it had come from an old wreck. When he looked up that type of anchor in his copy of Mendel Peterson's "History Under the Sea"—an authoritative guide for marine archeologists—he saw that its shank, crosspiece, and flukes were similar to those of an anchor that had been used by the British Navy in the eighteenth century.

On Bieber's recommendation, Harrington now asked John Perry Fish, a marine historian and diver from Falmouth, Massachusetts, to come to Lewes as a consultant and make an expert identification of the wreck and its artifacts. This was an extremely important undertaking, because before the state would approve Harrington's application to salvage the wreck he was required to furnish substantial proof that he had found the remains of the DeBraak. Fish accepted Harrington's offer with enthusiasm and arranged to bring along Joseph Amaral, a fellow-diver from Cape Cod, with whom he had explored shipwrecks for several years. During July, he, Amaral, and McGehearty dived to the sunken ship at slack water on two tides a day. They managed to survey and map the wreck, which was canted over on its starboard side, and to note the position of many artifacts lying on the hull or scattered around it. Among these were a dozen encrusted objects that Fish identified as cannon; dozens of bottles, whose pontil marks clearly indicated that they had been blown by hand; parts of several muskets; a three-foot-tall ceramic water jar; a ship's stove of iron; a rudder assembly with a heavy copper chain; two four-foot-tall bilge pumps; and the anchor that had been brought up earlier and put back down, because Delaware law forbade the removal of any artifacts from a shipwreck unless the state had approved a salvage lease. Fish found the anchor particularly revealing, because the sharp angle of its crown—the place where the arms join the shank—indicated that it was a Spanish-style anchor that had gone out of use in the British Navy in the late seventeen-hundreds, and so placed the wreck in the historical time frame of the DeBraak.

Further evidence that the sunken ship might be the long-sought sloop came when Harrington and his colleagues hoisted one of the cannon onto the deck of the Seneca, and Fish proceeded to chip away at the encrustation on its trunnion with a small hammer. First, he uncovered an inscription that read "Carron 1796"—the name of the arsenal where it had been made and the year it had been cast—and then he uncovered the mark of the King's broad arrow, which had been widely used in that period to designate ordnance and other royal property. A finding that seemed to militate against the wreck's being the DeBraak came when the ship's bell turned out to bear a French inscription: "Le Patrocle 1781." (It was eventually learned that the DeBraak had been sold by the

French to the Dutch in 1781, and that it had probably been named Le Patrocle by its French owners.) The bell and its puzzling inscription notwithstanding, Fish was convinced by the end of July that the wreck was indeed the DeBraak. "I became certain when I compared the map I had drawn of the wreck with a set of plans for the DeBraak that I found in the Zwaanendael Museum," he recalled recently. "The plans of the DeBraak showed the bilge pumps rising through the decks next to the mainmast, and that's exactly where I found them on the wreck. That was the clincher as far as I was concerned."

Meanwhile, the carronade had posed a problem that Harrington found it necessary to resolve with a bit of subterfuge. On the one hand, by bringing it to the surface he had violated the state's proscription against disturbing artifacts without first securing a salvage lease; on the other hand, in order to secure the salvage lease, he was required to furnish substantial proof that he had found the remains of the DeBraak. His dilemma was exacerbated when Amaral brought up a thirty-eight-pound clump of two hundred and six silver coins and one gold doubloon—they had become oxidized and fused together—as well as a foot-tall pewter chalice with handles in the shape of bearded mermen, which he had found lying near an encrusted mass of fused cannonballs, pig-iron ballast, and coral growth in the stern of the sunken ship. Things got even more complicated when Harrington learned that Louis Calcione, George Peloso, and Ralph LaPadula, angry because of what they considered his defection from their proposed venture, had formed a salvage company called Worldwide Salvage, and had also applied to the State of Delaware for permission to salvage the DeBraak. Since Harrington had just found evidence that there was treasure on the wreck, and he knew that the state was now in the position of having to choose between Sub-Sal and Worldwide, the last thing he wanted to do was incur official wrath. For this reason, instead of lowering the carronade back onto the wreck, where, because of the chipping on its trunnion, it might present evidence that could be used against him, he and his colleagues brought it inshore and dumped it in twenty feet of water. As for the clump of silver coins and the pewter chalice, they were squirrelled away and were later sent off for appraisal and cleaning.

In order to prove that they had found the DeBraak, Harrington and his associates asked William F. Moyer, the supervisor of the Wetlands and Underwater Lands Branch of the Delaware Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control, to accompany them out to the wreck site. Moyer came in the middle of July, and watched them bring up a second carronade, which they pretended was the first to be recovered. Impressed by the "discovery," Moyer announced that the state would negotiate the terms of a lease with Sub-Sal under which the state would receive twenty-five per cent of the net value of whatever treasure and artifacts were salvaged from the sunken ship. Shortly thereafter, an attorney for Worldwide informed him that his client would contest the validity of any lease granted to Sub-Sal.

In the uncertain atmosphere, Harrington moved quickly to consolidate Sub-Sal's claim to the wreck. On the advice of an admiralty lawyer, he had already taken steps to have the wreck placed in Sub-Sal's custody. He began by filing an action under admiralty law against the sunken ship in federal district court in Wilmington. Under a rather bizarre procedure, Sub-Sal would be permitted to "arrest" the DeBraak, which, with its cargo, would then come under the jurisdiction of the United States District Court. The lawsuit was entitled Sub-Sal, Inc., v. the DeBraak, Her Appurtenances, Furniture, Cargo, Etc., and on July 26th Chief Judge Walter K. Stapleton signed an order designating Sub-Sal as custodian of the DeBraak and appointed Terry Edgecomb—a forty-four-year-old New Hampshire diver and longtime professional acquaintance of Harrington—to actually serve an arrest warrant on the vessel. Edgecomb accomplished this on July 28th by diving to the wreck and attaching the warrant, which was enclosed in a watertight envelope, to one of the carronades.

The stage was now set for Harrington and his Sub-Sal colleagues to make an official announcement that they had discovered the DeBraak. They did so on July 30th, at a press conference held at the University of Delaware's College of Marine Studies and attended by reporters from newspapers across the nation. The reporters were shown a number of artifacts that the state had authorized Sub-Sal to display for the occasion, including several old spirit

A.M.

. . . And here the dark infinitive to feel,
Which would endure and have the earth be still
And the star-strewn night pour down the mountains
Into the hissing fields and silent towns until the last
Insomniac turned in, must end, and early risers see
The scarlet clouds break up and golden plumes of smoke
From uniform dark homes turn white, and so on down
To the smallest blade of grass and fallen leaf
Touched by the arriving light. Another day has come,
Another fabulous escape from the damages of night,
So even the gulls, in the ragged circle of their flight,
Above the sea's long aisles that flash and fall, scream
Their approval. How well the sun's rays probe
The rotting carcass of a skate, how well
They show the worms and swarming flies at work,
How well they shine upon the fatal sprawl
Of everything on earth. How well they love us all.

—MARK STRAND

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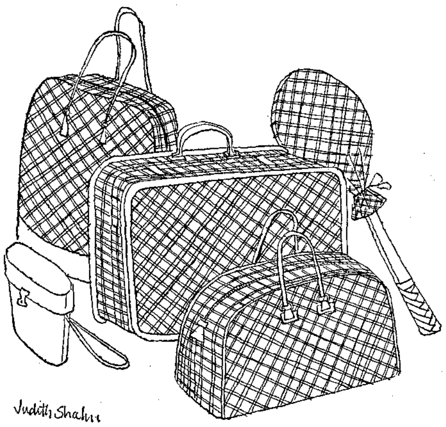


bottles, a platter, a broken bowl, and the carronade that had been raised for Moyer's benefit.

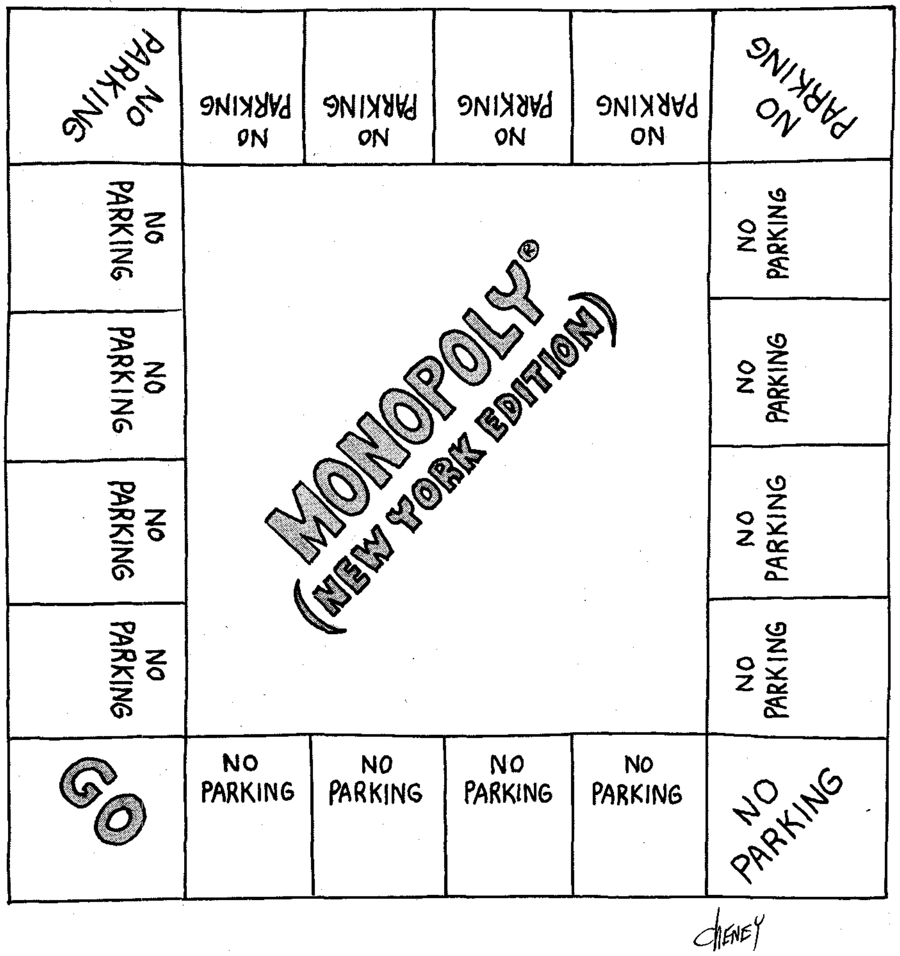
During the press conference, Fish described how the wreck had been discovered and identified. "Everything we have found fits the DeBraak to a tee," he said, and he went on, "I've spent a lot of time on a lot of shipwrecks, but I've never seen anything like this." He was referring to the large number of artifacts that had been found on the wreck, because no one had breathed a word about the clump of silver coins or the pewter chalice. The possibility that the DeBraak held treasure loomed large in everyone's mind, however, and when some of the reporters pressed Fish on the subject he responded in a manner that was bound to stir up further interest. "We have not found any treasure yet, but we are confident it is there," he said. "What we don't know is how much. It could be as much as five million dollars' worth. It could be as much as five hundred million dollars."

Vitamin B6, Vitamin B12, calcium, kelp, brewer's yeast, aspirin?
R. Chast

The next day, the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the Wilmington *Morning News*, the Boston *Globe*, and other leading newspapers ran stories that described the discovery of the DeBraak in considerable detail. Most of the accounts quoted Fish's estimate that there might be as much as five hundred million dollars' worth of treasure on the wreck. However, few of the articles quoted, or, for that matter, even mentioned, Harrington, who had deferred during the press conference to the more articulate and archeologically knowledgeable Fish. An exception was a story in the Idaho *Statesman*, under a headline that read "BOISE MAN'S TREASURE HUNT PAYS OFF BIG." The reporter who wrote the piece had talked to Harrington by telephone and asked him how he felt about finding the DeBraak. Harrington's reply was that of a man who had seen a dream come true. "It really hasn't hit me yet," he said. "It's probably one of the greatest finds in the world."

HARRINGTON was only the latest in a long line of treasure hunters who had dreamed of finding the DeBraak. In the summer of 1887, Dr. Seth Pancoast, a Philadelphia physician and mystic, who had persuaded Samuel S. McCracken to provide him with the compass bearing that his grandfather Gilbert had taken on the DeBraak, told the Philadelphia *Inquirer* that he had found the sunken ship beneath a mound of sand in sixty feet of water, and that he expected to recover nine million dollars in Spanish doubloons from it within sixty days. A year later, after Pancoast had abandoned his effort, Captain Japhet M. Townsend, of Somers Point, New Jersey, who commanded a salvage steamer, hooked onto an unusually heavy object while dragging for anchors in eighty to ninety feet of water off Cape Henlopen, and sent down a diver who came upon some heavy hand-forged chain leading to a partially buried wreck. Convinced that he had found the DeBraak, Townsend tried but failed to salvage the wreck over the next few years, and in 1936, when he was eighty-four years old, he was negotiating terms under which he would provide its location to other prospective salvagers. Earlier in the Depression, a New Yorker named Ralph E. Chapman, whose family owned a large marine-salvage firm, spent the summers of 1932 and 1933 sweeping the ocean bottom off Cape Henlopen, using the McCracken family Bible bearing provided by Gilbert McCracken's great-grandson Randolph, a Lewes meat provisioner, who had become obsessed with finding the treasure of the DeBraak—which by that time was estimated to be worth between fifteen and forty million dollars. In 1935, Charles Colstad and Richard Wilson, who was then twenty-one years old and just out of college, acquired the McCracken Bible bearing by promising Randolph a seven-and-a-half-per-cent share in any booty that might be recovered. They conducted extensive but fruitless dragging and diving operations for the DeBraak during that summer and autumn. Colstad made another abortive attempt to find the sunken ship the following summer, and in 1952 a pair of Lewes businessmen, who had persuaded the ever-hopeful Randolph to part with the Bible bearing one more time, mounted an expedition that had to be called off when its members accidentally snagged a top-secret hydrophone system, which the Navy had installed in the waters off Cape Henlopen to detect Soviet submarines.

Chief among the recovery efforts conducted over the next three decades was a four-year attempt begun in 1965 by a group of Philadelphia men: they searched for the wreck with a magnetometer and claimed to have found it beneath thirty feet of mud. By that time, the treasure of the DeBraak had



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been estimated to amount to some eighty million dollars. By then, too, there had been some serious attempts to debunk the legend surrounding the sunken ship. In 1967, Howard I. Chapelle, a well-known marine writer and senior research historian at the Smithsonian Institution, together with Lieutenant-Colonel M. E. S. Laws, a retired British Army officer, published an article in the *Smithsonian Journal of History* in which they stated that "reports of the manner in which DeBraak is claimed to have obtained her 'treasure' cargo are fantastically imaginative," and that after studying British Admiralty records they could find "no evidence to indicate that DeBraak was carrying any precious cargo whatsoever." Moreover, in 1981, Jackson Jenks, the director of the Naval and Underseas Museum, in Newport, Rhode Island, declared that the treasure stories about the DeBraak were "as phony as those widow's walks of New England houses."

As things turned out, the deflating assessments made by Chapelle, Laws, and Jenks went unmentioned in the hullabaloo accompanying the announcement by Sub-Sal on July 30, 1984, that the wreck of the DeBraak had finally been found. On August 1st, two days after Fish gave his estimate that the booty on the sunken ship might be worth five hundred million dollars, Governor Pierre S. du Pont IV, of Delaware, granted Sub-Sal a one-year lease with exclusive salvage rights. At that point, Harrington stepped up the pace of the activities around the DeBraak. To begin with, he appointed Terry Edgecomb to direct day-to-day diving operations. After hiring half a dozen hardhat divers to assist Amaral and McGehearty, he and Edgecomb arranged, at a cost of almost two hundred thousand dollars, to lease the Mariner, a seventy-seven-foot fishing vessel out of Wilmington, and outfit it with a crane, a dive station with an underwater-communications system, a decompression chamber, two air compressors, and other equipment for deep-water diving and salvage. As a first step, the divers would recover fragile objects, such as bottles and dishes, that could be seen lying on top of the sand and debris that filled the wreck. They would then raise the carronades, which had weighed fourteen hundred pounds apiece when cast and could pose a safety hazard as the excavation progressed. And, finally, if all went well, they would dig their way down to the real treasure, which Harrington, like Pancoast, expected to find in the form of gold doubloons.

The salvaging of the DeBraak got under way in the third week of August, and went better than almost anyone had expected. During the last ten days of August and the early part of September, the divers recovered nearly two hundred artifacts from the wreck, which they had divided with plastic pipe into four-by-eight-foot grid sections, so that at the time each item was found its provenance—its position in relation to the wreck—could be ascertained and recorded. Among the artifacts were several dozen rum bottles—most of them intact, some still corked, and many embossed with the letters "GR," for "George Rex;" some pieces of sailcloth that had been preserved by having been buried in silt; a brass telescope, complete with lenses; some brass buttons; parts of a compass; a silver fork; a matched pair of pistols; a bronze hammerhead; the perfectly preserved leather sole of a shoe; an assortment of copper nails and spikes; some lead scupper tubes; half of a turkey platter; a saltshaker; a china bowl and dish; a crystal decanter with its stopper still in place; and a bottle etched with the word "Ketchup."

During this time, news of the recovery of artifacts was released to the press on a daily basis. The disclosure of other discoveries was, however, carefully avoided. No mention was made, for example, of the ship's galley stove, which had been found amidships on the wreck. It had been winched to the surface and brought on board the Seneca, but, because it was extremely heavy and bulky and was of no apparent value to the salvagers, it was tossed overboard that day as the Seneca returned to Lewes. In this manner, Harrington and his associates managed to get rid of one of only two eighteenth-century Royal Navy stoves in existence; the other was recovered a few months later by Australian archeologists who were excavating the wreck of H.M.S. Pandora, a twenty-four-gun warship that was taking captured mutineers from the Bounty back to England for trial when it foundered and sank on the Great Barrier Reef in

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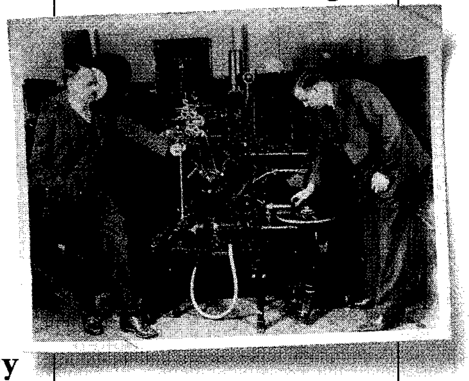

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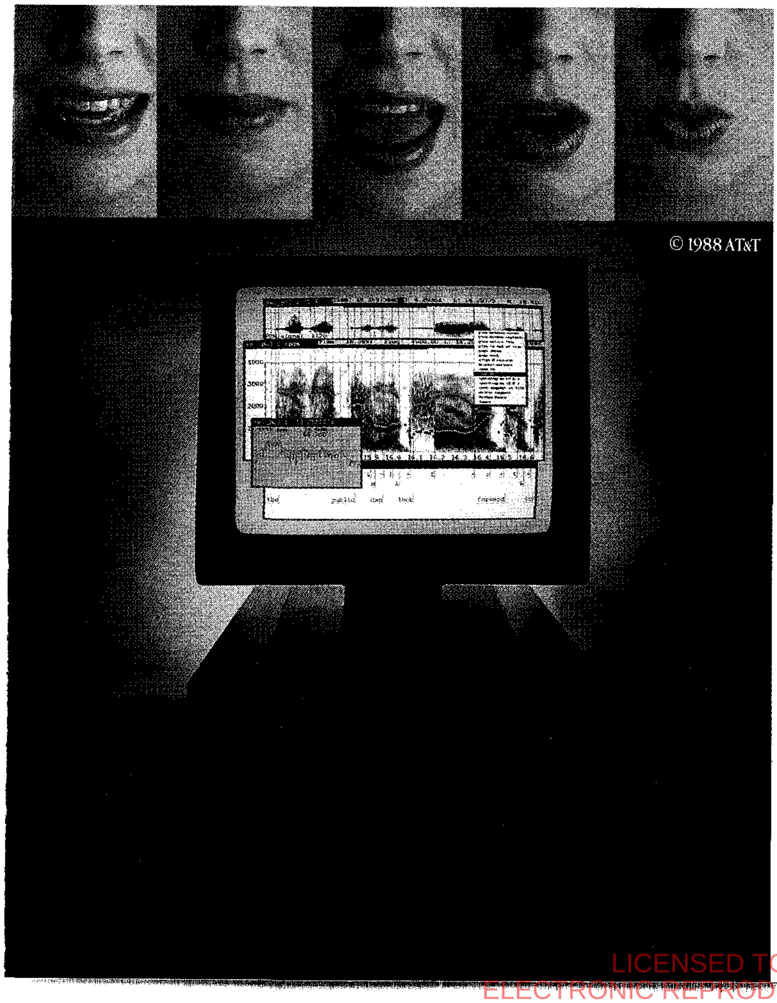

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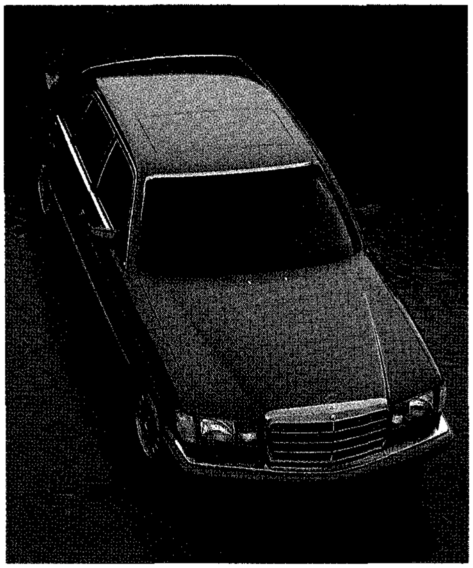

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1791. Nor was anything said about the discovery on the DeBraak of dozens of skulls and skeletons. Some of the remains were found near or beside the carronades, and their position led to speculation that they were the bones of Spanish prisoners whom Captain Drew had had chained to the guns. Whatever the case, the bones were taken aside and consigned to tide and current by the divers, who had been ordered by Harrington not to bring up any skeletons or make any mention or record of finding any.

In addition to keeping quiet about the ship's stove and the bones, Harrington and his co-workers maintained their policy of saying nothing when they found treasure. As a result, the discovery by Amaral of twenty-one gold coins during a single dive on August 29th came to light only about three weeks later. A dark-bearded, stocky man of thirty-five, Amaral had grown up in Taunton, Massachusetts, and had begun scuba diving in lakes at the age of fifteen. Between 1968 and 1971, he served as a paratrooper in Vietnam, and after leaving the service he worked as a commercial diver on oil rigs in the North Sea. At the time Harrington hired him, he was running a charter-boat service on Cape Cod. On the day he discovered the cache of coins, he was using an air lift—a kind of underwater vacuum—to clear sand from the starboard side of the wreck, not far from the spot where he had earlier found several British guineas. Harrington, who was manning the dive station on the deck of the Mariner, remembers Amaral's excited voice coming over the crackle of the intercom: "Here's a gold coin!" and then "Here's *another* gold coin!" and then "Whoops, here's *another!*"

It was apparent that Amaral had hit a hot spot, and during the next few days he and his fellow-divers recovered more than a hundred coins from that area. Most of the coins were Spanish doubloons dated between 1792 and 1796, and each of these weighed an ounce, carried a portrait of Charles IV, who was king of Spain and the Indies from 1788 to 1808, and bore marks indicating that it had been minted either in Mexico City or in Lima. As might be expected, the discovery of so much specie raised the expectations of Harrington and his colleagues to fever pitch; they felt certain that they were about to recover the fabled cargo of the

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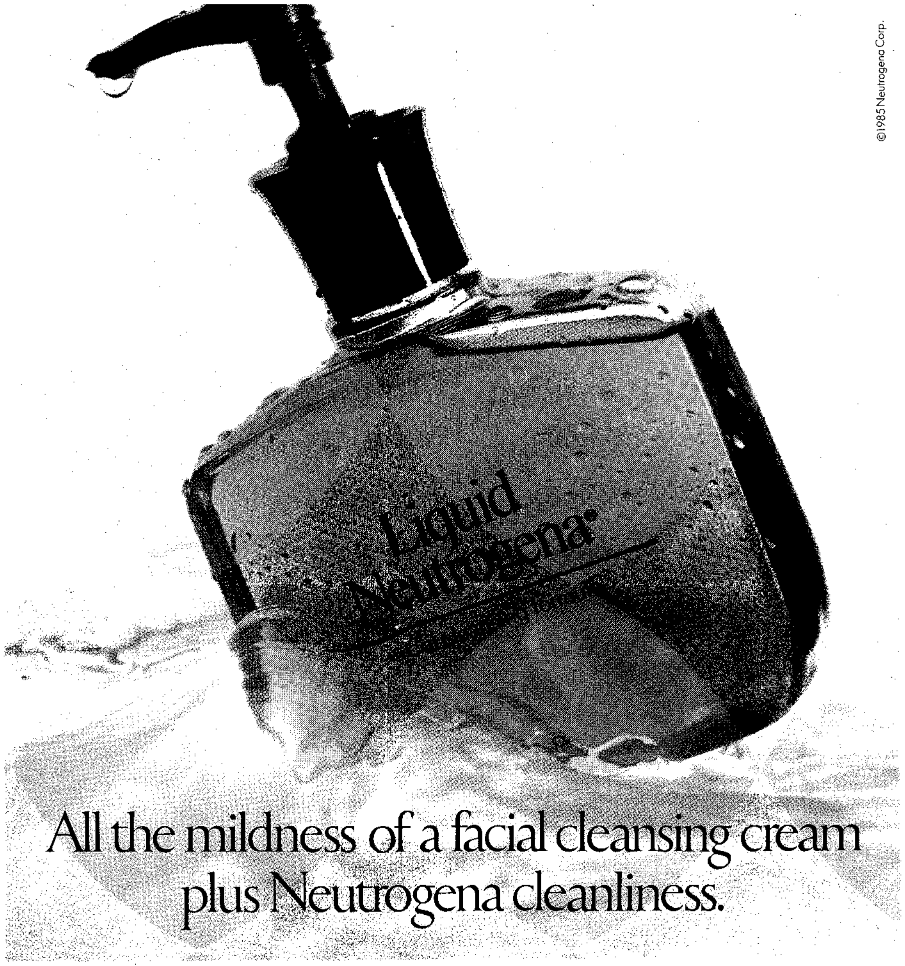
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DeBraak. The prospect looked brightest on September 2nd, when Amaral found an 18k.-gold ring that furnished conclusive proof that the wreck they were excavating was indeed that of the legendary treasure ship.

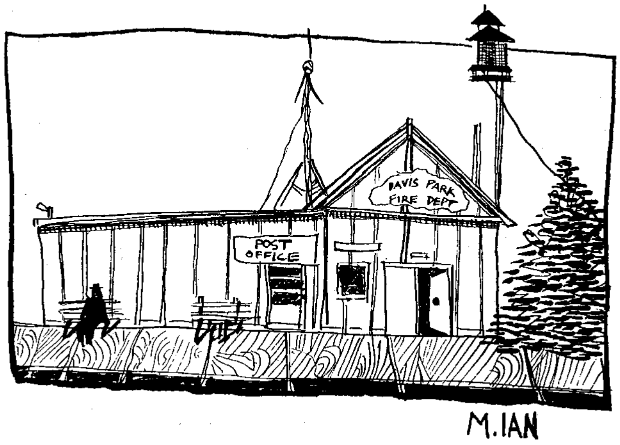
Amaral tucked the ring into his left glove, and after finding several more gold pieces he climbed to the surface along a down line from the Mariner which was shackled to a thousand-pound locomotive wheel that had been put in place beside the wreck. When he reached the forty-foot level—halfway up—he knew that if he did not enter the decompression chamber within five minutes he risked getting the bends, so, once on board the Mariner, he wasted little time handing over the ring and the coins to colleagues as they helped him strip off his diving helmet, suit, gloves, and boots. Amaral then climbed into the decompression chamber—a ten-foot cylinder with double-locked doors—in which he remained for the next half hour, breathing pure oxygen, to purge his bloodstream of nitrogen. During that time, he heard jubilant yelling outside, and, looking out through an observation window, saw his colleagues hugging one another and jumping up and down. When Amaral emerged from the decompression chamber, a tearful Harrington embraced him and showed him that the ring was inscribed with the words "In Memory of my belov'd Brother, Capt. John Drew, drown'd 11 Jany. 1798, Aged 47."

At a second press conference, held in Lewes on September 17th, Harrington exhibited the ring for the network-television cameras. An associate estimated the odds of finding it at one in ten million. Be that as it may, it was an incredibly lucky discovery that seemed all the more extraordinary because inquiries made in England confirmed that Captain James Drew, of the DeBraak, had had an older brother, John, who was captain of the frigate Cerberus, and that John Drew, together with Acting Lieutenant James William Drew, who was the sixteen-year-old son of another older brother, Stephen, had drowned on January 11, 1798—slightly more than four months before the DeBraak sank off Cape Henlopen—when a longboat in which they were being rowed ashore from the Cerberus was swamped by heavy seas in Plymouth Harbour.

In addition to the inscribed gold mourning ring, sixty-nine of the gold coins that had been recovered from the DeBraak—thirty-five Spanish doubloons and thirty-four British guineas—were handsomely displayed at the press conference on a backcloth of blue velvet. After describing the display as "just a sampling" of a larger find, Harrington repeated the estimate that the wreck could be expected to yield additional treasure worth anywhere from five million dollars to five hundred million. The newspapers played up the new discoveries for all they were worth. The next day, the *Times* ran a front-page story beneath the headline "18TH-CENTURY WRECK YIELDS GOLD RING AND TROVE OF COINS." The Wilmington *Morning News* ran its account beneath the headline "DEBRAAK RING SEALS TRIUMPH." The Delaware *State News* declared, "DEBRAAK LEGEND TAKES ON GOLDEN LUSTER." The Sussex County *Whale* informed its readers, "RING AND GOLD DOUBLOONS REMOVE ALL DEBRAAK DOUBTS." Another local newspaper, the *Coast Press*, summed up the century-old search with a sigh of relief. Its headline said, simply, "GOLD, AT LAST!"

DURING the rest of September, the divers continued to find gold coins in the stern of the wreck, though at a slower rate, which raised the question of where to concentrate the next part of the search. The fact that the ring and the specie had been discovered in an area the size of a large blanket suggested that they had been stored in a chest in the captain's cabin, and had fallen into the bottom of the ship as the chest disintegrated and the upper decks of the DeBraak collapsed. This, in turn, led to the theory that the rest of the treasure had also fallen from the captain's cabin to the bottom of the hull but had been engulfed by the encrusted mass of fused metal and coral growth that lay along the keel toward the stern. (This was where Amaral had found the clump of two hundred and six pieces of eight in July.) The encrusted mass posed a formidable obstacle, however, because it was some thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and six feet thick. The divers had made little progress when they tried to chip away at it with underwater air hammers, and Harrington and Edgecomb had begun to think of other ways to get at its secrets. One option was to use an underwater jackhammer to crack it open; another, which was strictly forbidden by Sub-Sal's contract with the State of Delaware, was to break it apart with dynamite primer cord. Consideration of this risky solution was dictated by the desperate realization that they were about to go through the last of some three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars that had been either lent to or invested in Sub-Sal by the trust fund of Steingrebe's schoolteacher client since March, and seventy-five thousand dollars that had recently been invested in the firm by a California radiologist, another of Steingrebe's clients. In short, they were running out of money just when the treasure of the DeBraak seemed to be theirs for the taking.

Meanwhile, trouble was brewing on another front. On September 7th, Worldwide Salvage had filed a lawsuit against Sub-Sal in United States District Court in Wilmington and had asked for a temporary restraining order to halt the salvage operation. The motion for the restraining order was denied by Judge Stapleton on September 13th, but the lawsuit was allowed to go forward, and a few days later it was assigned to Judge Caleb Wright, the senior member of the court and a native of Georgetown, near Lewes, who had requested that he be given the case. Worldwide's suit alleged that Calcione, Peloso, LaPadula, and Richard Wilson had helped Harrington find the wreck of the DeBraak, and that Harrington had subsequently broken an oral agreement to join with

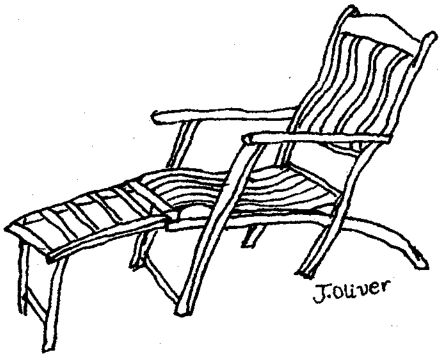


them in recovering its treasure. "We were the ones who discovered the location of the ship and had a chart that showed it," Peloso declared shortly after the action was filed. He was referring to the fifty-year-old treasure map with Gilbert McCracken's bearing, which Wilson had provided in the fall of 1983.

The situation deteriorated further when a former Sub-Sal employee, whom Harrington had fired, told one of Worldwide's attorneys about the carronade, the ship's bell, the pewter chalice, and other items that had been recovered from the DeBraak without the state's knowledge. When word of this got out, Harrington took steps to have the bell, the chalice, and the pieces of eight—which had all been sent away for appraisal and cleaning—returned to Sub-Sal headquarters. He then arranged to have the pieces of eight put back down on the DeBraak (a process that treasure hunters sometimes refer to as "salting the wreck") and "rediscovered," for the benefit of the state and the newspapers. On the night of October 10th, Amaral brought up the silver coins (now bright and shiny) for the second time—an event that was touted in the press as providing strong evidence that Sub-Sal's divers were getting closer to the mother lode of treasure. As for the ship's bell and the pewter chalice, they suddenly appeared on an inventory that was being kept by James Robert Reedy, a nautical archeologist, who was on board the Mariner as the representative of the State of Delaware.

At about this time, an anonymous telephone call was made to the United States Customs Service in Providence, Rhode Island, charging that gold and silver coins from the DeBraak were about to be transferred from the Mariner to a seventy-foot sailing yacht that was tied up in Lewes, which would then smuggle the booty to Panama. Customs officials in Providence passed this information along to their counterparts in Philadelphia. They informed the Delaware state police, and the police informed Moyer, and, before things were over, the police had set up a round-the-clock stakeout of the sailboat, which revealed no evidence of suspicious activity, and Coast Guard officials had searched the vessel without finding any sign of treasure. Meanwhile, another anonymous telephone call was made to the state-police barracks in Georgetown, threatening Harrington and the crew of the Mariner with death, which convinced some of the Sub-Sal people that organized crime was trying to muscle in on the salvage operation.

The final twist in what was fast becoming a comic-opera sequence of reaction and overreaction on the part of all concerned occurred when officials of the state attorney general's office, confused by a spate of innuendos, allegations, threats, and counterthreats, decided to find out whether the treasure that had been recovered from the DeBraak was actually in safe-deposit boxes at the Mellon Bank in Lewes, where Harrington was supposed to be storing it for safekeeping. On October 26th, they obtained a search warrant and, accompanied by state troopers armed with shotguns, descended upon Sub-Sal's headquarters at the fish-fertilizer factory. After searching the premises, they ordered Harrington to accompany them into town and to open the safe-deposit boxes at the Mellon Bank, so that they could verify their contents. They then discovered that more than a hundred gold and silver coins and several pieces of gold jewelry had been sent to Massachusetts for appraisal by officials of Crystal Coin, of Wakefield, to whom Harrington had granted exclusive rights to sell coins and other artifacts from the DeBraak. Upon further investigation, the Delaware authorities learned that the coins had been sent to Massachusetts not only for appraisal but also as collateral for an eighty-five-thousand-dollar loan that Harrington had been given by the First National Bank of Boston. Since they considered this a breach of faith on the part of Harrington, they dispatched a state-police team armed with rifles to board the Mariner and search the vessel. They then announced that state police would be stationed on the boat until further notice and would inventory any artifacts brought up from the DeBraak.



On October 30th, Worldwide, capitalizing on the turmoil and suspicion engendered by the police raids, filed a motion with Judge Wright for a temporary restraining order, charging that Harrington was "skimming" treasure from the DeBraak and that security at Sub-Sal was virtually nonexistent. A crusty, no-nonsense seventy-six-year-old jurist who bears a resemblance to the late Ed Begley, Sr., Judge Wright denied the motion and scheduled an investigative hearing for November 13th, to determine the adequacy of Sub-Sal's procedures and security. He said he had heard so many accusations traded back and forth that he wanted to find out what was going on.

When Judge Wright learned, early in the hearing, that more than a hundred gold and silver coins from the DeBraak had gone to Boston as collateral for a loan, he got angry. His indignation mounted when an attorney for Worldwide accused Sub-Sal of mishandling the pewter chalice and the ship's bell, and suggested that Reedy was not competent to detect Sub-Sal in the act of skimming treasure. At that point, the Judge questioned Reedy directly about the matter, and was assured by him that both items had been brought up from the wreck and inventoried in October. Reedy was not, of course, deliberately misleading the court; rather, he was testifying to when he saw the items for the first time, which, as things turned out, was when they were "discovered" for the second time.

At the conclusion of the hearing, Judge Wright announced that he found security at Sub-Sal to have been adequate since the state police had been posted on the Mariner. He then ruled that Delaware and Sub-Sal were to have joint control over all safe-deposit boxes in which valuables from the DeBraak were stored; that no items were to be removed from the boxes unless representatives of both the state and Sub-Sal were present; and that no artifacts or coins from the DeBraak were to be sold, transferred, pledged as security for a loan, or removed from Delaware without a further order of the court. After telling Harrington to keep good records of what the salvage operation was costing, so that it could be taken into account when the court made its final award, Judge Wright delivered an opinion about the treasure of the DeBraak. "I, quite frankly, have always felt that there wasn't much down there," he said.

Judge Wright's skepticism notwithstanding, with winter approaching and Sub-Sal running into debt Harrington and his fellow-salvagers were hard at work attracting new investors by promoting the DeBraak as a potential source of millions of dollars in sunken booty. The fact that some of the coins already recovered showed little wear was offered as evidence that the DeBraak had captured freshly minted treasure on its way to Spain. There was also conjecture that the ship had been on a secret mission to Jamaica or the Bahamas to pick up a payroll of gold coins for British troops who were stationed in Halifax.

Such talk served to keep the legend of the DeBraak afloat even as the fortunes of Sub-Sal were sinking under the weight of mounting bills. It also helped to persuade a pair of Boston real-estate developers that there might be enough gold and silver in the wreck to make them rich. After signing a letter of understanding in early November, they forked over ninety-five thousand eight hundred dollars to Harrington and set out to raise a million and a half dollars more to complete the salvage effort and recover the rest of the treasure. Harrington spent the ninety-five thousand eight hundred dollars almost immediately to pay existing debts, however, and when his new investors were unable to come to terms with him over what their share of the treasure should be they filed suit in Judge Wright's court for breach of contract.

During November, morale at Sub-Sal began to disintegrate as the weather turned bad, divers went unpaid, and people came face to face with the fact that the company's financial problems were not going to be solved by finding the mother lode before the onset of winter. One of the first to realize the seriousness of Sub-Sal's fiscal plight was Joe Wise. He had quit as onshore manager in October, when he became disillusioned with the treasure-fever outlook that he felt had begun to characterize the direction of the company. Gary Steingrebe, Harrington's other partner, left Lewes for good in November, when Sub-Sal had no more money to enable him to travel back and forth from California. Early in December, Harrington fired Edgecomb, from whom he had become alienated, and shortly thereafter he laid off the remaining members of what had been Sub-Sal's thirty-person staff and shut down the salvage operation for the winter.

By this time, Harrington and his wife, Patricia, had sought help in raising money to keep Sub-Sal solvent from Patricia's nephew Kevin McCormick, a thirty-four-year-old financial adviser, who was working for the private investment firm of Davenport Associates, of Hanover, Massachusetts. McCormick persuaded Davenport Associates to lend Sub-Sal thirty-five thousand dollars and to serve as its financial and business manager. During the first months of 1985, he put together an ambitious investment proposal, which called for Sub-Sal to spend more than three million dollars to salvage the wreck of the DeBraak. He then set out to raise money for the venture.

McCormick's first few attempts did not succeed, but word about the DeBraak venture reached L. John Davidson, who is a real-estate developer in Laconia, New Hampshire. Early in May, Davidson flew to Lewes and met with Harvey Harrington, who showed Davidson artifacts from the DeBraak and newspaper accounts indicating that there might be as much as five hundred million dollars' worth of treasure on the wreck. Davidson soon became fascinated by the prospect of going after it, and undertook to negotiate his way into the project. A five-foot-three-inch-tall, powerfully built, fifty-seven-year-old, graying, and bearded man of Armenian descent, Davidson is articulate, intelligent, confident, and highly competitive. He is also a compulsive risk-taker and an ardent treasure hunter. After graduating from Harvard College in 1953, he spent two years as an Air Force officer at a remote radar station in the Cascade Mountains of Washington, and to stave off boredom prospected for gold and uranium in his off-duty hours. During the early nineteen-sixties, he became a real-estate developer in his home town of Andover, Massachusetts, and between 1966 and 1972 he and some associates from Boston bought fifty-six hundred acres of land in and around the tiny village of Quechee, Vermont; built a year-round

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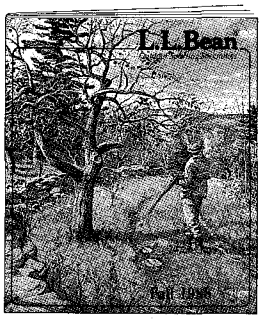

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"I don't believe I'm having this conversation."

recreational community called Quechee Lakes; and sold it, together with other properties, to the CNA Financial Corporation, of Chicago—one of the largest insurance-holding companies in the United States—for approximately four hundred thousand shares of CNA's common stock. Within a few years, however, overdiversification and a weak stock market had caused CNA's stock to plummet, and by the late nineteen-seventies Davidson was struggling financially. In 1980, when he was almost flat broke, he went looking for a gold mine that belonged to an unpacified Indian tribe in the back reaches of Mexico. The following year, he entered into a partnership with three elderly sisters in Kansas who had inherited a gold mine in New Mexico, to which there turned out to be no legal access except by helicopter. In 1983, however, he was able to pay off his debts by selling the license to build a hydroelectric dam which he had acquired by challenging the faulty legal notice of a Vermont power company. Soon afterward, he bought into a partly completed and financially distressed resort-home development on Lake Winnipesaukee, in New Hampshire, and by the spring of 1985 he was in the midst of building the development and already turning a profit. Back in the chips for the first time in years, he was eager to take another flyer when he heard about the DeBraak.

In May of 1985, Davidson and McCormick tried unsuccessfully to persuade Davenport Associates to help them raise money to salvage the sunken ship. Davidson then decided to finance the project alone, and began to think of it as his comeback venture, or, in his words, "my way of announcing that I had returned from financial limbo." During June and July, he spent eighty-five thousand dollars to buy out Wise and Steingrebe's combined forty-five-per-cent interest in Sub-Sal, and more than a hundred and twenty thousand dollars to pay off the company's prime debts. Thus by midsummer he had taken over the financial reins and become the principal owner and chief executive officer of Sub-Sal, whose other owners were Harrington, with a forty-per-cent interest, and Steingrebe's schoolteacher client, with fifteen per cent. At the end of July, he gave McCormick, who had left Davenport Associates to become a full-time treasure hunter, a contract to be Sub-Sal's onshore manager, and offered Harrington a year's contract with a salary of sixty-five thousand dollars to be president of the company and offshore manager in charge of diving and salvaging. Harrington accepted the offer, but with understandable qualms: it meant that he was giving up control of the DeBraak project and thus relinquishing a long-held dream. At the beginning of August, Davidson, Harrington, and Bayard J. Snyder, a Wilmington lawyer who had been handling Sub-Sal's legal affairs since the spring of 1984, sat down with Michael Foster, a deputy attorney general of Delaware, and negotiated a year's renewal of Sub-Sal's salvage lease, which had run out at the end of July.

AFTER searching without success for a salvage vessel in Louisiana, Davidson and Harrington spent the next five weeks rerigging and outfitting an eighty-nine-foot stern trawler called the Sea Star for deep-sea salvage work, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. While this was going on, Harrington assembled a team of fourteen divers, only four of whom had been associated with the 1984 expedition. Among the ten others were several graduates of the diving school at the men's prison in Chino, California, who had been working on oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico. On September 10th, the Sea Star was anchored above the wreck site, and the salvaging of the DeBraak started up again, after a delay of more than nine months.

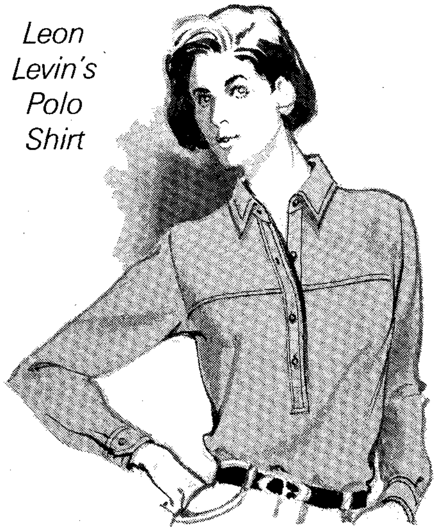
From the very beginning, there were serious problems with the Sea Star, which proved to be unstable when it was used as an anchored platform, and with an artifact-retrieval system that had been installed by Harrington. It employed a surface-flow air lift that sucked small objects and their surrounding matrix from the sea bottom, brought them to the surface through a six-inch plastic hose, and spewed them onto a modified gold-mining sluice, whose screens and baffles had been set up on the Sea Star's deck. Although the sluice system was difficult to operate on a pitching boat, it worked well enough to enable the Sub-Sal people to recover gold and silver coins and some much smaller objects as well, including the hands of a pocket watch and a two-inch-long fragment of gold chain. The air lift, however, could remove only about a cubic yard and a half of sediment during each hour and a half it was in operation, and it was constantly being blocked by rocks and other debris. When this happened, the entire recovery operation had to be shut down while the hose was hoisted to the surface and the impediment was removed—a time-consuming and costly process that infuriated Davidson, whose expenses were running in excess of fifty thousand dollars a week.

In November, tension began to mount between Davidson and Harrington. Davidson considered Harrington a poor manager and held him responsible for the slowness of the recovery system and the repeated technical failures of the air lift. Harrington, for his part, found Davidson dictatorial, unfairly critical of the air-lift system, and too quick to interfere in the salvage operation. As a result, he began to stay away from the wreck site, in order to deal with the affairs of another salvage company he had formed earlier in the year, and to turn over more and more of his responsibilities as offshore manager to his diving supervisor, David Agatha. A quiet, handsome thirty-three-year-old Californian, Agatha, when a young man, had served two and a half years for armed robbery in several California prisons before graduating from the Chino prison diving school and settling down as a commercial oil-field diver in Larose, Louisiana. In December, Davidson fired Harrington as offshore manager, claiming that Harrington's absences had violated their contract. He then closed down the salvage operation for the winter and went back to New Hampshire to take care of his real-estate business and assess the situation. During eleven weeks of diving in the autumn of 1985, thirty-seven hundred artifacts had been recovered from the wreck, compared with a thousand items that had been brought up during five months of diving in 1984. However, only fifty-seven gold coins and forty-nine silver coins had been found —a considerable falling off from the previous year's three hundred and twelve, and nowhere near enough to offset the eight hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars that Davidson had sunk into the quest for the treasure of the DeBraak.

DURING the winter, Davidson wrestled with the problem of how to proceed with the salvaging, and concluded that continued excavation by air-lifting debris and artifacts and by chipping away at the encrusted mass on the bottom with hydraulic hammers was inefficient and too costly. His thinking was influenced by Walter Zacharchuk, a former chief of underwater archeology for Parks Canada, who had come to Lewes to consult with Delaware officials about the salvage operation. Zacharchuk was of the opinion that if there had been treasure on the DeBraak it could have fallen onto the ocean floor as the upper portion of the ship rotted away and collapsed, and then worked its way into the sand beneath the wreck. For this reason, and because of the poor visibility and the strong currents at the bottom of the Delaware, he suggested that the most practical way to proceed with the salvage operation would be to lift the wreck and examine the sea bottom where it had been sitting. Davidson agreed with this idea, and began to consider the possibility of raising the hull to the surface and then using a crane and clamshell bucket to scoop up whatever treasure and artifacts might be buried in the sand.

Early in March, Davidson flew to London and engaged Gillian Hughes, a free-lance professional researcher, to examine British Admiralty records in order to determine whether the DeBraak had actually been on a secret mission to Jamaica or the Bahamas to pick up a payroll, and what cargo, if any, besides copper and cocoa had been carried by her Spanish prize, the Don Francisco Xavier.

During the next few months, Mrs. Hughes learned that Captain Drew had apparently been ordered to accompany to their final destinations those vessels in the convoy to North America which were bound for ports in South Carolina and Georgia, and then to make his way to Halifax. Upon searching the Admiralty records, however, she could find no evidence that the DeBraak had called at any port in Jamaica or the Bahamas. Nor could she find any evidence that a court-martial inquiry had been held into the sinking of the ship—a highly unusual circumstance, because such an investigation was conducted as a matter of routine whenever a British warship was lost. Since forty-seven of the DeBraak's crew had survived the sinking, Mrs. Hughes undertook to trace the ship's paybook, and discovered that the survivors had received their shares of the prize money early in 1800, and that the widows, mothers, or fathers of the men who had drowned were paid the back wages of their dead kin on October 28th of that year. None of the records, however, revealed what the Don Francisco Xavier, which was believed to have been auctioned off in



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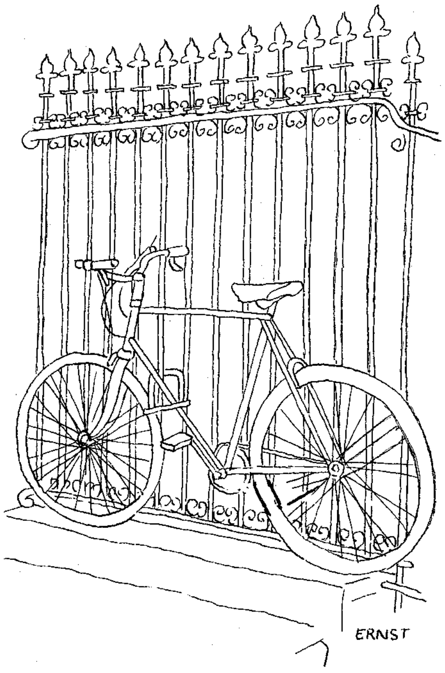
Halifax in 1798, had been carrying by way of cargo.

As far as Davidson was concerned, Mrs. Hughes' research left everything as it had been—in doubt. "I realized that I had become involved in a gigantic crapshoot," he recalls. "On the one hand, there was the weight of one of the most enduring treasure legends of the entire Atlantic Coast, which held that the DeBraak had been carrying a fabulous hoard of gold and silver. On the other hand, there were no official records that the ship had been carrying any precious cargo at all. In the end, I came down somewhere in the middle. I didn't believe for a minute there was any chance that I was going to find hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of treasure. I figured, however, that since Harrington and I had already recovered some four hundred gold and silver coins just by scratching around in the sand on top of the wreck I might reasonably expect to come up with a couple of thousand more if I lifted the hull and excavated the sand beneath it. At the very least, I expected I'd be able to recover enough treasure to break even. Or come close to breaking even. But, most important of all, I thought to myself, What an exciting and terrific thing to be doing!"

Late in March, a team of three Sub-Sal divers and David Beard, a twenty-nine-year-old underwater archeologist from East Carolina University, in Greenville, North Carolina, who had been hired as a consultant by the State of Delaware, began videotaping and surveying the wreck in preparation for the next phase of the salvage operation. At that time of year, the water was cold enough to have killed most of the algae, and there was almost thirty feet of visibility at the wreck site, which allowed Beard and Sub-Sal's divers to ascertain that slightly less than fifty per cent of the starboard side of the DeBraak hull—about twenty per cent of the original structure—remained intact.

Early in June, Davidson, McCormick, Beard, and Zacharchuk, whom Davidson had hired to be Sub-Sal's archeologist, and an engineer from J. M. Cashman, Inc., a large marine-construction company in North Weymouth, Massachusetts, with which Davidson was negotiating to supply salvage equipment, held a daylong meeting with Dr. John Kern, the director of Delaware's Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs, and other state officials to discuss the methods that Sub-Sal would use to salvage the DeBraak. Davidson opened the meeting by proposing to place the wreck on a cradle and move it fifty feet to one side, so that the sea bottom could be dredged for artifacts and treasure. At first, Kern and his colleagues held to the position that the DeBraak should be excavated by air-lifting and other archeologically appropriate techniques, but after further discussion they were swayed by Zacharchuk's argument that the hull should be moved, and that if it was going to be moved it might as well be brought to the surface, where it could be examined under optimum conditions. In the end, they went along with this approach, provided that the integrity of the wreck was protected by raising it on a cradle. They then made a number of suggestions about how to secure and cushion the hull during the lift, and gave their approval to Davidson's proposal to complete the excavation of the wreck site with a clamshell bucket.

During June and July, a team of three scuba divers under the direction of Dave Agatha, who had become Sub-Sal's offshore manager, raised the last of the carronades from the wreck and also several large pieces of the port side of the hull, which had broken away and were lying on the sand. Using high-pressure water jets capable of dislodging gravel, they then uncovered a forty-foot-long section of the bow, which had been buried under several feet of mud, and dug eight channels in the seafloor beneath the hull, through which they threaded fabric-covered steel cables to sling the DeBraak. While this was going on, Davidson completed negotiating a contract with Cashman, under which the company would provide a seagoing tugboat and crew, a hundred-and-fifty-foot crane barge, two auxiliary barges, a crane rated to lift three hundred tons, and a hundred and sixty-eight hours of guaranteed crane time, in return for a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars and three per cent of the net of any treasure recovered from the wreck.



Late in July, at Dr. Kern's request, McCormick submitted a detailed plan of the salvage operation, which called for the eight cables slinging the hull of the DeBraak to be attached to two block and tackles suspended from the crane on a pair of four-and-three-quarter-inch lifting cables. The wreck would then be raised five or ten feet off the bottom, swung sidewise, and deposited on a fifty-by-twenty-foot steel cradle that would have previously been lowered to the seafloor beside the DeBraak. According to Sub-Sal's calculations, the cradle would support more than two-thirds of the hull, leaving a twelve-foot overhang at the stern and an eight-foot overhang at the bow, and it would be covered with wire-mesh screening to prevent artifacts from falling away and being lost as the DeBraak was raised to the surface. As a further safeguard against losing any artifacts, the plan stipulated that the cradle and the wreck would be brought up from the bottom at a rate of only one and a half feet per minute. The Sub-Sal people estimated that once the hull had been raised they would need to dredge up about twenty-six hundred cubic yards of sand and mud from the seafloor, which they proposed to process either on the auxiliary barges or onshore, using seawater to wash away the sand and mud, screens to sort out debris and large objects, and hand labor to pick through the remaining seashells and pebbles for coins, artifacts, and other treasure. They concluded by informing Kern that they intended to accomplish the entire operation within two weeks. This was an optimistic timetable, to be sure, but Davidson and

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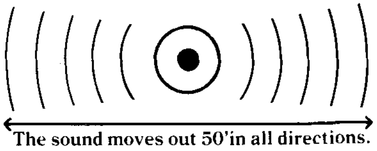

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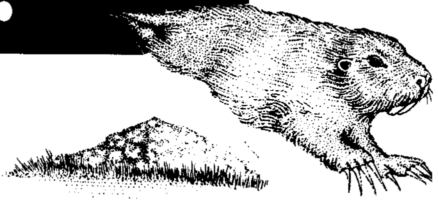

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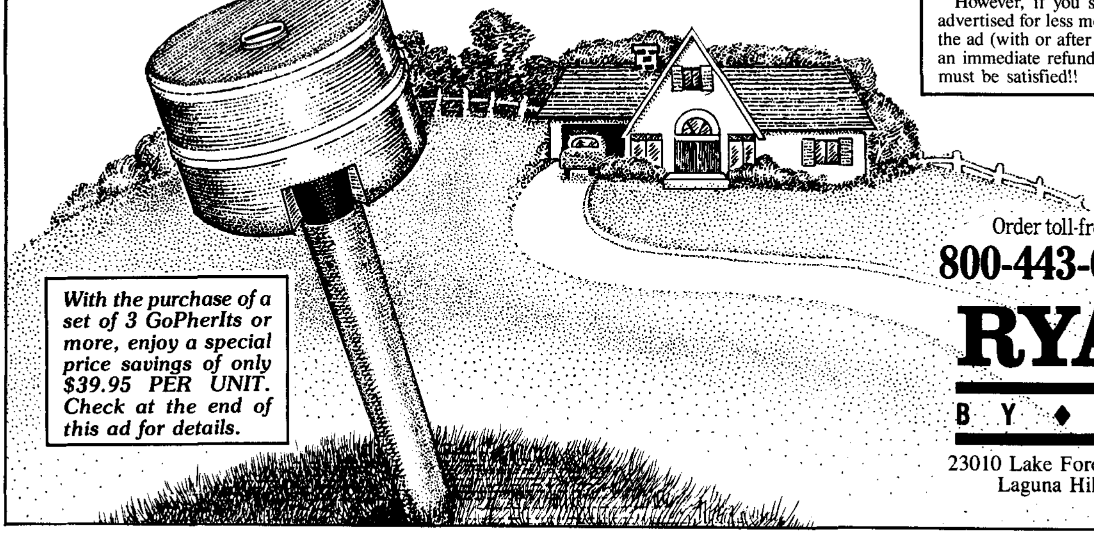

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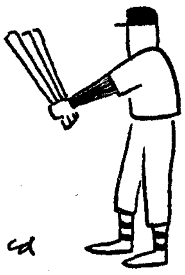
his associates in Sub-Sal had just been given good reason to be hopeful and in a hurry. A few days earlier, while on a survey dive to inspect the final slinging of the wreck, Dave Agatha had casually reached into a cavity between some ribs and planking near the stern of the DeBraak and, upon brushing away sand, uncovered thirteen one-ounce gold escudos.



THE raising of the DeBraak was scheduled for slack high tide on Monday afternoon, August 11th. On Saturday morning, an auxiliary barge carrying the steel cradle, which had been welded together from twelve-inch and eight-inch steel I-beams, was towed out to the wreck site, where the Cashman barge and crane had been moored several days earlier. At slack low tide on Sunday morning, the cradle was lowered into the water and placed about thirty feet off the starboard side of the DeBraak. When the diver who was sent down to ascertain its position returned to the surface, he brought back a piece of an octant with a brass screw that could still be threaded with ease after a hundred and eighty-eight years at the bottom of the sea. An hour later, Davidson returned to shore and held a news conference at Sub-Sal headquarters. At that time, he confirmed his intention of raising the DeBraak on the cradle at a rate of only a foot and a half per minute, so that the hull would not suffer any undue stress or damage. He said that Sub-Sal had put two million dollars into the salvage effort so far, and expressed the hope that enough treasure would be found in the wreck to offset that expenditure. After the press conference, he posed for pictures with Delaware's Governor Michael Castle, who had driven over from his summer home, in Rehoboth.

At daybreak on Monday, the sea was flat calm. On the deck of the crane barge, Davidson paced up and down as the divers readied their gear and prepared the decompression chamber. At 7 A.M., one of the divers went down to the wreck to await the lowering of the first block and tackle, to which he would fasten rings connecting the ends of the eight cables that had been slung around the DeBraak. Shortly after the block was lowered, however, a wind came up, and large swells began to move the barge up and down—a motion that was duplicated by the block and tackle dangling from the crane cable eighty feet below. By 8 A.M., all the divers on the barge were gathered around the communications console listening to the comments of their colleague on the bottom, who was having difficulty slipping the rings over the hook of the block. "I'm bouncing up and down here like a yo-yo on a string," he told them. He came up for decompression twenty minutes later, and was replaced by a second diver, who reported that the surge was moving the block up and down ten feet at a time.

At 10 A.M., a third diver went down, and discovered that some of the rings had become tangled and others had been placed on the block hooks in the wrong order. At about that time, Dr. Kern came on board the crane barge, and Davidson and Zacharchuk described to him the problems that were being encountered in rigging the wreck for the lift. Kern, a pale, thin, soft-spoken man, was clearly worried that the wreck might not be brought up intact.

At noontime, shouts of glee greeted news from the bottom that the last of the rings had been slipped onto the hooks of the block and tackles. Davidson was grim-faced, however, because he had just learned that a northeaster was on the way and there would be a three-day weather delay if the lift had to be postponed. He now told Kern that although the cradle was a good idea in theory, he had begun to have doubts that the hull could be placed on it properly, but he assured Kern that even if the cradle could not be used for the lift the wreck would come up in one piece, and that spreaders and planks would be placed between the cables and the hull to prevent the cables from cutting into the hull when it was pulled from the bottom.

By twelve-thirty, two dozen spectator boats had gathered off the starboard side of the crane barge, and a red-orange-and-yellow helicopter belonging to a television station in Philadelphia was circling above it. Kern, who now realized that Davidson intended to raise the DeBraak without the cradle, glanced up at the helicopter and shook his head. "I hate to see this whole thing dictated by a media event," he said. "We have a two-hundred-year-old time capsule down there, and we could lose it."

At one-thirty, more than fifty spectator boats were being kept at a respectful distance from the crane barge by three police launches. An hour later, the number of spectator boats had doubled again; several helicopters were overhead; and hundreds of dune buggies, trucks, and other vehicles could be seen lining the beach at Cape Henlopen. Shortly after three, the crane operator put a slight strain on the lifting cables to see if they had equal tension. As he did so, one of the rings slipped off its hook on the block, and Davidson decided to postpone the raising until the next slack tide, which would occur at nine o'clock that night.

ONCE Davidson had decided not to lift the DeBraak on the cradle, he abandoned his plan to bring it up slowly. And so that night the wreck was reeled in about as quickly as if it had been an old tire. The most suspenseful moments of the operation came when the friction brake on the crane failed, just as the DeBraak began to emerge, keel first, from the sea. At that point, the wreck remained largely submerged while the brake was being repaired, and for nearly an hour no one had any way of knowing how much of the seventy-foot-long segment of the hull would be coming up. When the wreck was finally lifted from the water and deposited on the auxiliary barge, shortly after ten o'clock, it was apparent that the hull had been raised intact, though the lifting cables had bitten into it deeply in several places.

After the horn tooting and celebrating were over and the spectator fleet had dispersed, the auxiliary barge carrying the DeBraak was towed to shore and tied up at the pier of the fish-fertilizer factory. Over the next few days, the hull was thoroughly studied by a team of archeologists and historians from the Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs. They managed to find a gold coin; a brass cufflink engraved with the design of a sailing ship; a brass buckle bearing the fouled-anchor insignia of the Royal Marines; a pewter spoon; a human metatarsal bone; an ivory domino with eleven dots; a shot locker full of twenty-four-pound cannonballs; a wooden sheave carved with the date "December

1797;" a fire broom with some of its thatch preserved in pitch; and a leather slipper with a green ribbon lace still tied in a bow, which had escaped aerobic action beneath a layer of mud and sediment.

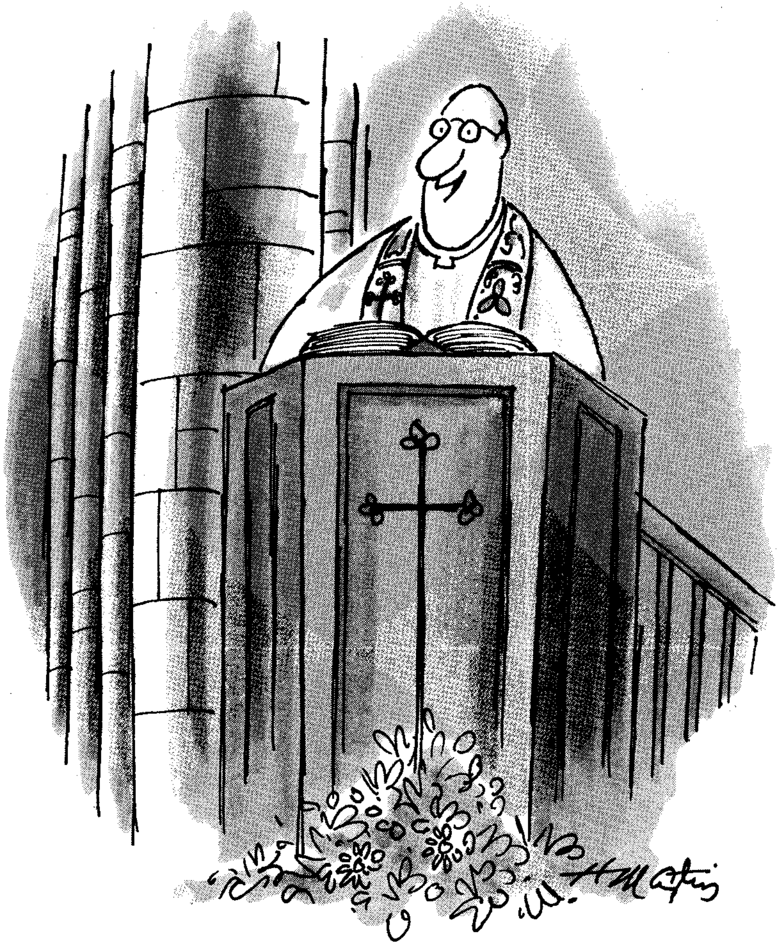
During this time, the uneasy relationship that had existed between the state archeologists and the salvagers began to unravel. Several of the archeologists charged that the raising of the DeBraak had been botched to create a media event, and that valuable artifacts—among them at least a dozen intact barrels—had been lost because the ship had not been brought up properly. David Beard claimed that as much as eight hundred cubic feet of silt may have washed out of the hull during the lift, and called that loss an "archeological disaster," because the silt had undoubtedly contained well-preserved portions of the ship's cargo in their original position. Henry Ward, a tall, heavyset man in his late twenties, who had been working as the state offshore representative on the salvage project while he completed a master's degree in archeology at the University of Delaware, declared that "if someone tried to do to a Navajo pueblo what was done to the DeBraak he would wind up in jail." Dr. Kern was also outspoken. "On the bottom, the DeBraak was an envelope with artifacts in it," he told reporters. "The contents of that envelope were lost in the raising." (Testimony that the raising of the DeBraak had been mishandled was later introduced in hearings that preceded congressional approval of the Abandoned Shipwreck Act of 1987. The act, which was signed into law by President Reagan in April of 1987, gives states the right to protect historic shipwrecks within the three-mile limit.)

As for Davidson, he defended his decision not to use the cradle by explaining that another day or two would have been needed to put the DeBraak on top of it, and the threat of bad weather had precluded further delay. He said that he had gone ahead with the lift because he had been assured by Zacharchuk (correctly, it turned out) that the wooden hull had retained enough of its integrity over the years to hold together even if it was lifted without the cradle. As for the damage caused by the lifting cables, he said that the ideal solution would have been to place spreaders between the cables and the hull, but the sand beneath the wreck was not firm enough to tunnel through safely. The wreck came up keel first because it had probably twisted in its sling when the bow section took longer than the rest to break loose from the mud at the bottom of the bay, he said. He went on to express hope that a large portion of the encrusted mass, which had fallen out of the hull during the lift, might be found to contain treasure. He then drew a line between himself and his critics. "The archeologists would have liked the ship brought up like Moses parting the sea," he said. "Then they would have liked ten years to study it. Their world and my world don't match."

At the end of the week, Governor Castle came back to view the hull and to hold a press conference with Davidson. The Governor said he considered the recovery of the DeBraak "one of the most exciting things to ever happen in Delaware," and promised that the state and Sub-Sal would work together to make sure the hull was properly preserved. (At the time, the hull was being sprayed with lawn sprinklers to keep it from drying out and deteriorating before it could be immersed in a large tank of fresh water.) The Governor also said that the state would consider building a museum to display some of the artifacts that had been brought up from the ship.

Just after the news conference, word came from Wilmington that following a week-long trial before Judge Wright a jury had ruled against Worldwide Salvage in the lawsuit it had brought against Sub-Sal. After deliberating for five hours, the jury found that Calcione, Peloso, and LaPadula had not formed a partnership with Harrington to salvage the DeBraak, and that Harrington had not used the map upon which Richard Wilson had drawn the McCracken Bible bearing to find the wreck. (Wilson died of cancer two months after the verdict was returned.) It was ironic that the trial had been held while the DeBraak was being raised. Another irony was that Harrington, who was president of Sub-Sal and its chief witness against Worldwide, had not been invited to attend the raising of the ship he had discovered, because Davidson was still bitter over what he considered Harrington's flouting of their contract.

Because Hurricane



"First, I'd like to say how nice all of you look decked out in your Sunday best."

Charley travelled up the Atlantic Coast during the weekend and passed thirty miles out to sea on Monday, the salvage operation was not resumed until the middle of the week following the raising. At that time, divers combing the wreck site for objects that had fallen out of the hull during the lift brought up some large pieces of the encrusted mass. They also found a sword handle, three shoes, some porcelain, an eight-foot section of tarred hawser, and dozens of staves from broken barrels. When they finished their search, a few days later, the barge crane began scooping up huge buckets of sand, mud, and seashells from the bottom, and loading them on one of the auxiliary barges. When the auxiliary barge was filled, it was towed to the Sub-Sal pier and tied up to another barge—one that held a gravel-screening machine, which had been leased from a nearby stone quarry and adapted by Zacharchuk so that it could be used to separate artifacts and coins from the rest of the excavated material.

The operation started out well enough. On the first day, divers and other workers who were manning the conveyor belt of the gravel screener found a monogrammed scrub brush with its bristles still intact and a 1794 eight-escudo gold piece that bore the portrait of Queen Maria I of Portugal, who reigned from 1777 to 1816. During the next two weeks, however, the only treasure recovered from some five hundred cubic yards of mud and sand was a gold Spanish escudo and two silver pillar dollars—so called because they carried the Pillars of Hercules on one side. (There was a portrait of King Charles IV of Spain on the other.) Among the artifacts that were found were hundreds of copper sheathing nails; dozens of ceramic shards and gunflints; some cannonballs and pieces of pig-iron ballast; several pistol side plates; a leather belt; the bottom of a glass tumbler; and a jawbone with the nearly perfect and still sharp teeth of a young man. During this time, analysis of the large pieces of the encrusted mass that had been recovered revealed that they contained nothing of monetary value—another blow to the hopes of Davidson and his fellow treasure hunters.

Early in September, the gravel-screening machine was brought onshore and installed in a large warehouse at the old fish-fertilizer factory; the material dredged from the wreck site was then off-loaded at a dock in Lewes and trucked to the warehouse, where the processing proceeded day and night. Few coins were recovered, however, and at the beginning of October, fearful that something might be overlooked, Davidson increased the scope of the excavation: first by digging to a depth of fourteen feet in the stern area, where many artifacts had been found; then by digging eight feet down in a large area off the starboard side where most of the gold coins had been recovered; and, finally, by doubling the size of the entire site to be dredged, which was already slightly larger than a football field. His decision to do this was indirectly responsible for one of the most extraordinary archeological finds of the salvage operation. It occurred on October 14th, when a diver working on the gravel screener found a wool-knit Monmouth cap—a floppy hat with a round crown and a wide brim, a style that was popular with seamen during the eighteenth century—sitting virtually intact on top of a pile of muck that had just been shovelled into the hopper of the machine. The only other Monmouth cap in existence had been found some years earlier, during an archeological dig on the New York waterfront.

Since the salvage operation was now costing Davidson seventy thousand dollars a week, his expansion of the excavation site added almost half a million dollars to the over-all expenses of the project. He was gambling, of course, that by increasing the size of the excavation site he would be increasing his chances of recovering a treasure that would more than offset the additional expenditure. It turned out that he was dealing himself a bad hand, however, for, as the autumn wore on, fewer and fewer artifacts appeared on the conveyor belt of the gravel-screening machine, and between early September and the beginning of December, when Sub-Sal's workers finished sifting through four thousand two hundred cubic yards of mud, sand, and silt—enough to fill more than three hundred ten-wheel dump trucks—they had managed to recover only one more gold coin, seven silver pillar dollars, and a handful of

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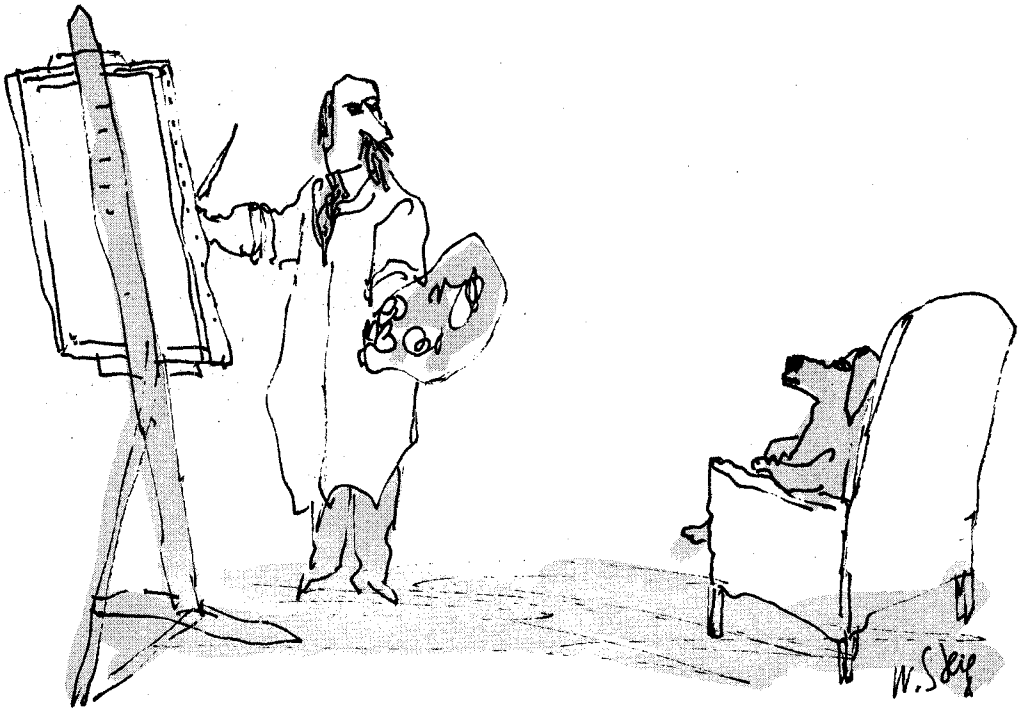

copper pennies and halfpennies. At that point, one of the workers was poking through a huge pile of muck that had already been processed and found a pair of pillar dollars that had somehow been overlooked, and the indefatigable Davidson ordered that the whole mound be screened again. It was a last-ditch effort, however. The reprocessing failed to turn up anything of value, and he shut the operation down for the winter and went back to New Hampshire to consider his next move.

When Davidson left Lewes at the end of 1986, he had every intention of resuming the salvaging of the DeBraak in the spring of 1987. Eventually, however, he decided not to do so. “I'm still of two minds about it,” he said recently. “On the one hand, I know that we haven't conducted a sufficiently thorough excavation of the wreck site, and that raises the tantalizing possibility that we could have missed the treasure. On the other hand, from a purely business point of view, I see little sense in spending more money on digging unless we can narrow the search area. In the hope of doing that, we're looking into the feasibility of a small underwater detection device that is said to be capable of distinguishing between ferrous and non-ferrous metals. Whatever happens, I predict that the legend of the DeBraak will live on, and that whether I continue to chase the rainbow or not someone will come along with new equipment one of these days and start looking for the treasure all over again.”

DURING the three previous years, some twenty thousand artifacts were recovered from the DeBraak. Among them are more than forty-five hundred pieces of ship's hardware, including two thousand sheathing nails, six hundred spikes, three anchors, and forty bilge-pump parts; three thousand four hundred guns, gun parts, and other pieces of armament; two hundred and seventy-three shoes, boots, hats, wigs, stockings, and fragments of leather and fabric; fifteen hundred and thirty-two pieces of wood, including hull timbers, barrel staves, and tool handles; thirteen hundred and nine personal items, such as combs, toothbrushes, razor cases, pipe bowls, and pipe stems; seven hundred and ninety-five items of foodstuffs, including beans, peas, corn, and animal bones; two hundred and fifty ceramic vessels reconstructed from potsherds; ten thousand five hundred and fourteen glass items, including intact bottles, bottle shards, pieces of window glass, and telescope lenses; three hundred and eighty-eight decorative items, such as hooks, hinges, finials, and drawer pulls; and a hundred and eighteen navigational objects, including octants, pieces of octants, compass parts, and sounding leads.

Today, most of the larger artifacts are soaking in fresh water in seven eight-by-fifteen-foot cinder-block tanks in a storage room on the ground floor of an office at the fish-fertilizer factory. Two of the tanks hold the DeBraak's fourteen iron carronades and two bow-chaser cannon. A third tank contains four hundred bars of pig-iron ballast and a similar number of twenty-four-pound cannonballs. A pair of tanks are required to hold nine hundred barrel staves, barrel heads, and other barrel parts. A sixth tank is used to preserve timbers and other pieces of the DeBraak that were torn off during various phases of the salvage operation. And the seventh stores such miscellaneous items as fourteen intact cabin-window panes, all of which are etched with the King's broad arrow; cabin-window frames; and encrusted shoes, scrub brushes, and other artifacts of value.

In an anteroom off the main warehouse floor are a number of children's plastic wading pools, which contain smaller and more fragile artifacts. One of them holds twenty-five intact leather shoes and boots—one of the finest collections of eighteenth-century footwear in existence. Another is being used to soak artifacts made of textiles, including the knitted wool Monmouth cap, four wool stockings, several cloth bags, and some fragments of a quilted vest. Three pools have been set aside for wooden pistol handles and musket stocks, and another contains brass side plates, butt plates, and trigger guards from these weapons. Two pools hold copper driftpins that were used to fasten the timbers of the ship's frame; the vessel's copper rudder chain; three hundred wooden sheaves for block and tackles; and an assortment of nuts, bolts, and screws. In addition, there are separate pools for octants and other navigational instruments, for surgeons' tools, for personal items, and for some eight hundred brass buttons that have been recovered from the wreck. Some of the buttons are embossed with a pair of crossed anchors, and belonged to the purser, who went down with the ship; others carry the fouled-anchor insignia of the Royal Marines, fourteen of whom are known to have been stationed on the DeBraak.

During the past two years, a concerted effort to identify and study the artifacts of the DeBraak has been mounted by Charles Fithian, who is the curator of archeology with the Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs. "We're putting together an archeological record of the DeBraak in order to extend our knowledge of how life was lived on an eighteenth-century British warship," he said recently. "To that end, we have sought assistance from a number of outside experts. Professional archeologists in Virginia are examining corn, peas, beans, nuts, coconut husks, and other foodstuffs that were recovered. It's possible that the coconut husks may furnish evidence that the DeBraak stopped at a tropical port on her way across the Atlantic. A cooper at Colonial Williamsburg, in Virginia, together with volunteers from Winterthur, the Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs, and the University of Delaware, has washed, measured, numbered, and catalogued some nine hundred barrel staves and barrel parts that were recovered from the wreck. They hope to determine the type and quantity of provisions that the DeBraak was carrying. Researchers in Maryland are conducting a painstaking analysis of the blocks and sheaves that were brought up, in order to reconstruct the rigging of the ship. So far, they've determined that the sheaves are much larger than might be expected for a vessel of the DeBraak's size. This means that the ship may, indeed, have been overrigged, as Drew suggested when she sprang her mainmast, in December of 1797, which could account for the suddenness with which she heeled over and sank at the mouth of the Delaware, six months later. Munitions experts who have studied the ordnance from the ship report that the carronades were equipped with state-of-the-art brass gunlocks—devices for firing the weapons which were first introduced into the Royal Navy in 1791. As for the shoes and boots, they've been examined by a leading cordwainer, who has made an interesting discovery. Buckle shoes, it turns out, were going out of style in late-eighteenth-century England, and the sailors on the DeBraak tried to stay in fashion by cutting off the buckle straps of the shoes they had been issued and replacing them with grosgrain-ribbon ties."

SINCE August of 1985, the daunting task of inventorying and cataloguing the DeBraak artifacts has been carried on by Claudia Melson, who is the curator of registration for the Bureau of Museums and Historical Sites of the state's Division of Historical and Cultural Affairs. She is a vivacious woman in her early thirties, who, like Fithian, is an ardent archeological detective. "What I love most about this job is trying to unravel some of the mysteries of the DeBraak," she said not long ago. "For example, we were puzzled for a long time by the fact that eight complete wood and brass octants, and fifty or so pieces and parts of other octants as well, had been brought up from the ship since the salvaging began. That seemed an awful lot of navigational instruments for such a small ship. Then we read up on life in Nelson's Navy and learned that British warships often carried a complement of teen-age midshipmen, who, as part of their training, were required to shoot the sun each noonday and either accurately determine the position of the ship or forgo lunch. Still another mystery turned up among the gaming pieces that were recovered from the DeBraak. Among them were twenty dominoes and an ivory cube whose six sides were engraved with a heart, a diamond, a club, a spade, a crown, and an anchor. None of us had ever seen such a piece before. Naturally, we were curious about what kind of game it was from. The answer came when I went up to the research library at the Winterthur Museum and Garden, near Wilmington, and examined a book about eighteenth-century games and amusements. After opening it to the section on dominoes and dice, I turned a couple of pages and there before my eyes was an illustration of the very piece I was trying to identify. It was one of three identical pieces that were tossed out of a cup in a game called crown and anchor, which was a favorite among sailors in the Royal Navy during the late eighteenth century."

Melson also reported that the discovery of Captain Drew's gold ring commemorating the death of his brother John helped explain the presence of some black-basalt stoneware that had been recovered from the

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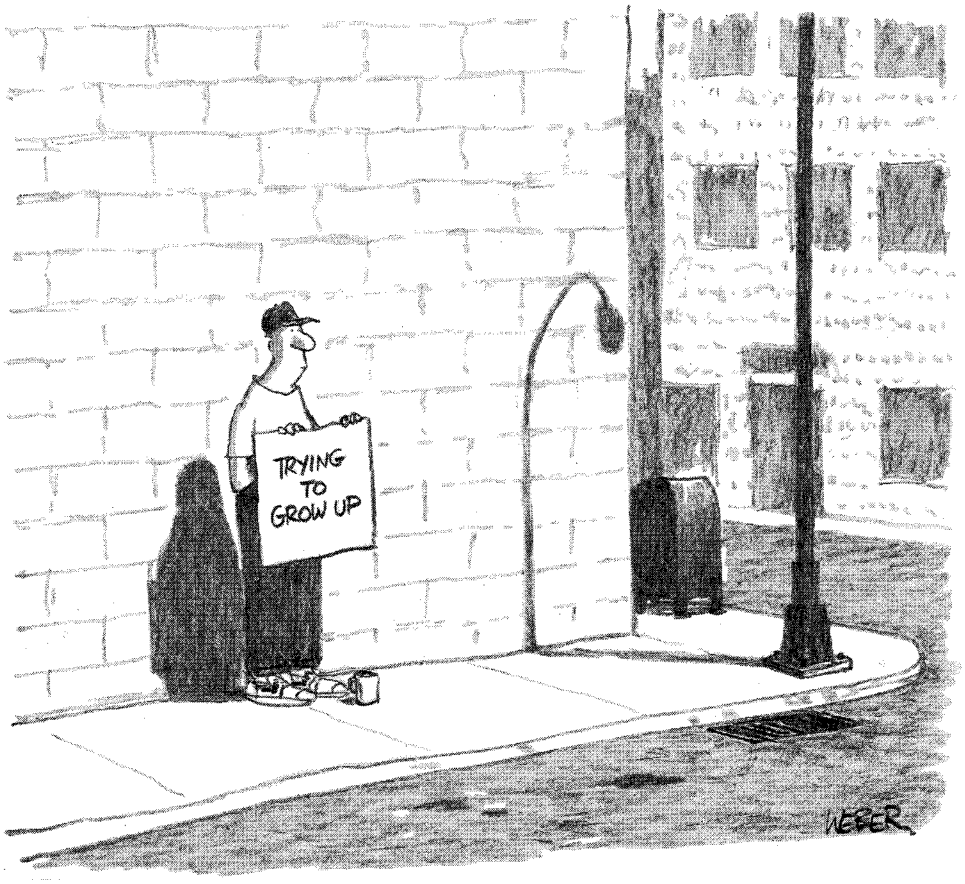

DeBraak. "Black-basalt service had been invented in 1750 by Josiah Wedgwood, the famous ceramic designer, and was widely used as mourning ware," she said. "In 1984, Sub-Sal divers brought up pieces of a black-basalt teapot, which we were able to reconstruct except for a missing spout and a small base shard. An intact creamer for the set was also found that year. In November of 1985, the finial for the teapot lid came up in the air lift. It was the sculptured figure of a seated woman leaning against a cask with her head on her left hand. Dean Nelson, who was the chief of the Bureau of Museums and Historical Sites, did some detective work and discovered that the figure was that of Polyhymnia, the muse of sacred music, who was also associated with mourning and bereavement.

"At about that time, I was involved in some sleuthing of my own. Early in October, the hands of a watch were brought up by the air lift, and a few weeks later up came the back of a gold pocket-watch case, which was engraved with a crest that appeared, at first glance, to be a deer's head with three sheaves of wheat in its mouth. I sent a photocopy of the crest to be examined by a heraldry expert in London, but he wrote back that the only crest of a deer's head with three sheaves of wheat in its mouth that he could find belonged to a family named Wheate, whose members came originally from Gloucestershire. Since there had been no one on the DeBraak named Wheate, I went down to the Mellon Bank and examined the watch case again. At that point, I realized that the animal on the crest was not a deer but a bull. When I wrote to the heraldry expert and told him that, he sent back a letter informing me that the crest of the English family of Drew, of Devonshire and Hertfordshire, showed a bull with three sheaves of wheat in its mouth, and that he was certain the watch must have belonged to Captain James Drew, of the DeBraak. That was an exciting discovery, but it was nothing compared to the revelation that came in a letter sent by a woman named Elizabeth Carrick, who lives in Princeton. She had read in the *Times* about the raising of the ship, and she wrote to tell us that Captain James Drew's wife had been the sister of a lady who, as she put it, was her ever-so-great-grandmother. She also said that Drew's widow had later married James Beekman, of New York City, and that she is buried in Albany Rural Cemetery, in Albany, New York. I invited Mrs. Carrick to come to Lewes to see the artifacts that had been recovered from the DeBraak, and when she arrived, a few days later, she showed me a book in which it was written that Lydia Watkins and James Drew were married in Trinity Church, in New York City, on April 10, 1792. I was ecstatic. Imagine finding out that Drew had an American wife!"

Elizabeth Carrick is a tall, blue-eyed, and gray-haired woman in her middle seventies. She was born Elizabeth Maunsell Bates, in Summit, New Jersey, in 1913; she graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1936; and, following her marriage, in 1939, to Alan B. Carrick, an insurance-company lawyer, she has lived for the past forty-nine years in Princeton. "If I seem uncommonly knowledgeable about my sixth-generation ancestors, there's a good reason for it," she said recently, in the living room of a Cape Cod house that she and her husband had been residing in since 1942. "When I was growing up in Summit, I lived in the same house as my grandmother, who had lived in the same house as her grandmother, whose mother was Elizabeth Watkins Dunkin—a sister of Lydia Watkins Drew, the wife of the captain of the DeBraak. My mother and grandmother were forever telling my cousins and me stories about our family's history. By the time I was ten years old, I knew about the sinking of the DeBraak and the tragedy that had befallen my ever-so-great-aunt Lydia, whose portrait painted in miniature on ivory hung in the living room of our house, and whose tea service sat on our mantelpiece, just as it does on mine."

The teacups and the saucers on the mantel above the fireplace in Mrs. Carrick's living room bear the Talbot crest of the family of Lydia Watkins Drew's paternal grandmother, and the miniature portrait, which stands on a living-room table, shows a strikingly beautiful woman with blue eyes, alabaster skin, reddish-brown curly hair, and an upturned red mouth, who is wearing an ornate feathered hat and a long-sleeved Empire gown with a pink satin waistband, a low bodice, and ribbon bows at each shoulder.

"Lydia Watkins Drew was very

much a presence in our house," Mrs. Carrick went on. "She was born around 1760, most likely on the island of St. Kitts, in the Caribbean. Her father was a Welsh merchant named John Watkins, who probably traded in rum, sugar, tobacco, and, no doubt, slaves, and later moved his family to New York. He bought a charming little farmhouse in Harlem Heights, near what is now a Hundred and Fifty-second Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, from Jan Dykman. Her mother, Lydia Stillwell Watkins, was the youngest of six famously beautiful daughters of Richard Stillwell, a wealthy trader and pillar of the Presbyterian Church, who owned huge tracts of land on the Shrewsbury River, in New Jersey, and lived on Dock Street, near what is now South Street Seaport. Lydia Watkins and James Drew were married in Trinity Church by the Reverend Benjamin Moore, later Bishop of New York, who was the husband of Lydia's cousin Charity Clark, and the father of Clement C. Moore, who wrote ''Twas the Night Before Christmas.' Another of Lydia's cousins was married to Aaron Burr.

"No one seems to know how Lydia met her British sea captain. The encounter could well have taken place in the summer of 1791, when Drew was in command of a sloop called Fly, which was in North American waters at the time. My guess is that they were introduced by her uncle, Lieutenant-General John Maunsell, who had withdrawn his commission in the British Army during the Revolutionary War and gone to live in Ireland but had returned to America in 1782. In any event, when the Fly returned to England and entered Plymouth Dockyard for refitting, in December of 1791, Drew and most of the ship's crew were paid off, which would have left Drew free to come back to America to court Lydia. At the time they were married, Lydia must have been in her thirties, and James was in his early forties. After the wedding, they apparently went to live in Harlem Heights, because a year later, when James made a last will and testament, leaving all of his estate to Lydia, he listed himself as a resident of the 'out ward' of the city, which is how Harlem was designated in those days. One assumes that he was longing for the sea, however, because in June of 1793, upon hearing of impending hostilities between England and France, he returned to Saltash, in Cornwall, where his family had settled years before, and immediately wrote to the Admiralty requesting an assignment. One supposes that Lydia accompanied him, but I've not been able to find any record of it, or, for that matter, of her whereabouts over the next four years. During this time, however, James wrote letter after letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, in London, begging for a ship to command. He even went so far as to say that he was 'ready on the shortest notice to serve in any part of the world which their Lordships may think proper.' Finally, in June of 1797, he was given command of the DeBraak.

"When Lydia learned, the following year, that his ship was being sent to American waters, she may have returned to New York to visit her family, whom she may very well not have seen for several years. I haven't as yet been able to find out how she met her second husband, James Beekman, whom she married in 1800. I do know that in 1807 he inherited his father's palatial estate, which was called Mount Pleasant. It was on Fifty-first Street at the East River, near what is now Beekman Place. I gather they lived rather well, because they went about in a chariot that was drawn by four horses and had outriders. The chariot is on exhibit at the New-York Historical Society as a prime example of pomp and circumstance in old New York."

Mrs. Carrick got up from a sofa and crossed the room to rummage through a drawer of a desk. When she returned to the sofa, she was holding a letter. "This is a letter that Lydia wrote on September 30, 1819, to her sister Elizabeth upon learning of the death of Elizabeth's oldest grandchild," she said. "She signs her name Lydia Beekman, of course, but, see here, the letter bears a wax seal with the Drew family emblem—a bull's head with three sheaves of wheat in its mouth. In the letter Lydia tells Elizabeth that she must try to prevent her daughter, Ann Van Rensselaer, from becoming too melancholy over the loss of her child. She then writes, 'I know how to feel for her having experienced very severe trials myself.' She goes on to hope that the dead child's brother, Maunsell Van

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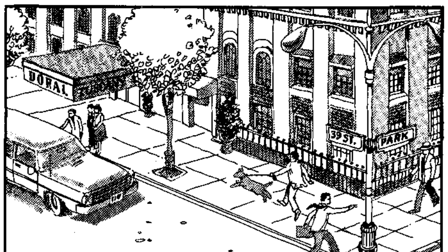

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Rensselaer, will not be affected by the tragedy. Young Maunsell, who must have been a very little boy at the time, was Lydia's favorite grandnephew. She apparently doted upon him, and by all accounts he was tremendously devoted to her. When he grew up, he became an Episcopal clergyman and president of Hobart College, and in 1888 he published a family history entitled 'Annals of the Van Rensselaers in the United States,' in which he told of Lydia's marriage to James Drew and the sinking of the DeBraak. Maunsell was always loyal to the memory of his great-aunt and her sea-captain husband. Sometime during the eighteen-eighties, he restored the monument that Lydia had erected to mark Drew's grave in the churchyard of St. Peter's, in Lewes, and in July of 1887—when newspapers all over the country were carrying accounts of Dr. Seth Pancoast's efforts to salvage millions of dollars in gold from the DeBraak—he wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Evening Post* complaining about an article that had been reprinted from the Baltimore *Sun*, which charged that James Drew was little better than a pirate.

"In his letter Maunsell pointed out that Captain Drew was not only a commissioned officer in the British Navy, and as honorable and brave a man as ever trod the deck of a ship, but also a nephew by marriage of Lieutenant-General John Maunsell, who was connected with some of the most respected citizens of New York. Dear old Maunsell! He lived into his eighties, and he died in 1900—thirteen years before I was born. I knew all his children, who were my distant cousins. In defending Drew's reputation, he was, of course, going against the tide of the treasure legend, which was predicated on the notion that the DeBraak was full of plunder—something no one in my family ever believed. Sometimes, though, it's hard to know what to believe. Last summer, I received a letter from a man named John T. Drew Mitchell, of Oxfordshire, England, who thinks he may be a distant relative of the Saltash Drews. He's been looking up the Drew family in the Society of Genealogists, in London, and he was kind enough to enclose the diagram of a Drew family tree that had been placed on file there by an unknown researcher. It contained a startling revelation. It showed that Lydia and James Drew had a daughter named Maria. Naturally, I began to wonder about Maria. Did Lydia leave her behind in England when she returned to America? Was Maria brought up by grandparents? And why was there no mention of her in Maunsell's book? The answers came soon enough. At the end of the year, a genealogist named Frank Cresswell, who lives in Kingston upon Thames, in Surrey, and who had earlier found and sent me a copy of James Drew's will, sent me the wills of James' brother William and his wife, Betty, who lived in the parish of Portsea, in the county of Southampton. In her will, which was proved in 1812, Betty left a gold watch to a Maria Paine, whom she described as the 'daughter of the late Captn. James Drew.' I assumed to begin with that Paine must have been Maria's married name, but then Mr. Cresswell dug up a certificate from the records of St. Mary's Church in Portsea, which shows that an infant named Maria, who is listed as the daughter of John and Sarah Paine, was baptized there on October 16, 1791. That, of course, meant that Maria was illegitimate, which seemed all the more likely when Cresswell discovered that the Fly had been on station in the English Channel during the winter of 1791, when Maria must have been conceived. It is Cresswell's belief—and mine, too—that Sarah Paine was probably a servant in the house of William and Betty Drew, and that James must have taken up with her while visiting his brother and sister-in-law on leave. Maria, the consequence of this liaison, was then acknowledged by Sarah and her lawful husband, who, in accordance with the custom of the time, undoubtedly received a settlement of money for doing so. Now, I wonder what Maunsell would have to say about all that! If only I could talk to him. Or to some of my other ancestors. Or to those of James Drew. I'd like to know so much more. What, for example, became of Maria? Did she marry and have children? And did Lydia ever suspect that she existed? So many questions. So much to discover. It's quite exhilarating. You know, I'm beginning to understand how they must have felt—the people who kept searching through all these years for the treasure of the DeBraak." —PAUL BRODEUR

THE THEATRE

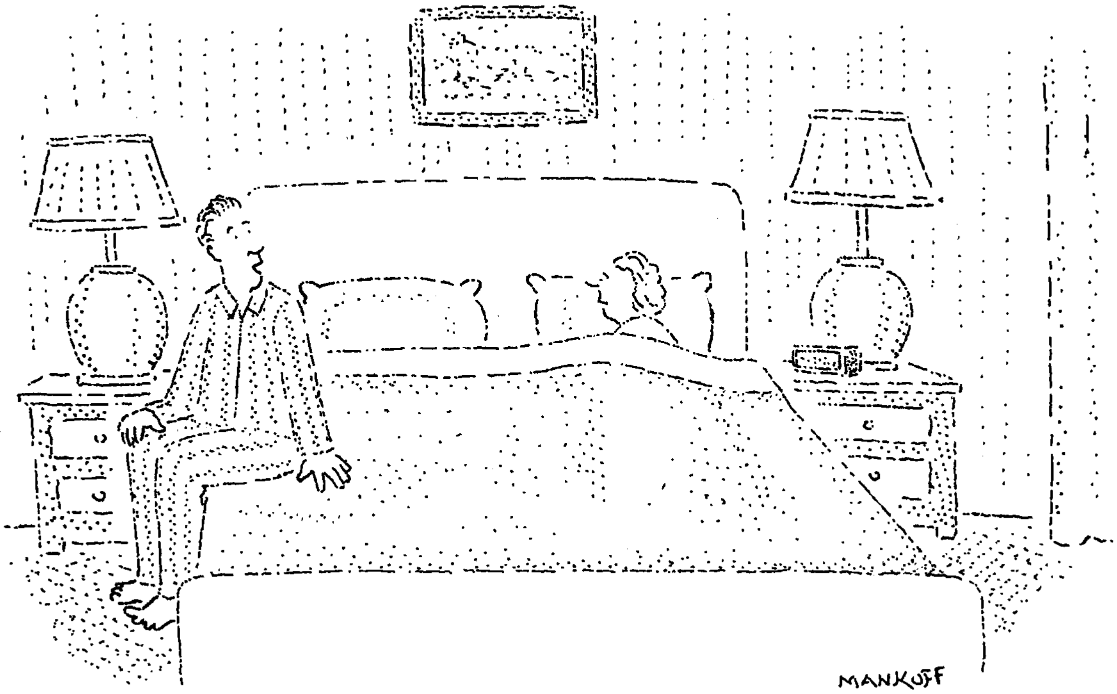
Getting Out

"ROAD," at the La Mama Annex, is a play that comes out of depressed, Thatcherite England. Its author, Jim Cartwright, who is thirty years old, is said to have stitched it together in two weeks, after London's Royal Court Theatre, which had commissioned a play from him three years earlier, wrote to inquire how the play was coming along. "Road" takes the audience on a night prowl through a Lancashire slum. As it happens, Mr. Cartwright grew up not far from such a slum, in a working-class neighborhood near the Lancashire city of Bolton, where, before sending a number of dramatic sketches to the Royal Court, he held various unskilled jobs in factories that made cough drops and television sets. The point of "Road," though, is that it could be set in any forgotten street in any city in the North—Bradford, Middlesbrough, Preston, Leeds.

The script consists mostly of vignettes—brief monologues or exchanges taking place in the minds and houses of the people living in this dingy little street, whose name no one can remember. The action is distributed all over the performance area, which has been dressed up to look like a slum, steeped in the iconography of generic British squalor—brickwork and rubbish bins, layers of wallpaper, an old mattress, a junked car, poster ads, bits of furniture. Some scenes take place on the platforms that represent the interiors of houses, and some take place in the street. The audience has the option of sitting and watching from the sidelines above or joining the actors on the stage floor. In one house, a middle-aged man irons his trousers and reminisces about his time in the National Service; in a kitchen, a dotty old woman makes up her face. Sometimes we sit on the cracked pavement of Paul Brown's set to watch a scene being played out; sometimes we stand, turning this way and that, as actors call to each other across the open space; sometimes the action of the play comes out to meet us as a skinhead jumps down to share his philosophy of life with the audience or two brassy young women stop to flirt with the local rummy, a retired sailor named Scullery, who acts as both chorus and tour guide. The characters alternate between acknowledging and not acknowledging the audience's presence, while Scullery manages the crowd, signalling us to move now here, now there, and telling us when to sit down.

The play, which is being produced by the Lincoln Center Theatre, combines elements of "Our Town," "Under Milk Wood," and "Balm in Gilead," the Lanford Wilson play that made you weep for New York's derelicts. Mr. Cartwright wants to make you weep for the down-and-out dispossessed in Britain's industrial cities, and he does. He writes with a kind of unpatronizing empathic genius, restoring humanity, on a small scale, to those from whom humanity has been wrested. Consequently, there isn't a character whose feelings or situation you scorn. That Mr. Cartwright manages to convey the sameness of present-day urban poverty in Britain without ever being monotonous or banal himself is due partly to an interest in people for their own sake—as characters to be rendered, rather than tropes or vehicles to carry a self-serving message—and partly to the kind of theatre that "Road" represents.

London's Royal Court has a long history as an outpost for innovative or controversial theatre. It's where Harley Granville-Barker, in the early years of the century, produced Shaw and shocking contemporary dramas from the Continent for a small segment of the educated public. It's also where George Devine first produced John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger," in 1956, thereby ushering in a whole new movement in British drama. More recently, under Max Stafford-Clark, who took over the theatre in 1979, the Royal Court has been important less as a showcase for new writing (which is what it was under Devine) or for plays that nobody else would produce (which is what it was under Barker) than for its influence in popularizing a particular style of production. It's a style that the Royal Shakespeare Company has adopted for use in its more experimental work—New Yorkers will remember it from the R.S.C.'s production of "Nicholas Nickleby" (adapted, incidentally, by a Royal Court playwright, David Edgar)—where the im-



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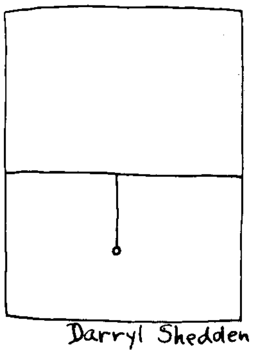
pression of a vast, milling world is created by having actors play many different roles. It's not a style of performance that American actors, as a rule, are particularly good at; the transformational acting and quick-change voice mannerisms it requires do not come easily to them—partly because the American theatre is influenced more by Stanislavsky than by Brecht, and partly because Americans don't grow up exposed to twenty different regional accents.



The Lincoln Center production of "Road" is the first really successful realization of this kind of theatre to be performed here by an American cast. Its director, Simon Curtis, who trained at the Royal Court (and for several years ran its experimental upstairs theatre), has assembled a company of (for the most part) exceptionally able actors —Michael Wincott, Jayne Haynes, Kevin Bacon, Joan Cusack, Betsy Aidem, Gerry Bamman, and Jack Wallace—and fully instructed them in the techniques and production philosophy of experimental ensemble theatre. The result is not seamless: there are problems here and there with individual speeches or performances. Mr. Bamman puts too much indignant passion into his early monologue about the National Service. (It would be more effective delivered deadpan, as all the soliloquies up to that point have been.) Mr. Bacon's accent slips once or twice, and Mr. Wallace, in the choric role of Scullery, is unquestionably a problem; in his very first speech, he gives up all pretense of being English, and he has no conception of how to read a line like "Eeee, I feel randy, me, now, you know." But "Road" is an opportunity for New Yorkers to see why this sort of theatre works and how it can be worthwhile. In admiring Mr. Bacon's versatility, or the loving precision with which Miss Haynes takes you into the mind of a bag lady and the heart of an upstairs-room floozy with a rhinestone clasp in her hair, or Miss Cusack's ability to capture in several voices not only the accent but the rhythm and intonation of lower-class North of England speech—that half-monotonous, half-musical voice that goes just a half step flat at the top of each singsongy phrase—we learn the pleasure to be had from watching an actor who has portrayed one character with authenticity and precision turn around and portray another character just as well. We see how that pleasure offsets the grim message of Mr. Cartwright's play, and also how the device of multilevel casting sets in motion a system of implied links and juxtapositions, so that Miss Haynes' bag lady becomes a prophetic projection of her upstairs floozy, and Mr. Wincott's enervated skinhead a suggestion of what his kick-ass young Eddie might turn into.

Given the high level of the production, it's easy to wonder how much of "Road" is just the result of expert staging and performance. But there's good writing there and a cleverness of design. Toward the end of the evening, for instance, there's a moment when, for the first time, the entire cast appears, each in a different part of the theatre; because until then we've only seen the actors performing in small groups, it's thrilling. The scene is entirely contingent on British licensing laws—the fact that people in England go out when the pubs open and come home when they close—just as the play's ability to project a culture of poverty is contingent on the fact that England really is full of small industrial towns that look very much alike. There are overwritten passages, instances of misplaced melodrama, and poetic expressions put in the mouths of people who wouldn't conceivably use them; but there's music in the writing, too—like the music in the play's title, a word picked up in the Northern expression "anyroad," meaning "anyway" (as in "What's out there anyroad, eh?"), so that the idea of possibility plays against a vision of entrapment. There are refrains shared between characters ("Fucking long life, in' it?") and refrains unique to specific characters ("You'll get used to me. You'd better!") which are like the rhythms of a life that never changes, lulling a grieving community to sleep. Finally, there's the refrain that unites four alienated teen-agers and rises to a chant: "Somehow a somehow a somehow—might escape!"

—Mimi Kramer

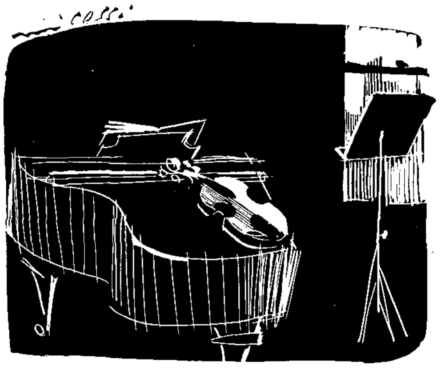
MUSICAL EVENTS

And in My Lady's Chamber

WITH a production of "Le Nozze di Figaro," Peter Sellars completes a Mozart-Da Ponte "trilogy" at PepsiCo Summerfare. "Così Fan Tutte," two years ago, was set in a diner; "Don Giovanni," last year, on New York streets. "Figaro" plays on the fifty-second floor of Trump Tower. Mr. Sellars takes opera seriously, and he aims to make characters' emotional plights apparent to a modern audience by decking them in modern imagery. In "Figaro," things didn't quite work that way. The show called forth the low reactions of people who guffaw at the sight of a cordless telephone, a video camera, or a CD player in a Mozart opera; who find Gilbertian or Broadway routines to classical music hilarious; who are titillated by onstage suggestions of sexual activity. (Cherubino jigs up and down on a mattress during the bouncy start of "Non so più;" the Count sings "Crudel! perchè finora"—very tenderly—with his head under Susanna's apron.) I had other problems with the production. The action had been moved from a familiar, easily understood aristocratic world, where servants are expected to know their place—a notion that Mozart gloriously subverts—into an exotic, unfamiliar realm. I write as someone who knows about Dr. Mesmer but needed to have Dr. Ruth explained to me when she appeared in the Sellars "Così." People who watch more on television than Wimbledon and an occasional opera catch allusions in Sellars productions which they greet with delighted, noisy recognition. Others marvel at the freshness and, generally, the aptness of the unusual images they see. Mr. Sellars' jokes are disciplined. He does not—except at moments of high-spirited larkiness—simply play down to audiences. But they often respond as if he were doing so, and Mozart suffers.

Last year's "Giovanni" was a strong production. Even people who deplored it tell me that scene after scene remains with them. But one element was missing: the sense of class distinction, of master and man, nobleman and peasant. Mr. Sellars had found no modern analogy for the social conflict that fires Masetto's "Ho capito" and in "Figaro" is even more important. There are powerful operas to be written about the rich and the poor in this city; "Figaro" cannot convincingly by a change of setting—but without any change of music and text—be transformed into one of them. True, the Almavivas in their bleak, expensive apartment—East River view, a Stella on the living-room wall—are rich, while Figaro must subsist on a doorman's wages and Susanna on a maid's. Are they really so hard-up that a Castro Convertible in the Almavivas' tiny, cluttered laundry room must be their home? Maybe, given New York rents, this is realistic.

Realism, however, is not the point of a Sellars production but only one of the means employed in an eclectic, kaleidoscopic, bewilderingly brilliant approach to theatre which reaches from Oriental formality, through realism, to shtick. In any case, thoroughgoing realism is banished from the start by the (undisturbing, even piquant) discordance between the literal text—left in Italian—and its stage representation. People sing of "Seville," a "sword," "plumes," and "curls;" we see New York, a revolver, a baseball cap, and a punk hairdo. The Trump Tower employees thank their "noble lord" for having renounced his feudal droit du seigneur. The Trump doorman says he cannot marry "without the assent of my noble parents." The most beautiful episode in this "Figaro" was the Letter Duet, during which the Countess and Susanna "patterned" the flow of the music—the long phrases with echoes, in alternation, or in smoothest harmony—through their gestures and movements (singing admirably the while, with pure, gentle tones and exactly tuned intervals). This physical responsiveness to lovely music—the trio in Handel's "Orlando" and "Un'aura amorosa" in "Così" were earlier examples—is a Sellars specialty. I enjoyed his stylized representation of stylized ensemble music in the second-act and fourth-act finales. I thought the athletic, virtuoso enactment of "Vedrò mentre io sospiro" overdone: the Count's pain seemed to be due as much to a sprained wrist as to wounded pride. (Wimbledon on television, I discover, provided inspiration for the scene.) I grew impatient with enormously long "pregnant" pauses—up to ten or twelve seconds—introduced between phrases of recitative: "Method" pauses filled with pregnant glances and, no doubt, fierce inner cogitation, and succeeded by intent whispering of the subsequent words. One or two would have been striking; dozens of them became a mannerism.

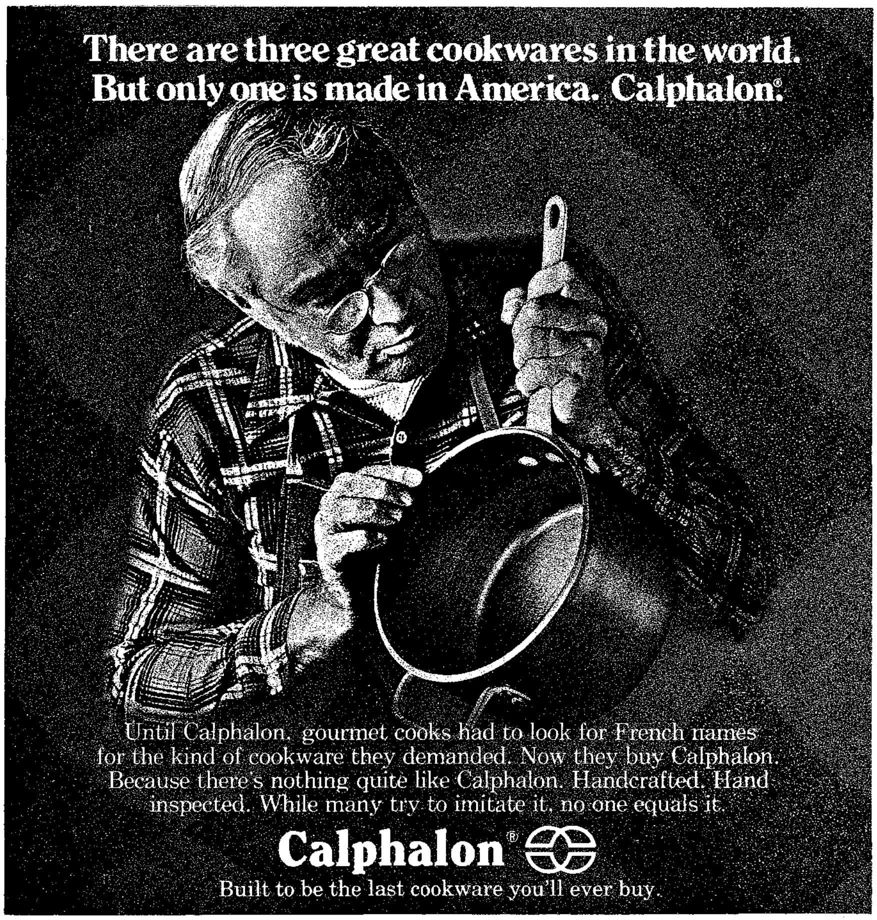


The drama began magically: Susanna in her bridal dress, aureoled with light; Figaro gazing at this radiant vision as if unable to believe his good fortune. Throughout the evening, the emotions of the opera, in all their variety, intensity, fierceness, tenderness, were made vivid. Mr. Sellars even found more than Mozart and Da Ponte, I believe, intended. In a synopsis he gave this account of the Susanna-Marcellina buffo duettino:

> Marcellina desperately needs just a drop of affection or a moment of kindness from the woman whose happy marriage she longs for, resents, and will prevent. Susanna hates herself for not being charitable enough to offer it. Through tears on this day of all days, she insults Marcellina's clothing and her age.

This lay with surprisingly little contradiction on Mozart's music: the scene became touching and interesting, not just a romp; the repetitions seemed natural. Marcellina was altogether a moving as well as an amusing character: overwhelmed by rediscovery of the illegitimate child she lost years before (many pregnant pauses in that scene); regretful in her "feminist" aria about the years of married and maternal happiness she has missed.

The opera was given without cuts. Indeed, it was "more than complete," in that the Adagio from the E-flat Wind Serenade covered the scene change between Acts I and II, and the arietta "Un moto di gioia" (which Mozart wrote to replace Susanna's



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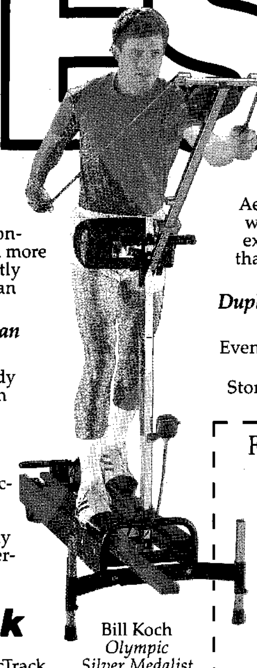

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Olympic Silver Medalist

"Venite, inginocchiatevi" at a Vienna revival) was sung, by Cherubino, in Act III. It's not much of a piece, and it fell flat—even with an audience so eager to acclaim that it broke into applause at the dominant cadence halfway through "Dove sono." (The Countess could have avoided that by filling Mozart's fermata rest with a traditional *Eingang* into the reprise. In general, there was little decoration, and many appoggiaturas were missing.) Craig Smith conducted with loving, discerning appreciation of the score. He is not good at providing the sharp outlines the music sometimes needs. I did not understand why he—and Mr. Sellars—drove through, minimized the effect of, two of the drama's big moments: Susanna's emergence from the dressing room (here a walk-in closet), and the Countess's "Almeno io per loro perdono otterrò." Sometimes the latter episode is sentimentalized. Mozart, it is true, marks no tempo change. But more than a swift, straight continuation of the series of comic entrances is needed. (The succeeding "Contessa, perdono! . . . Più docile io sono" lost something by being treated as a bassoon solo—played with much feeling by Dennis Godburn—to vocal accompaniment.)

Sanford Sylvan (Figaro) and James Maddalena (the Count) sang well and acted well, though Mr. Sylvan's beautiful baritone lacked the bite that Figaro must sometimes have. The women—Jeanne Ommerlé (Susanna), Jayne West (the Countess), Susan Larson (Cherubino), and Sue Ellen Kuzma (Marcellina)—acted well and sang truly, with alert artistry, but all four needed more tonal resource. Frank Kelley's pointed utterance of Basilio's music recalled Hugues Cuénod's. The settings of laundry room, bedroom, and living room with gallery, by Adrianne Lobel, were at once witty and dramatically apt, but everything was pushed back about eight feet from the stage edge. Act IV was brought forward, onto a high, narrow ledge decorated with Trump Tower's lighted trees; visual metaphors of precipice and abyss underscored the act's more alarming moments.

In sum, this was a stimulating and stirring "Figaro." Mr. Sellars refines his productions over the years: for next year, Purchase has announced revivals of "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Così." —ANDREW PORTER

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 4

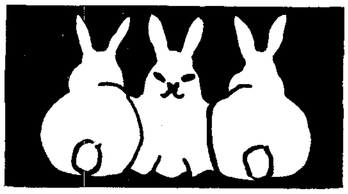
THE Democratic Party, in the process of redefining itself and with Michael Dukakis as its instrument, left Atlanta with its morale and hopes higher than they had been in more than a decade. At the end of its four-day Convention, which concluded on the high note of Dukakis's successful acceptance speech—largely unexpected and therefore all the better received—the Democrats felt better about their candidate and his chances of winning than they had when they arrived in Atlanta. Dukakis's speech was a good one but not a great one, and his rising to the occasion should not have been such a surprise. All year, he has been highly disciplined, and, with few exceptions, has met the demands of the nominating process—culminating in Atlanta. Though most people didn't know, or forgot, he had given effective speeches before, but the Dukakis people, who work hard, and with some success, at getting people to think what they want them to think (at "spinning"), had so succeeded in lowering expectations of Dukakis's speech that it might have seemed a wonder that he dared show up in the hall at all. The immediate positive commentary on the speech magnified its success. In all, the Convention and his performance in it gave Dukakis size: at the end of it he was of a larger dimension than he was at the beginning. As was to be expected, the path to the tableau of unity at the end was not smooth, with Jesse Jackson (with unintended help from Dukakis) holding unity hostage for as long as he could, and causing the Dukakis camp more grief than it had bargained on.

The Democrats are in a transitional phase, out of redistributive liberalism into they-are-not-sure-what, a transition that is as much a matter of necessity (the budget deficit, the fate of previous, liberal candidates) as of conviction. Dukakis is a transitional figure, also a matter of necessity as much as of conviction, and is trying to avoid any label at all. The transition could be seen in the program of the Convention, in the debates about the platform, in the new pragmatism, born of a will to win for a change, that took over the Party. Having lost four of the last five elections, three of them by embarrassing landslides, the Democrats have been suffering from something of an inferiority complex, and their desire to win, and to be accepted as adults, served as a suppressor on their usual fratricidal tendencies.

Though, as the polls indicate, Dukakis got a boost from the Convention (he went from being very close to Bush to leads of seventeen points shortly after the Convention), his people, despite their current euphoria, are well aware that a long, tough campaign lies before them. In fact, the "bounce" that Dukakis got from the Convention is about the same as that received by the nominee after the last three Democratic Conventions, and new, post-Convention adherents tend to be the least faithful ones. Because of that, the Dukakis campaign swung right into campaigning, in the hope of solidifying the advantage the Convention had provided. As of now, the race is widely considered "competitive"—that is, it is close enough in enough states to make it possible that either Dukakis or George Bush could win, but this does not rule out a landslide.

DUKAKIS's choice of Lloyd Bentsen as his running mate was certainly made with the Electoral College math in mind (Texas has twenty-nine electoral votes) but also as the result of a process of elimination. Out of a large party, Dukakis's choices fairly quickly dwindled down to a precious few. Bill Bradley, Sam Nunn, and Thomas Foley took themselves out, and before long the Dukakis people were looking at a list that wasn't very long: Senator Bob Graham, of Florida, was too new to the Senate and couldn't be counted on to deliver his state. Lee Hamilton was seen as attractive but of no known electoral strength. John Glenn and Lloyd Bentsen were both tempting, and both had partisans among Dukakis's advisers, but both also presented problems, and there was a school of thought among the Dukakis people that neither could be said to represent "the future." Both men were on the list for more than their potential strength in their home states: both were expected to give the ticket a more conservative hue as Dukakis tried to win over key groups—Democrats who had voted for Reagan, independents, and white males (these groups are not mutually exclusive). But discontent within the Dukakis camp over the possibility of either Glenn or Bentsen momentarily brought the names of Richard Gephardt and Albert Gore into play—and both men were belatedly summoned to Boston—but each brought with him some negative history from the primaries. Gore was the more serious candidate of the two, because of the

Ann Carson
THE MALL YEARS



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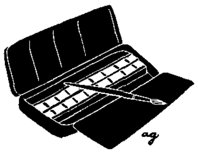
strong predilection among some of the Dukakis people to go South in their choice, both to pick up whatever states possible and to pin Bush down in an area of his presumed strength.

Dukakis himself has a history of going right at an opponent's base. Moreover, the Dukakis people did not want to "write off" the South. Susan Estrich, Dukakis's campaign manager, told me in Atlanta, "The direction we chose not to go was to concede any area to George Bush and have to win ninety or ninety-five per cent of the rest of the country." Toward the end, Gore was ruled out largely on the ground that his campaign for the nomination showed him not to be mature and seasoned enough. Hamilton remained a possibility until nearly the end, and was supported by those who thought that Dukakis should go for the classiest candidate (Bradley, Nunn, or Foley would have fit in this category) and that such a candidate would wear best. Opinions were vetted among the Dukakis staff, but only a small number of advisers talked to Dukakis himself—who gave few signals of what he was thinking. The process became less tidy and more public as it went along, and Dukakis came under some criticism for teasing Ohio audiences as he campaigned with Glenn during the last week in June; he was therefore more circumspect when, in early July, he campaigned with Bentsen in Texas and along the Arkansas border. (He also campaigned with Hamilton.) Some of the press were also saying that the Vice-Presidential selection process was taking "too long," though it is hard to see how one can be too careful.



Still, the top Dukakis people decided to get the thing over with—they had long since decided to try to get the running mate selected and announced in advance of the Convention, in the hope of becalming the followers of Jesse Jackson, whom Dukakis had no intention of selecting but who would not get out of the way. When, on the night of Monday, July 11th, Dukakis, his wife, Kitty, Paul Brountas (the campaign chairman), Susan Estrich, and Jack Corrigan (the deputy campaign manager) met at the Dukakis home to make the decision, some advisers were not at all happy that the final decision had come down to Glenn and Bentsen. Glenn had financial problems, and there were questions about some dealings by members of Bentsen's family. Glenn's problems were considered the more insuperable, and for this, among other reasons, the choice was Bentsen.

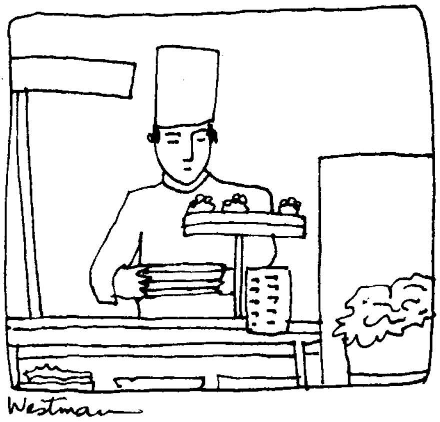
Bentsen is a silky, courtly insider, an intelligent man who says little on the Senate floor but knows how to work the system. He's more competent than interesting, and runs his office like a business. He is a favorite of business lobbies; labor did not favor him at all—some labor leaders remember a vote that Bentsen cast "wrong" on labor-law reform, in 1977—but it is swallowing him, in the interests of unity and winning. Bentsen is not one for speaking out on national issues, but, as the new chairman of the Senate Finance Committee (he took over at the beginning of last year), he has, as Dukakis keeps pointing out, a considerable legislative record. (This year, he managed the trade bill, and after the President vetoed it, because of its provision to give workers sixty days' notice of plant closings, he managed a separate plant-closings bill, which the President, to the relief of key Republicans, has decided not to veto. A new trade bill has just been passed, and the President has said he'll sign it. Bentsen also managed a bill to provide catastrophic health care, and a welfare-overhaul bill.) But Bentsen is not to be confused with Lyndon Johnson, a noisy wheeler-dealer; he works quietly and is somewhat aloof. Bentsen, unlike Johnson, was born to wealth, and has a patrician manner—but he is also believed by the Dukakis people to have a strong political organization in Texas, which made him attractive. Bentsen has been trying to get on the ticket one way or another for some time. He made a brief and little-remembered run for the Presidency in 1976, and he was a willing public participant in Walter Mondale's Vice-Presidential selection process. The Dukakis team picked him with inconclusive data on whether he could make the difference in Texas, but hoping that he could help the ticket not only there but also in the other "oil patch" states of Louisiana and Oklahoma, all of which have troubled economies, and that he could persuade moderate and conservative Democrats that Dukakis was nothing to fear. (Bentsen and Dukakis have many policy differences, including over aid to the Contras, support of the MX and Midgetman missiles, school prayer, federal funding for abortions, the death penalty, and gun control.) It is instructive that the first two stops Dukakis and Bentsen made together immediately after the Convention were in south Texas (where both men showed off their Spanish) and in Modesto, California, a swing area. (They also went to North Dakota and Missouri, which have been going Republican.)

When Dukakis says that he will campaign in all fifty states, and the Dukakis people say that he means it and that they will challenge Bush in every state, what they all mean is that they will keep the challenge broad for a while, see what their options are, and narrow down the states in October. At that point, the key decisions about "resource allocation"—the main resources being the candidate's time and television ads—will be made. The talk of going everywhere is, of course, to serve the purpose of trying to keep the Bush people off their feed and to force them to spend their own resources nearly everywhere. Dukakis can be quite determined about where he wants to go: shortly before the large number of contests on March 8th, the campaign organization scheduled a visit to Arkansas. Dukakis said he wanted to go to Idaho (which was also having a contest on that date), and he went to Idaho (which he carried). "He hijacked the plane," says Jack Corrigan, adding, "We present him with a schedule and he changes it. If he says he wants to go to all fifty states, he'll go to all fifty states." Tom Kiley, a Dukakis campaign strategist, said to me in Atlanta, "To an extent never seen before, we're going to run a national campaign. Mike talks about this not only publicly but also privately to us. He says, 'I don't want you ruling out any areas.' He thinks this could be a watershed election—that there could be a regional realignment. He thinks we can win some Western states that Democrats haven't been winning, and, obviously, this Convention is a celebration of the South."

The Dukakis plan is to take the Republicans' presumed advantage in the Electoral College head on, and the choice of Bentsen was part of that plan. Another Dukakis adviser says that "the Electoral College nightmare" for the Democrats is the 1976 election, where with a change in a few votes in a few states Jimmy Carter would have won the popular vote and lost the Electoral College. Therefore, the adviser says, in order to get the necessary two hundred and seventy votes "you have to keep more than four hundred electoral votes in competition at all times—a safety margin that is comfortable—rather than follow the minimalist theory that makes you vulnerable to an all-out assault in one state." And picking Bentsen was a real thumb in the eye to Bush, who claims Texas as his home state, and whom Bentsen defeated for the Senate in 1970. Kiley says, "At the least, Bush will have to spend three million dollars in Texas he hadn't figured on spending there."

JESSE JACKSON'S domination of the news in the days leading up to the Convention, and in its first two days, should not have been a surprise. Causing attention to himself, and disruption, leading to concessions by the disrupted, are Jackson specialties. A major activity of his Operation PUSH (People United to Serve Humanity), in Chicago, was demonstrating against businesses until they gave in and bought Jackson off one way or another. That Jackson's followers have their own needs, which the Party is showing less interest in these days, is not in question; but what Jackson was pushing for just before the Convention had little to do with those needs. Jackson is very good at creating grievances. The only surprise was that the Dukakis camp handed him one.

Just hours before Bentsen was chosen, Jackson said publicly for the first time that he wanted to be the Vice-Presidential nominee. But at the time he said this, at the end of a meeting with Brountas in Washington, he knew—as he had known all along—that it was not in the cards. Moreover, Jackson had privately, among his own advisers, disparaged not only the office of the Vice-Presidency but also Dukakis. It was understood among Jackson's advisers that, since the end of the primaries, he had been talking about his interest in the Vice-Presidency as a way of exercising leverage to exact some other things. It was also a way of keeping attention on himself, and gave him a new cause. But though a number of people around Jackson knew that his seeking the Vice-Presidential nomination was a game, his followers did not. For them it had become—with his encouragement—the test of whether the racial barrier to a black being on a major-party ticket could be broken. That Jackson was not seriously seeking the Vice-Presidential nomination is attested to by the fact that he never submitted the financial information the Dukakis people had requested of all potential running mates. In fact, some people around Jackson, who were in contact with some people around Dukakis, had agreed on a plan whereby one day Jackson would emerge from a meeting with Dukakis and announce that he was grateful for receiving the "serious consideration" he had asked for, but that he didn't want the slot. But this didn't fit into Jackson's scheme, and of course it never happened. Jackson was having far more trouble letting go of the attention and excitement of being a candidate than even those close to him had reckoned on. Meanwhile, Jackson led his people to the top of the mountain—encouraging them in the belief that he should be the Vice-Presidential nominee—and had to figure out how to get them down without his losing face.

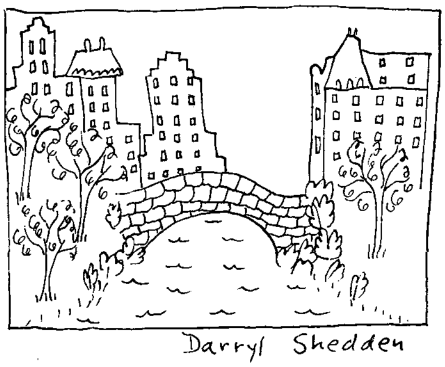


As the time approached to make the Vice-Presidential selection, the Dukakis people were becoming increasingly irritated not only with Jackson's refusal to concede that he had lost the race for the nomination but also his insistence that he be treated as a sort of co-nominee. By this time, the Dukakis camp had already compromised with Jackson on changes in the rules (cutting the number of super-delegates by more than a third and eliminating "winner take all" features of state contests) and had accepted some of Jackson's platform proposals and was engaged in negotiations on others, and Jackson had been promised a speech in prime time (he had given one in prime time in 1984). But Jackson complained that he hadn't been consulted about the choice of the keynote speaker. He said he wanted to discuss the Vice-Presidency "in detail" with Dukakis, and that his reaction if someone else was picked would depend on who the choice was and how it was explained, and that he and Dukakis had to meet to discuss "the partnership" the two must form to win in November.

About ten days before the Dukakis people chose Bentsen, someone who knows Jackson well said to me, in a different context, "What Jesse reacts most to is not being treated in a way he thinks he should be." This person added, "It can be on little things." So when, on the Tuesday morning after they had settled on Bentsen, the Dukakis people failed to get word to Jackson before he heard it, on arriving in Washington from Cincinnati, from a reporter at the airport, they struck him in a dangerous place. For all their explanations of what went wrong—someone didn't give someone the right phone numbers (this was apparently untrue), they missed him in Cincinnati and he was then airborne—it is clear that if it had been important to Dukakis that he get hold of Jackson he would have got hold of him. (The Secret Service could have been used to relay a message.) It is also clear that Dukakis and his people had no intention of letting Jackson even try to exercise a veto right, or of giving him special treatment when it came to informing those who would not be named. Brountas told me in Atlanta, "Governor Dukakis felt they should all be treated equally." (Both Brountas and Dukakis had told Jackson that neither he nor any other possible running mate would have a say on anyone else.) In Atlanta, various Dukakis people described what they had done wrong as failing to reach Jackson before he heard about Bentsen from a reporter—and nothing more. Brountas, in his meeting in Washington with Jackson, did promise him that he would hear about Dukakis's decision before it was made public, and Jackson gave Brountas numbers where he could be reached. It was also made clear to Jackson that he couldn't be considered if he didn't turn in the requisite financial information, and just after that Jackson said publicly that he wanted to be selected as the running mate. It would also seem that the Dukakis people, for all their efficiency, hadn't made tight plans for informing the various aspirants. (Glenn heard about Bentsen on his car radio.) And they clearly didn't think through the consequences of appearing to insult Jackson. Someone close to Jackson says the real problem was that he *was seen* (television cameras were at the airport) hearing about Bentsen from a reporter, and thus felt publicly humiliated. Besides, Jackson did feel that the slight was intentional—and he was probably half right. By the time this happened, even some Jackson advisers thought he was too far out there, making too many demands, and was in danger of being widely seen as overreaching. Now he had an issue, and he used it.

At a press conference he held on Tuesday afternoon, Jackson, restrained but obviously very angry, said, "I'm too controlled, I'm too clear, I'm too mature to be angry" (this sounded like a lesson one or more of his advisers had drilled into him), but he did leave the door open to letting his name be put forward for the Vice-Presidency at the Convention, and said he'd bring about a dozen platform issues to the Convention floor. But Jackson turned his grievance, which was a personal one, into one that had been inflicted on all blacks, and at an N.A.A.C.P. convention that night he made a fiery speech. He ended the speech by shouting, to the cheers and applause of the crowd, "I will never surrender!" and "I may not be on the ticket but I'm qualified!" and, with the crowd joining in, he repeated, "Qualified! Qualified! Qualified!"

The plain truth is that he wasn't, having held no public office or run anything of any size, and not being an especially disciplined person. Jackson may have come in farther back than other runners-up in recent Presidential races, but he didn't choose to play by their rules. All year, Jackson has tried to have it both ways: to be treated as a white candidate would be treated and also to be treated as a special case. He is a protest leader seeking to work within the political system, and the ambivalence of his situation is hard for him as well as others to balance. He pushes at the edges of the system, and sometimes beyond them, and then becomes hurt and angry when it pushes back. Jackson likes to deal in what he calls "creative tension." And he has a special hold on his followers, and he knows it, and he uses it. If his cause turns out at times to have more to do with his personal needs than with their lives, so be it.



And then Dukakis unwittingly played into Jackson's hands further by appearing insensitive about the matter. This was one of those occasions, and an exceptionally unfortunate one, in which Dukakis's back was up. As far as he was concerned, the failure to reach Jackson was just a slipup, no big deal, nothing to apologize for. A speech he gave on Wednesday to the N.A.A.C.P. went over badly: Dukakis seemed not to understand that a large part of his audience (especially after having been whipped up by Jackson) felt hurt and angry, he was grudging and abrupt in his acknowledgment of Jackson, and he seemed not even to know how to talk to blacks. Dukakis has lived a pretty narrow life, centered in the Boston suburb of Brookline, where he grew up and still lives. He has neither travelled nor read widely. (It has been much noted that he once took a book on Swedish land-use planning on a vacation.) His wife has said that she can't recall his ever reading a novel. (Following the Convention, Dukakis did try harder with black audiences.) The most amazing example of his lack of understanding was his saying offhandedly on Wednesday, more than once, that he could understand how the blacks felt because he knew that members of AHEPA, an organization of Greek Americans, would have been disappointed if he had been in the same situation as Jackson.

By this time, and in the next few days, Jackson was complaining that the one-to-one meetings he had been having with Dukakis (there had been four in the latter months of the campaign) had been "superficial," that they needed to talk in depth. These sessions were apparently neither very warm nor productive; Jackson would talk and Dukakis wouldn't respond much—the two men speak different lan-

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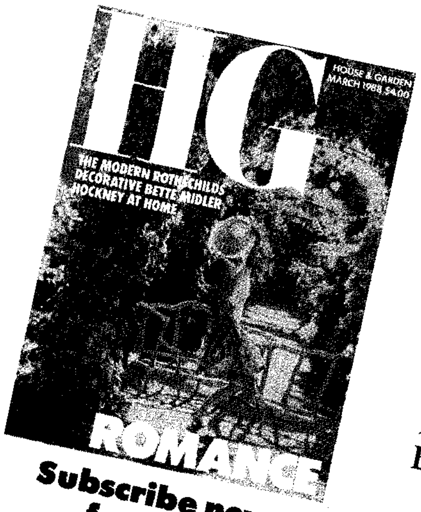

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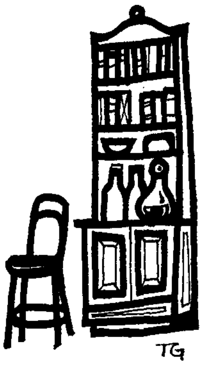
guages. Jackson began voicing aloud his complaints about the dinner that he and his wife had had at the Dukakises on the Fourth of July: the food didn't suit him, the conversation was unsatisfactory, and when he began to tell Dukakis that he wanted the Vice-Presidential nomination they were interrupted by Dukakis's daughters serving ice cream. (As the Dukakises and the Jacksons later watched the Boston Pops, Jackson publicly had a meal brought to him.) The Dukakis people say that Jackson's reference to the Vice-Presidency was fairly general. (As for the food, Kitty Dukakis has said that the menu was checked with Jackson's Chicago office several times.) The Dukakis people had hoped that Jackson would use the Fourth of July dinner as an occasion to take himself out of the running, but Jackson had other thoughts. A number of people who know Jackson, including people close to him, believed that even if he had been called by Dukakis earlier—even before Bentsen was called—Jackson would have found another issue. A black who knows Jackson well said to me at the time, "What this is about is 'stick-up.' Jesse wants a plane. He wants to walk into a meeting with Dukakis and say, 'Stick 'em up.' "

In 1984, Jackson made a fuss until the Mondale campaign—in August—agreed to provide him with a plane and some money to get blacks to register and to vote in November. This time, Jackson was disturbed by press accounts that one of the things he wanted was a plane, but it was true. At his direction, negotiations between the Dukakis and Jackson camps over how many platform disagreements would be brought to the Convention floor were suspended. The Dukakis people quickly denied a press account that Dukakis would meet with Jackson in Atlanta. Even after the missed phone call, they were determined to avoid bilateral negotiations in Atlanta between the Jackson staff and the Dukakis staff on anything other than the Convention program and processes, as well as avoid a meeting between the two top men. The Dukakis people wanted no suggestion that they were being held up by Jackson as Mondale and his people had been at the 1984 Convention, where protracted negotiations had gone on. But after days of phone calls between Bentsen and Jackson (the two men already had a political relationship, and Bentsen had had more experience dealing with coalition politics, and blacks, than Dukakis had), and between Brountas and Jackson, and Dukakis and Jackson, and between other advisers, what the Dukakis people ended up with was protracted negotiations in Atlanta between the two staffs and a meeting there between Jackson and Dukakis.

Jackson, meanwhile, had to begin to turn around, because he had no option but to end up supporting Dukakis by the end of the Convention. At the same time, Jackson had to be able to say to his followers that his protest had not been in vain. So as he rode in his highly publicized bus caravan from Chicago to Atlanta in the days preceding the Convention, he began to send out signals that he could be dealt with, but on his terms. Sounding every bit as if he still considered himself the co-nominee, he said he wanted to be part of "the equation," that he wanted a "partnership" with Dukakis "based on shared responsibility," that he wanted "a seat at the table." (He had already begun to say that if he was to be a "vote picker" he wanted to "sit in the big house.") The Dukakis people were having trouble understanding what this was all about. One said to me in Atlanta before the Convention, "We're linear." Brountas said to me in Atlanta, "The reaction to the choice of Bentsen surprised us a little. Reverend Jackson was very serious about the idea that he had earned the right to be asked. Until Monday he hadn't indicated he would accept. Meanwhile, he was talking very enthusiastically, and his people were very disappointed."



Over the weekend before the Convention, Jackson's representatives in Atlanta, meeting with Dukakis advisers, were making a number of demands, including that Jackson have a role in the transition process if Dukakis is elected; that Jackson have full access to Dukakis if he becomes President; that Jackson be a full partner in the choice of the next chairman of the Democratic National Committee (the Jackson representatives took a run at getting Paul Kirk, the current chairman, replaced after the Convention, but the Dukakis people wouldn't have it, saying that Dukakis had made a public commitment to Kirk for the remainder of his term, which ends in January); and that Jackson supporters be given positions in the D.N.C. They were also discussing jobs for Jackson people in the Dukakis campaign. The Dukakis people say that they refused to discuss anything beyond the election. But the two sides did come to terms on a number of things (not all of which have become public): providing Jackson with a plane and a budget (reportedly five million dollars) for the fall campaign, jobs for some of Jackson's people in the campaign, and new positions for Jackson supporters in the D.N.C. (There is developing a tradition of Democratic candidates' yielding Party changes to Jackson that will affect the next election.) Brountas said to me in Atlanta, in the course of that weekend, that it was premature to talk to Jackson about a role in the transition, and that, as for constant access to a President Dukakis, "we didn't get into that. We said that in the course of the campaign there would be consultation and communication at all levels. If we win, the other things follow naturally." The Dukakis people say, credibly, that they had planned all along to bring some Jackson people into the campaign, but they had resisted discussing this before the Convention was over. The price for the missed phone call was new positions in the D.N.C.; the meetings, in Atlanta, past midnight, of the two staffs; and the meeting, on Monday morning, between Jackson and Dukakis. Meanwhile, the big story in Atlanta over the weekend had become: When would Dukakis and Jackson meet? Thus, Jackson continued to dominate the scene, and he played it for all he could. In the end, it did get down to the question that Jackson all year had hated: "What does Jesse want?" Addressing a black church on Sunday, Jackson revealed some important parts of his philosophy: "It's not over until it's over, and then it's not over." He also said, "The race goes to those who hold out." But he was at that point a protest candidate without a great deal to protest about.

After the three-hour breakfast Monday morning, to which Dukakis brought Brountas and Jackson brought Ron Brown, his Convention manager, and which Bentsen later joined, to help with the healing, Jackson, Dukakis, and Bentsen held a jammed press conference at the Hyatt Regency, Dukakis's headquarters hotel. The breakfast was something of an encounter session, at which Dukakis and Jackson spent some time getting things off their chests. The agreement, which Dukakis and his advisers vigorously denied was a "deal," had been worked out beforehand by the staffs, and from all reports Dukakis firmly refused to discuss anything beyond the election. But Dukakis did say, at the press conference, in the course of praising Jackson, that he was "a great leader, an inspirational leader, who has inspired millions and millions of people to become a part of American politics—and, we hope, beginning in January, a part of American government." Dukakis was deliberately vague about just what had been agreed upon, and Jackson, who has a very expressive face, looked for most of the time quite unhappy. At the breakfast, he had told Dukakis that by "partnership" he had meant being "part of," and in an interview later that day he said, "In my part of the country, partnership does not mean lawyers and papers. It means being friends, sharing the work and sharing the responsibility." Jackson also said that he had won Dukakis's agreement to seek certain legislative goals—which Brountas later told reporters were things Dukakis already backed. Having Bentsen also at the press conference was to head off photos of only Dukakis and Jackson, but gave rise to charges by Republicans, who had hoped that Jackson would disrupt the Convention and turn off white voters, that the Democratic ticket was a "troika." Several Democrats were left wondering how long the truce with Jackson would last. Meanwhile, the Dukakis campaign had lost a week's time.

THERE were an uncommon number of parties surrounding the Convention, in part because Atlantans were intent on being hospitable, in part because everything about Conventions seems to grow exponentially. Ted Turner, of CNN, threw a bash Sunday night at which the Dukakises, the Bentsens, and the Jimmy Carters showed up. Carter used the propinquity of the Convention to propel his resurrection, and was very much on display. At the Turner party, Dukakis made some remarks that fell completely flat. A reception that a Washington law firm had planned to hold on Monday for Bentsen had to be moved to a larger room because of the firm's good fortune in its choice of guest of honor.

SOME tension remained all week among the various groups that were simultaneously choreographing the Convention: the Democratic National Committee, some Hollywood producers whom the D.N.C. had brought in to apply some show-biz know-how and glitz, and Dukakis people who were trying to tone down the glitz. By the time the Dukakis people got into it, a number of decisions had already been made, and the Convention hall had been turned into a stage set for television. The ludicrously large podium (in the too small hall) made the speakers look tiny, and the salmon, eggshell, and azure colors, which replaced red, white, and blue because they supposedly looked better on television, made it look as if the Party had been victimized by a decorator. On television, they came across as salmon, eggshell, and azure—next to which the red Jackson placards and the blue Dukakis placards were a welcome sight.

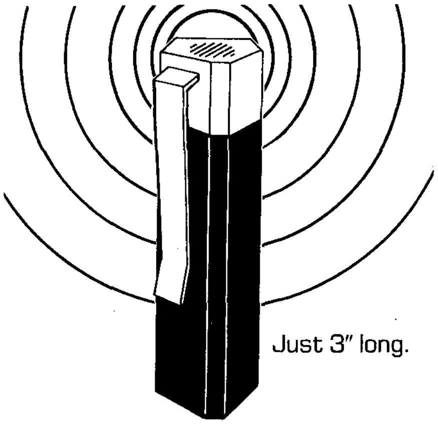
PART of the Dukakis strategy is to have others take Bush on frontally while Dukakis (for as long as possible) remains above all that and discusses "issues." Another part of the strategy is to try to make the election turn on the persons of Bush and Dukakis, on the theory, which is based on poll data, that people will see Bush as the weaker leader. Thus, on Monday night Ann Richards, the keynote speaker, roasted Bush—in her deep Texas accent and with perfect timing. ("Poooor George." Pause. "He can't help it." Pause. "He was born with a silver foot in his mouth.") Calling Bush "George," which came across as a wimp name, was part of ridiculing him, and ridiculing him was part of trying to make him look hapless. The other most memorable line of the Convention was the "Where was George?" refrain that Edward Kennedy got the audience, which was having a whale of a time, to join him in as he recited various Reagan Administration mishaps. The Dukakis polling suggests that people are much more concerned about the Iran-Contra affair, and whatever Bush's role in it was, than they are about the Administration's tortuous relationship with the Panamanian leader Manuel Antonio Noriega (who is still in power). The Dukakis people will use the drug issue—arguing that an increase in imports occurred while Bush was chairman of the South Florida Crime Task Force—to point up what they want people to see as Bush's ineffectiveness.

The Dukakis people say, and obviously hope, that the election will turn on domestic issues, and not foreign policy, where Dukakis is vulnerable. (Polls show that people have more confidence in Bush than in Dukakis in handling foreign policy, an advantage the Republicans are determined to exploit.) They say, and obviously hope, that people are uneasy about their economic future despite the continuing recovery, which is now in its sixty-seventh month, and despite the fact that unemployment is lower than it has been since 1974. (The current drought could also be a political burden for the Republicans.) While polls do indicate that there is a substantial amount of economic anxiety, the Administration's economic news continues to be good—especially if one ignores the huge debts the United States has piled up. (The forced decline in the value of the dollar has begun to lower the trade deficit and rising exports have had a boosting effect on the economy, but we still have to borrow huge amounts from abroad.) Interest rates are low; the shadow of inflation is beginning to appear, but most people doubt that the Administration or the Federal Reserve Board would do anything about this until after the election. But the recovery has been uneven, and Bentsen, using a phrase Dukakis has taken to, has described the economy as "Swiss cheese." (The Republicans are currently running a four-million-dollar ad campaign aimed at reminding people how bad things were under Carter.) The Dukakis people know that Bush's attacks on Massachusetts' prison-furlough program and on Dukakis's vetoing a bill requiring that schoolchildren recite the Pledge of Allegiance, and on Dukakis's opposition to the death penalty, did take their toll and caused Dukakis's lead in the polls to shrink, or all but disappear, in the little more than two weeks before the Convention. (Bush calls Dukakis "a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U.") Some Dukakis advisers say (but not all agree), and hope, that Bush has shot his wad on these issues, having used them so early in the campaign. But the Bush campaign can be expected to run ads on them. This week's flap, which the Bush people (and Reagan) helped stir up, over whether Dukakis had ever seen a psychiatrist—he said flatly that he hadn't—is an omen of the kind of campaign we're in for.

The Dukakis people know that the Bush campaign will rely heavily on the issues of peace and prosperity, which is one reason they hope to keep the question centered on the comparison of the two men—on, as the Dukakis people say, "which man better understands the problems of the average American." (In the course of the Convention, it even appeared that the Iran-Iraq war might end, as Iran agreed to a United Nations resolution calling for peace.) In Atlanta, Susan Estrich said to me, "What we're trying to do here, in addition to reaching out to loyal Democrats, is reach at home the swing Democrats, the Reagan Democrats. So we're focussing on questions people have about their economic future, trying to show that we're people who understand the American dream—about health care, housing, jobs—versus a candidate who doesn't understand those concerns, doesn't speak to or for average Americans." At the Convention and in the campaign, Estrich said, the emphasis would be on Dukakis's own story as an immigrant's son (Dukakis never used to talk about this), and on "basic values—family, patriotism, public service, integrity." Not everyone around Dukakis feels that, though he recites lists of needs that must be met, he conveys a feeling that he understands these problems. This, too, could be a result of the fact that he hasn't seen much of life; it also comes from his cool personality. (In any event, they do feel that Dukakis is better at this than Bush is.) Both candidates are talking about change, but Dukakis, inevitably, is talking about more change than Bush can. One Dukakis adviser said to me in Atlanta that he thinks that "in elections people think in large terms about change early and then sober up." He went on, "If in October people say 'Things could be worse,' it will take all our wits to say convincingly, 'Things can be better without taking great risk.' "

The Dukakis campaign agenda is a decidedly middle-class one. For the time being, at least, the Democrats (with many exceptions, of course) have had it with liberalism, think it is a loser (see the 1984 election), and even try to avoid the word. Dukakis, like many of his contemporaries, describes himself as "progressive." He is in fact part of a generation of Democrats (with exceptions) who would rather not deal in ideology, and offer themselves as pragmatic "doers." This group includes several of Dukakis's contemporary governors, as well as some of the younger members of Congress. One of the governors, Bill Clinton, of Arkansas, was selected by the Dukakis people to give the sole nominating speech (usually there are nominating and seconding speeches), in order to describe Dukakis's credentials to the nation, which barely knew him. But the speech disastrously misfired—it was dense and cerebral as well as overly long, not the sort of speech one gives to a political convention. (The Dukakis people, trying to help Clinton out the next day, said that they had gone over the speech and found it fine—they did say that the first draft, which they worked over, had been even longer and denser, with a great deal about international economics—and that so had Dukakis. This was not promising.) Dukakis is a liberal, but current economic as well as political realities are a deterrent to espousing liberal programs.

Because of that, and because the fight in this election is presumed to be over Democrats who voted for Reagan and over independents—and because the Democratic Party has its own heavy baggage—those parts of the Convention that the Dukakis people could control were as lacking in ideology, and aimed at the middle class, as possible. The Democrats are going after people who live in the suburbs, if not the most affluent ones; they are aiming at middle-income and lower-middle-income workers, blue collar or in service jobs, who are presumed to be not very interested in politics, and concerned with immediate matters. A Dukakis adviser says, "You have to communicate to those people more around economic issues and leadership—that defines a Presidential



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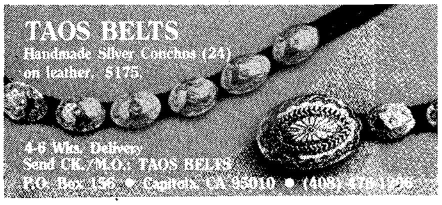
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campaign—and less around a checklist of issues." Thus, there was a lot of talk, starting with Ann Richards, about two-income families struggling to make ends meet, worrying about their children's education and about paying for long-term health care for their parents. And there was a great deal of emphasis on "the family," which as the week went on became as syrupy as it was lacking in any real meaning. Democrats had been seen as having turned their back on "family values." Reagan, in 1980, had got there first. So as little as possible was said all week about abortion and homosexuality, and the Democrats, newly tamed, went along. Paul Kirk, after he became chairman, in 1985, had led the way to diminishing the Party's factionalism by abolishing the Party's various constituency-group caucuses. (He was also successful in discouraging interest-group endorsements of candidates.) Polling done for the D.N.C. this year found, nonetheless, that people questioned the Democrats' competence to manage the government again, and so a major goal all week was to show that *they could run a Convention.* Another burden the Democrats carry, according to the Party's own polling, is that they are seen as having been, when they last held office, naïve on foreign policy as well as unable to manage the economy. This is a major reason the Dukakis campaign places so much emphasis on portraying Dukakis as the competent manager. The Dukakis people hope that their candidate's qualities of steadiness and predictability, his self-assurance will help people over the hurdle of *choosing him to manage the economy* and, despite some positions Dukakis has taken and despite his inexperience, foreign policy. (The self-assurance can also come across as excessive. It can also get in the way of something some Dukakis advisers feel their candidate still has to do—spend more time learning about foreign policy. But Dukakis is, by many accounts, a very stubborn man.) The "unity" that the Democrats struggled for at the Convention, and that the Dukakis people talked about so much, had an external as well as internal purpose: to show the world that the Democrats can at least manage their own affairs. There was also a great deal of emphasis on Dukakis as the son of immigrants, a shining example of "the American dream." But the relevance of Dukakis's own story to

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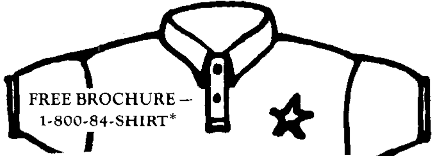

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that of struggling middle-class Americans was never quite clear, since it was his parents who had struggled to achieve, while he was born to relative comfort, and his parents could afford to send him to Swarthmore and Harvard Law School. (However, there can be no doubt that Dukakis is an achiever.)

Tom Kiley said to me in Atlanta, "There is a feeling among the American people that things have been neglected—investments we should be making in people, in children." He added that the two words that get the strongest negative reaction are "foreign competition"—people feel that we aren't fighting back—and that this mitigates the Republicans' argument that things are going well. Irwin (Tubby) Harrison, Dukakis's pollster, said to me in Atlanta, "The election is coming down to two issues: though unemployment is low, a great many people feel uncertain about their economic future; and, despite the talk of 'standing tall,' that America has receded internationally." Harrison added, "When you ask what is the greater threat, the Soviet Union or Japan, it's Japan two to one." As for all the talk about people being concerned about their children's economic future, Harrison said, "For most people the future is tomorrow morning—it's a more immediate concern. They're told about the good economic figures, but they aren't seeing it in their own lives." Another Dukakis adviser says, "Bush says that things are going well, that they could be worse; Dukakis in similarly vague and thematic terms says things can be better. If that's the debate, we win." The Democrats will remain vague and thematic, this person said, "because we have little choice, because of the deficit." Thus, this person said, the electorate wants to be told that the deficit will be reduced and that taxes won't be raised—and at the same time that something will be done to solve the problems of education, of child care (a new, hot issue), of housing, and of long-term medical care.

The middle-class agenda, a Dukakis adviser said, is back with a vengeance; before, it was the poor who were all the rage. Kiley, for one, explained that this change was the result of eight years of Reaganism, in which middle-class needs weren't met and the "axis of resentment" shifted away from the poor—who were seen as "special interests" indulged by the Democrats (which led to big government)—to the wealthy, who are seen as having been indulged by Reagan. But the Democrats are still competing on Reagan's terms, and those terms include a political consensus that the Democratic Party can't talk very much about the needs of the poor and win the election. Even Tip O'Neill said to reporters at the Convention, "We really got too far off to the left, to be perfectly truthful." Now the Party that had for so long prided itself on championing the cause of blacks is trying to be less identified with blacks, while still retaining their loyalty. This is a difficult exercise, and one that makes a number of white Democrats, including some who advise Dukakis, uncomfortable. Democrats, including Dukakis, try to bridge the divide by talking about "economic opportunity," improvements in education, and, as Dukakis says, "decent and affordable housing for everyone," not specifying the intended beneficiaries. Dukakis talks a lot less than he used to about the homeless, or about hunger. But of course there is no way all these needs can be met for the poor and the middle class, given the budget deficit and given current political realities.

JESSE JACKSON is aware of this tension between the Party's constituencies, and has put himself forth as the leader of the "progressive wing" of the Party. (When Bentsen was chosen, Jackson began to say that he represented one wing of the Party and Bentsen another, and "it takes two wings to fly.") Though this situation is felt by many to help Dukakis by making him appear more moderate than he is, the tension within the Party could cause continuing difficulties—including when, if he does, Dukakis has to govern. Jackson has already begun to push at Dukakis, saying last week that he was still unsure of the ticket's commitment to meeting the concerns of his supporters. One of the platform issues Jackson took to the Convention floor (having reached agreement with the Dukakis people on vague wording on various Jackson proposals calling for more spending for certain programs) revealed the tension behind the unity of the Democratic Party. (The platform remained brief but still had a lot of goodies in it for the Party's interest groups.) Because the Dukakis campaign was loath to have the Party say anything suggesting that taxes might be raised, it opposed and succeeded in defeating Jackson's proposal that taxes be raised on the wealthy. The Dukakis people met their immediate political needs, but it was still strange to see the Democratic Party reject a proposal to raise taxes on the wealthy. Jackson's other proposal that came to a vote—that the United States should abjure first use of nuclear weapons—was also defeated, after a debate that became tangled in ideology and some confusion over what the whole thing was about. A third proposal, calling for recognition of a Palestinian state, was debated but not voted upon; this partial consideration of the controversial proposal was the result of a compromise within the Jackson camp, as well as between the Dukakis and Jackson camps.

Judith Shahn

Jackson's speech to the Convention, while effective and in parts dramatic, was not nearly as electrifying as the one he gave in 1984 ("God is not finished with me yet"), and the audience was not as ecstatic as it was four years ago. Jackson came over forcefully on television, but in the hall it seemed that he was out of gas—intellectually, emotionally, physically. He is so talented a speaker, and has worked up so much material over the years, and he knows so well how to speak from and to the soul, that he could still put together a strong speech that captured many people. But he seemed spent (as well as distracted by a failed teleprompter), strayed far from his text, and pieced together a speech composed of a hodgepodge of his greatest hits from the campaign trail. To many people who had not heard him much, this was plenty good enough. After being introduced by his five children, Jackson talked of the importance of finding "common ground," repeating the phrase several times, and praised Dukakis in a constricted kind of way. ("I've watched a good mind fast at work, with steel nerves. . . . I've watched his perspective grow as his environment has expanded. . . . I know his commitment to public service.") He also said, "His foreparents came to America on immigrant ships. My foreparents came to America on slave ships. But whatever the original ships, we're in the same boat tonight." He spoke, as he often did in the campaign, about his own early life, making it sound more wretched than it apparently was, and he spoke movingly, as he often does, about the poor. Jackson, as he often is, was part poetry and part demagoguery. And he concluded with a chant he had been using frequently: "Keep hope alive! Keep hope alive! Keep hope alive!"

THE idea of having Olympia Dukakis, the award-winning actress, introduce her cousin, the candidate, was to have her get people past Dukakis's image as a technocrat, to tell people about his roots. In her short speech, and in the film she had made to accompany her speech, she was boffo—coming across as a warm, gemütlich Greek, the sort of person one would love to have as a cousin or an aunt, and her warmth spread to the image of Michael Dukakis. (If she loves him so, he must be O.K.) To further the image of Dukakis as a frugal man who would not waste the taxpayers' money, Olympia Dukakis, in the film, showed off his twenty-five-year-old snowblower, saying, "I say Michael gives the word 'frugal' new dimension."

Dukakis's entry into the hall from one side of the Convention floor was a stagy attempt to show him as a man of the people. (Jimmy Carter had done the same thing in 1976.) The audience was to look for him, as it would a prizefighter. The campaign considered but rejected as too hokey the theme from "Rocky" to accompany his entrance. Instead, it used Neil Diamond's "Coming to America," which has now evolved into the campaign theme song, because of both its immigrant theme and its pulsating, energetic beat. When Dukakis reached the podium and accepted the crowd's cheers, there could be no question that he was moved by the situation, and this feeling penetrated and lifted his speaking ability. The shake of his large head was familiar, but the glow the occasion brought to his face seemed new. He had been good at speaking before, but perhaps not that good—and his rising to the occasion, his giving off a sense of command, seemed to both relieve and energize the Convention audience. Until then, its attitude toward Dukakis had seemed like that of someone entering into an arranged marriage: everyone says it's the right thing to do but your heart's not in it. And, for all the cheering that the Convention audience did for Dukakis—with many of the cheers and chants seeming orchestrated and somewhat synthetic (the Dukakis campaign kept tight control over the Convention from a trailer parked just outside)—the cheers didn't seem to come from the gut. The audience seemed happy, but not frenzied, as Convention audiences can become.

Once again, Dukakis, the mechanic, described the race for the Presidency as "a marathon." He described himself as a product of "the American dream," and, with a slight catch in his voice, talked about his parents. He talked, as he had at times in the campaign, about "the next American frontier," and, as he so often had, about "good jobs at good wages." Trying to ward off any unwelcome labels, he said, "This election is not about ideology, it's about competence." This wasn't a great line; "competence" is a clunker of a word, it doesn't lift. Besides, competence can be used for good or ill. There was in fact little in the speech that was memorable. He made a little joke about his frugality; Dukakis still isn't long on humor, but he's making more of an effort, and the campaign has two jokesmiths helping out. The speech was upbeat and positive, calling for "a new era of greatness," "the idea of community," and stressing the importance of economic opportunity. He talked a good bit about standards—trying to draw a contrast with the Reagan era. ("It's time to raise our sights.") He talked about lighting "fires of innovation and enterprise from coast to coast," and about making Americans "proud of their government." He got in a few political shots, questioning Bush's role in the Iran-Contra affair, and saying—as Richard Nixon had in 1968—that he would get a new Attorney General. (In fact, by this time Edwin Meese had announced he would resign, saying that the report of the Independent Counsel, which he had received but which remained private until the week of the Convention, had "vindicated" him. When the report was released, it said that Meese had probably broken the law, but would not be prosecuted, on two matters—filing a false tax return understating taxes he owed

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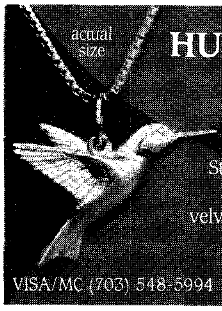

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to the government, and violating federal conflict-of-interest laws, by participating in a Justice Department review of telecommunications policy at a time when he held stock in telephone companies. The report said that there was "insufficient evidence" that Meese had taken bribes or gratuities in the Wedtech scandal, or that he had violated the law against bribing foreign officials, in the case of the Iraqi pipeline. To replace Meese, the President had already selected former Governor Richard Thornburgh, of Pennsylvania.)

Dukakis also went through a long list of expensive things he said should be achieved (and spoke a little Spanish), giving no price or method of payment, of course, evading the question of cost by saying that these things would be "goals" and suggesting that some of these goals would be met by non-government sectors: give people on welfare the training and the child care they need; "invest in our urban neighborhoods;" "revitalize small town and rural America;" "give our farm families a price they can live on;" "decent and affordable housing for every family," and he did talk about ending "the shame of homelessness." He also called for legislation to provide "basic health insurance for every family in America." He paid tribute to teachers, which appealed to the members of teachers' unions in the audience. He talked little about defense or foreign policy, but he did praise Reagan for having "set the stage for deep cuts in nuclear arms." He said, "We can do a lot more to bring peace to Central America," and also said that this election is "not about overthrowing governments in Central America." (The recent Sandinista crackdown on the opposition in Nicaragua led Republicans and the Administration to promote once more legislation to give military aid to the Contras. The Republicans enjoy the prospect of Bentsen, who has supported such aid, having to decide whether to vote with his Senate record—he is also up for reëlection this year—or with his Presidential candidate. Bentsen has said he would vote for the aid.) Toward the end, Dukakis returned to the theme of family, mentioning Ann Richards' family, Jackson's family, and his own family—coyly saying that he would have a grandchild around the time of the Inauguration. And he ended effec-

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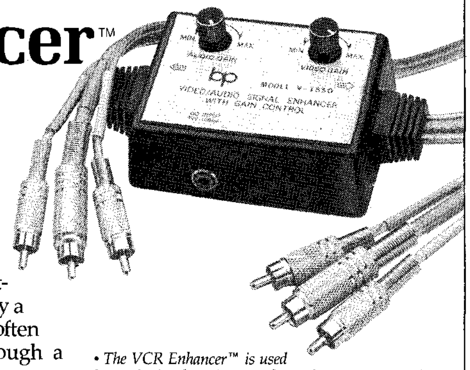
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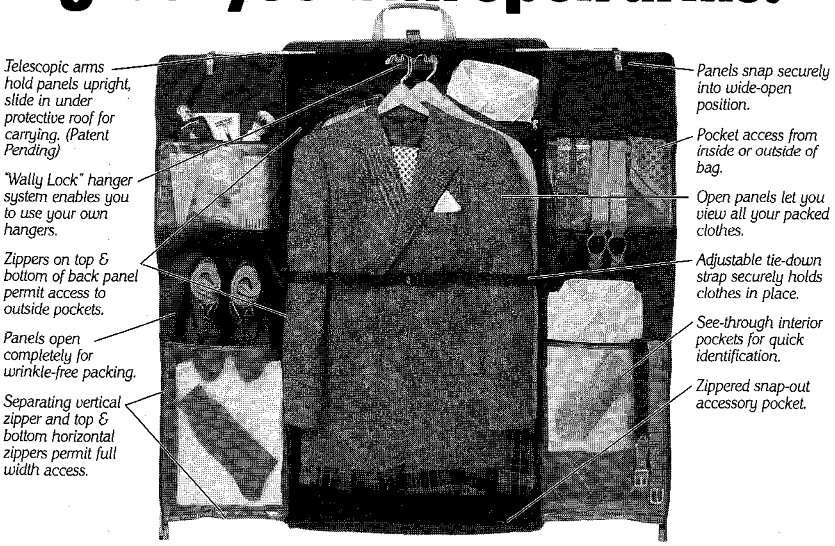
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tively, coming back to the idea of "marathon," relating it to ancient Greece and the oath that the citizens of Athens took long ago: "We will never bring disgrace to this, our country, by any act of dishonesty or of cowardice. . . . We will transmit this country greater, stronger, prouder and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

As Jim Wright, the betroubled House Speaker, who, as chairman of the Convention, presided over the proceedings more than many Democrats would have liked him to but not more than many House members expected him to (there were also four co-chairmen), acted as master of ceremonies, a large number of people were brought onto the podium. First, there was Kitty Dukakis, and then the rest of the Dukakis family; then the Bentsens and their family; then the Jacksons and their family. The Dukakis people had spent hours working out this podium tableau of "unity," and told the Jackson camp point blank that there was to be no opportunity for a "three-shot" of Dukakis, Bentsen, and Jackson. The other Presidential candidates and their wives were announced (Joseph Biden is still recuperating from surgery, and Gary Hart was made to feel unwelcome, and went home early), as were numerous other Party luminaries. Before long, the podium was a mob scene. The people on the podium and in the audience waved little American flags as the balloons and the Mylar confetti fell and the band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Jackson managed to maneuver so that there was an opportunity for a photograph of the Dukakises, the Bentsens, and the Jacksons, which was on the front page of several papers the next day.

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POPULAR MUSIC

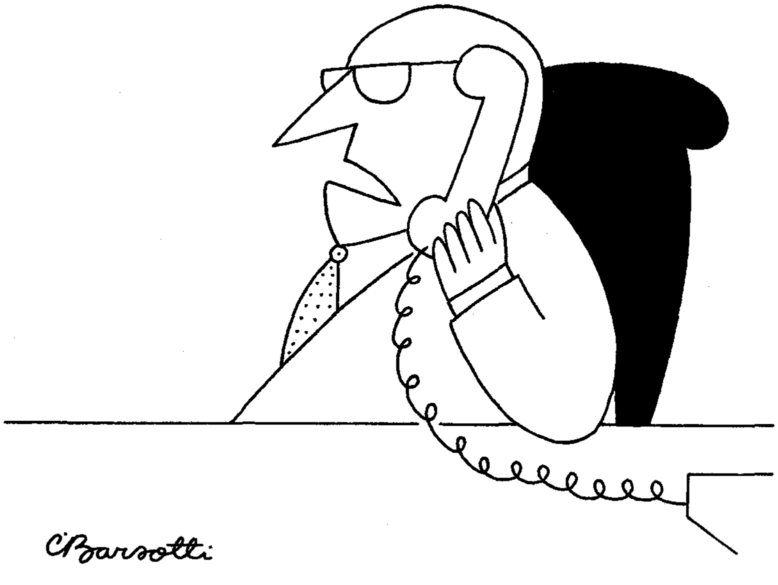
Dirty Mind

THE response last year to Prince's "Sign 'O' the Times"—warm critical praise and lukewarm chart success—marked the latest step in his transformation from megastar to the kind of large-scale cult performer who is free to do whatever he pleases, and both he and we are probably better off for it. After 1984's "Purple Rain" album and movie (known to its detractors as "Royal Pain"), he rushed out the curiouser-and-curiouser "Around the World in a Day," which laid neo-psychedelic overproduction on top of the thinly pulsating grooves that have become his trademark. (For all the album's annoying clutter, one song, "Raspberry Beret," communicated as much wit and euphoria as anything on "Sgt. Pepper," the album it was meant to take off from.) "Parade," unfortunately having to support the 1986 cinematic bomb "Under the Cherry Moon," found Prince and his band, the Revolution, fooling around to better effect—particularly on "Kiss," where Prince becomes Little Richard and his band becomes the Famous Flames, and "Girls & Boys," an entrancing piece of slow funk pushed along by a saxophone line that could have been recorded thirty years before. These are by no means stellar records; often what comes through is just the strain of thinking up something novel, not the fun of experimentation. But as efforts to avoid repeating the familiar highs of "Purple Rain," which now stands as Prince's shining pop moment, they have a grubby, whacked-out integrity, especially evident in the obsessive density of instrumental mixes that cram in riffs and growls and asides to the hilt.

On "Sign 'O' the Times," all this desultory sonic energy jells consistently in the course of the album's two records. The spare title track could have come across as a recitation of doomy headlines (about AIDS, the Challenger disaster, crack), but the cold blues of the song's guitar and the lurch of its mechanical rhythm make the phrases convey nothing but fear. The two large-scale R. & B. ravers, "Housequake" and "It's Gonna Be a Beautiful Night," show a rhythmic breadth and a feeling of band interplay that are rare in Prince's usual one-man studio displays. And while "U Got the Look" momentarily transforms Sheena Easton into a wild-eyed rocker, the song "It" manages to turn a crummy two-note electronic hum into a bona-fide melodic hook. (There's something fetching about how Prince treats Easton with more respect than her career has led her to deserve; maybe he knows something we don't.) Throughout the album, there are solid hints of a new emotional generosity: "If I Was Your Girlfriend" is an almost pathetically tender piece of sex-role reversal; "Adore" is a big, tortuously styled soul ballad that shows off Prince's finest, freest vocalizing. Granted, some of the aggressive layering of the settings can be distracting; for example, the electric sitar threading through "The Cross" makes the song sound musty, though its message is tough. But sometimes the quotations from an earlier musical era are dead accurate: "Adore" catalogues the vocal tics and the slippery, shy sexual ambiguity of a slew of seventies falsetto soul men with a thoroughness that removes all doubt about Prince's being their proper heir.

At such moments, when all the elements of a song coalesce with what seems inevitability, Prince seems the self-conscious culmination of every dream that rock and roll has ever had about itself: from the racial and sexual integration of his bands, through his broad knowledge of black and white musical history, to the renewed promise of sexual thrills. Proving himself the precocious master of every seventies R. & B. move on his second album, 1979's "Prince," and going on to take in punk and the most nervous brand of rockabilly on 1980's "Dirty Mind," he willed himself into becoming this decade's most interesting, least tractable major star. Yet, for all his ambition, Prince seems a more fitting wayward eccentric than pop standard-bearer. On his new "Lovesexy" (Paisley Park), he gives us the most dissolute batch of songs in his entire career, and a band lineup that may be the most exciting he has ever worked with. (This is much the same band he worked with in the excellent concert film "Sign 'O' the Times," which featured a credible version of Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time," of all things.) Pandemonium has always been Prince's métier, and here on the title track and the opener, "Eye No," the melodies start and shut down with an abruptness that recalls the sharp, bitter turns of bebop but lacks the accompanying cascade of ideas. With the forward motion of the rhythms—nearly all of it provided by the drummer, Sheila E., who manages to transfer the detail of her earlier work on timbals and congas to the trap set—the music itself feels static, overworked, concocted of frills. There may be enough rhythmic digression here to sustain most careers, never mind albums, but it usually points nowhere except back toward itself.

It would surely help the songs if Prince's



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lyrics did not emanate from somewhere on high, but "Lovesexy," like 1981's often dreary "Controversy," finds him pontificating to the faithful rather than writing the perfectly scaled miniatures that "Sign 'O' the Times" is full of. Prince may be the latest in a long line of soul men befuddled by the contradictions of divine and secular love which arise from the black-church tradition, but, unlike his predecessors, he has never been able to make his supposed dilemma believable, make it more than the dutiful fulfillment of a minimum daily requirement of religious lip service. Prince makes a pale object of pity, and on "Eye No," "Anna Stesia," and "I Wish U Heaven" even his impulsive vocals can't animate lyrics as schematic as "Love is God/ God is Love" (from "Anna Stesia"). What's worse is that by now—at least since the famously awful dialogue between Prince and God on "Temptation," from "Around the World in a Day"—fans have come to expect this philosophical junk as a necessary part of his act, as if it validated his rampant sexuality. There's something about the way a rotten line like "Have you had your plus sign today?" (from "Positivity," a future One-A-Day Vitamin jingle) sticks in your craw that makes you forget all about the calculated outrage of the notorious nude photo that adorns "Lovesexy." (By the way, it's worth noting that Prince appeared nude—on a winged white horse, no less—on his second album, back when no one, not even K mart, cared.)

The bubbling-over percussiveness and the cropped melodic phrasing that dominate "Lovesexy" combine to good effect on two tracks. The single "Alphabet St." has a clear, clean latticework of beats crushing up against some sharp, jumpy guitar strokes; its jittery strut evokes nothing so complex as a leisurely stroll down the avenue at the first hint of spring. (Oh, yes, it does evoke, by virtue of its title and that chattering guitar, the Jackson 5's "ABC.") "Dance On" is a broken-up garage rocker rearranged according to the measured stutter of Sheila E.'s drumming. Everything about the song seems backward, or even missing: there's barely a whisper of guitar, and when the requisite high-pitched organ comes rolling in, you hear it as the call of a faraway police siren rather than as an invitation to the dance floor. In both of these trim songs, you can feel the air blowing through the arrangements, and though they, like so many of Prince's songs, are little more than deft, tightly reined-in collages, they breathe a sense of exploration which has been bled out of the album's other tracks.

"Lovesexy" was not intended to be the follow-up to "Sign 'O' the Times." A collection of big-band funk workouts called "The Black Album" was scheduled for release last fall, but Prince may have been scared of the album's lasciviousness (or, maybe, its departure from his other work), and held it back. (Recently, he has renounced that album as "evil"—a move that explains the dull, conciliatory namby-pambyism of "Lovesexy.") As happens with most unofficial work, bootleg copies of "The Black Album" have surfaced, and it's difficult to tell why Prince should want to suppress the most jagged funk of his career in favor of the scattershot "Lovesexy." (The only song the two albums share is the drippy ballad "When 2 R in Love.") "The Black Album" makes it clearer than ever that Prince's great unrecognized gift lies in his work as a bandleader—in his ability to organize and direct a rhythm with unusual force, and to add the small, unexpected accents that make that rhythm drive and shake. As lyric-and-tune, these songs aren't much, but they weren't meant to be, and the reliance on the rhythm section's hard shove frees Prince from needing to make anything but the most cursory commands in "Le Grind" and "Rock Hard in a Funky Place." Often the fat downbeat that anchors most of the songs makes it difficult to differentiate between their grooves (they all seem to derive from "D.M.S.R.," on the album "1999," and "Housequake"), but, except for a couple of digressions ("When 2 R in Love" and the vigilante fantasy "Bob George"), the album sounds like one long dance track, with horn blasts and screams escalating and repeating and falling away throughout.

A self-appointed successor in the lineage of R. & B. bandmasters that stretches from James Brown, through Sly Stone, to George Clinton, Prince is somehow diminished by their shadows even though he seems as emblematic of his time as they did of theirs. On "The Black Album," the loose, limber motions of earlier eras are solidified into a single-minded trudge that doesn't have much give. Prince doesn't have Brown's Latin-derived delicacy or Clinton's fluency with chaos—all he has is the methodical sound of a fist hitting a table every few seconds. And that mechanical violence is what gives "The Black Album" so much of its dark, nagging power. Prince has never had much of a sense of humor, so what his form of party music conveys is not an openhearted good time but just compulsion—anything to fill in the empty spaces between those beats. The pursuit of sex, of release, becomes tantamount to finding the perfect riff.

One of Prince's signature achievements is his compression of everything he lays his hands on. In the high flights of the falsetto singing that dominated his early career you don't hear much yearning, simply a shrill ardor. On "Dirty Mind," "Controversy," and "1999," he applied a punkish curtness to the usually long, discursive bass lines of late-seventies funk, cutting up the movements with a thug's impatience. In the scavenger spirit that has guided so much eighties music, Prince can make music out of next to nothing—he could have a hit single using only his elastic voice and the clomp of his footsteps. To people who think that rap and hip-hop are barbaric and are bored with the smooth seductions of an ever-lengthening line of matinée-idol balladeers, his rhythmic risks and melodic boldness convey the kind of pop concision that R. & B. hasn't much cared about since the early seventies; they are the testimony of an after-the-fact formalist in an age when no one else has the patience, or the stamina, to pick up the pieces. And so, in a landscape of debris, he stands as the wobbly scarecrow at the top of the junk heap, his straw arms jutting out of another man's clothes as he dotes over old records that nobody else can quite remember.

—Mark Moses

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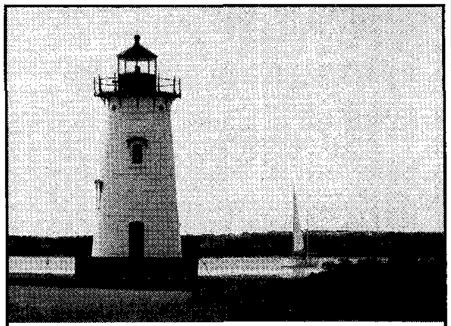

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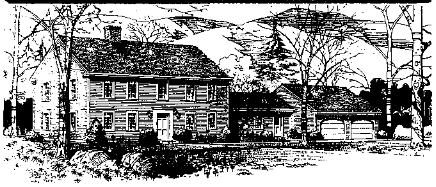

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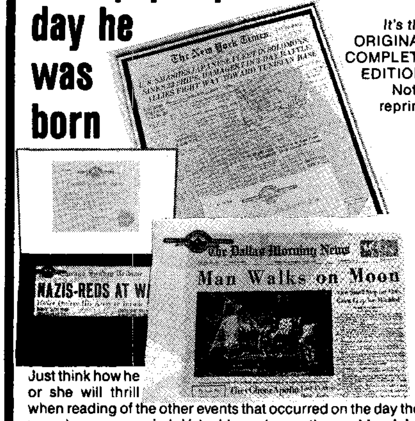

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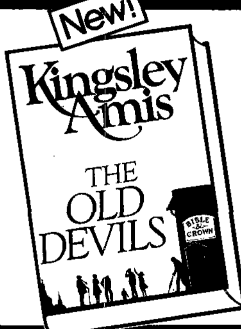

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Far Cry from Kensington, by Muriel Spark (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). In her eighteenth chiselled and quizzical novel, Mrs. Spark returns to the drab, homey, and somewhat spooky postwar London that figured in such early tales as "The Comforters," "The Bachelors," "Memento Mori," and "The Girls of Slender Means," and that she nostalgically revisited in her recent "Loitering with Intent." Her narrator, Nancy (a.k.a. Agnes) Hawkins—desultorily involved in publishing, and given to an aphoristic certainty of pronouncement—is a heroine in the Sparkian mold, but the eccentric and weakly creative spirits among whom she so decisively moves are perfunctorily limned. Her lover, William, is a brilliant young medical student raised in such dire poverty that he never learned any nursery rhymes, and her enemy, Hector Bartlett, is a grubby literary operator whom she scornfully dismisses as a "*pisseur de copie*." One thing leads to another with the usual snap and aplomb, and Mrs. Spark's prose is, as always, intensely composed, but it all seems a bit cut and dried. Mrs. Hawkins complacently states, "It is enough for me to discriminate mentally and leave the rest to God;" one wishes that Mrs. Spark, as a novelist, might leave a little less to God and be more indiscriminate in what she chooses to animate. However, she remains sui generis, with a passionate rigor like a glance from on high.

The Greenlanders, by Jane Smiley (Knopf; $19.95). The first Norse settlement in Greenland disappeared sometime in the fifteenth century. This long, dark novel is set in the latter days of the dwindling community, during the lifetime of its unhappy central character, Margret Asgeirsdottir. The farmers and herdsmen of the treeless island have lost the hunting prowess and sailing vessels of their ancestors; visiting ships arrive with less frequency; civil and religious ceremony slowly erodes; the climate worsens; and hunger and isolation turn the settlement in upon itself. The violence, madness, and grief of the Norse sagas rendered here seem far from fantastic, and the heartbreaking disintegration of the domestic world of Margret, whose abandoned loom is the book's final image, gives immediacy to the terror of those times. Jane Smiley has a graceful plain style ("The familiar snowy peaks and gray slopes with their skating black shadows passed on either side of the fjord in stately progression") and a steady narrative voice, which in masterly fashion assumes the stoic consciousness and narrowing prospects of a doomed people.

Breaking & Entering, by Joy Williams (Vintage; $6.95). A childless married couple, Liberty and Willie, wander through Florida living in unoccupied vacation homes with Liberty's big white dog, Clem. This "breaking and entering," which is mostly Willie's idea, allows them—forces them—to forget themselves as they examine the minutiae of other people's lives. Wearing their absent hosts' bathrobes, they barely communicate with each other. The book focusses on Liberty's growing alienation from this fragmented, dangerous existence and from Willie himself, who is cool and inscrutable. For the first half of the novel, the reader feels as weightless as Liberty: drifting from place to place, meeting colorful, extraneous characters, listening to Willie make pointless statements like "Man wasn't born to suffer leading his life from moment to moment," and wondering if anything will ever actually happen. The pace picks up toward the end, but, despite Ms. Williams' ability to move smoothly between Liberty's private thoughts and memorable descriptions of the stolen houses, the gentle dog, and the Florida landscape, the whole thing never quite feels real.

The Corner of Rife and Pacific,

by Thomas Savage (Morrow; $16.95). Grayling, Montana, was founded in 1890 as a cattle town, it prospered with the arrival of the Union Pacific, and in the summer of 1920 it celebrated its thirtieth anniversary, with the governor himself in genial attendance. Mr. Savage here examines its thirty years—largely through the fortunes, and misfortunes, of John Metlen, one of the founding fathers; his wife, Lizzie; their son, Zack; and, in time, Zack's wife—and stamps them all but indelibly in our consciousness. His writing is as lucid as Willa Cather's; his sense of time and place, of the details of the then still vivid American dream of Progress, is both sad and sardonic; and the richness of this novel, like that of its dozen predecessors, emerges from an accumulation of moments, of splendid epiphanies. Mr. Savage is a fine novelist, and his work has received critical acclaim; it would be refreshing if he were finally discovered by the reading public.

GENERAL

A EUROPEAN PAST: MEMOIRS 1905-1945, by Felix Gilbert (Norton; $19.95). The author, a historian, was born in Germany in 1905, and his earliest memories are of the tranquil existence of Europe's high bourgeoisie, which ended with the First World War. This memoir is a miraculously concise and evocative account of his youth in Germany, which he left in 1933, and his return there, with the O.S.S., in 1945. By recapturing the way his family, friends, and acquaintances felt and judged as the Nazis came to power, he shows us ordinary people living through historic events. In his last chapters he tells of the surprises, confusions, and anomalies he found in defeated Germany, and starts to tally the terrible costs of the Hitler years: "I visited the parents of my friend Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Only a few months before, in April 1945, two of their sons and two sons-in-law had been executed by the Nazis."

CAPOTE: A BIOGRAPHY, by Gerald Clarke (Simon & Schuster; $22.95). An exceptionally satisfying biography of Truman Capote (1924-1984), who was a serious writer, a showoff and social climber, and a stunningly self-destructive man. Never maudlin and rarely censor-

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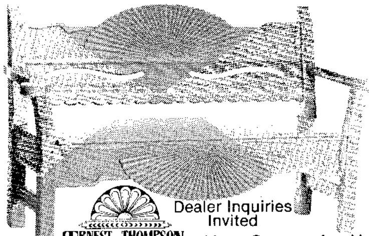

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ious, Mr. Clarke takes us every step of Capote's way, from his physically comfortable but emotionally battered childhood, through his rise to renown and riches, to his descent into alcohol, drugs, costly infatuations, and literary impotence. The biographer conveys the charm of Capote's enthusiasm, inventiveness, and doggedness—virtues that were fuelled, more often than not, by desperation. He is a sympathetic reader of Capote's work; his own is simple and sound.

VIDEO NIGHT IN KATHMANDU: AND OTHER REPORTS FROM THE NOT-SO-FAR EAST, by Pico Iyer (Knopf; $19.95). A quick-witted, perceptive report on the state of American culture in the lands of eastern Asia. In every country he visited, from China to the Philippines, the author, a thirtyish English-born-and-educated Indian who lives in California, found raucous echoes of U.S. pop life—Rambo in India, baseball fever in Japan, commercialized sex in Bangkok and Manila, and everywhere "pizzas, pizzazz and all the glitzy razzmatazz of the American Dream." (He has been a writer for *Time*.) Mr. Iyer, however, was interested in other questions: How much real damage has the export of cheapjack American culture done to the traditional ways of ancient civilizations? And is it not possible that a reversal of sorts is in process—that Asian societies, using American concepts of free enterprise, are moving in on the West, and the Orient is "taking over the future, a realm that had long seemed an exclusively Western dominion"? His thoughtful answers to these and related questions make of his book something more than a deft and entertaining traveller's tale.

ARCHIMEDES' REVENGE, by Paul Hoffman (Norton; $17.95). Anyone who doesn't find mathematics intolerable will find this book irresistible. Paul Hoffman's mathematical examples range from computer chess to the paradoxes that are inevitable when one attempts to assign the number of congressional representatives "fairly" as a function of population. (The problems arise because there is no such thing as a fractional congressman.) Mr. Hoffman succeeds—and this is no mean feat—in giving an extremely clear account of both the essence of modern mathematics and the nature of its practitioners.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A THIEF OF TIME, by Tony Hillerman (Harper & Row; $15.95). Mr. Hillerman continues his chronicle of crime in the Navajo reservation complex of New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah—crime that has its roots in Navajo culture and history—and its resolution by the not entirely friendly team of Lieutenant Joe Leaphorn and Officer Jim Chee, of the Navajo Tribal Police. The principals here, for a change, are mostly *belagana* (white), and mostly "thieves of time": pot-hunters, anthropologists. The action turns on the disappearance of one of these often tricky, always ambitious scientists, Dr. Eleanor Friedman-Bernal. Mr. Hillerman is—as always, it seems—at his best: strong on story, certain about character, wonderfully aware of nature, and hard to overrecommend.

TRUST ME ON THIS, by Donald E. Westlake (Mysterious Press; $16.95). There is a murder mystery here, and a young woman reporter who finds herself involved in it, but that is merely a story line. The black heart and shrivelled soul of Mr. Westlake's new novel is a chamber of horrors called the *Weekly Galaxy*, a supermarket newspaper whose methods and odor are such as to lift the *National Enquirer* to the level of the *Christian Science Monitor*. The reporter involved in the murder is a newcomer to this moral wasteland, and it is our pleasure to follow her as she learns the felonious tricks of her trade in the pursuit of stories about Martian weddings in California, about gallstones cured by frequent sex, about the nonagenarian who gave birth to quintuplets.

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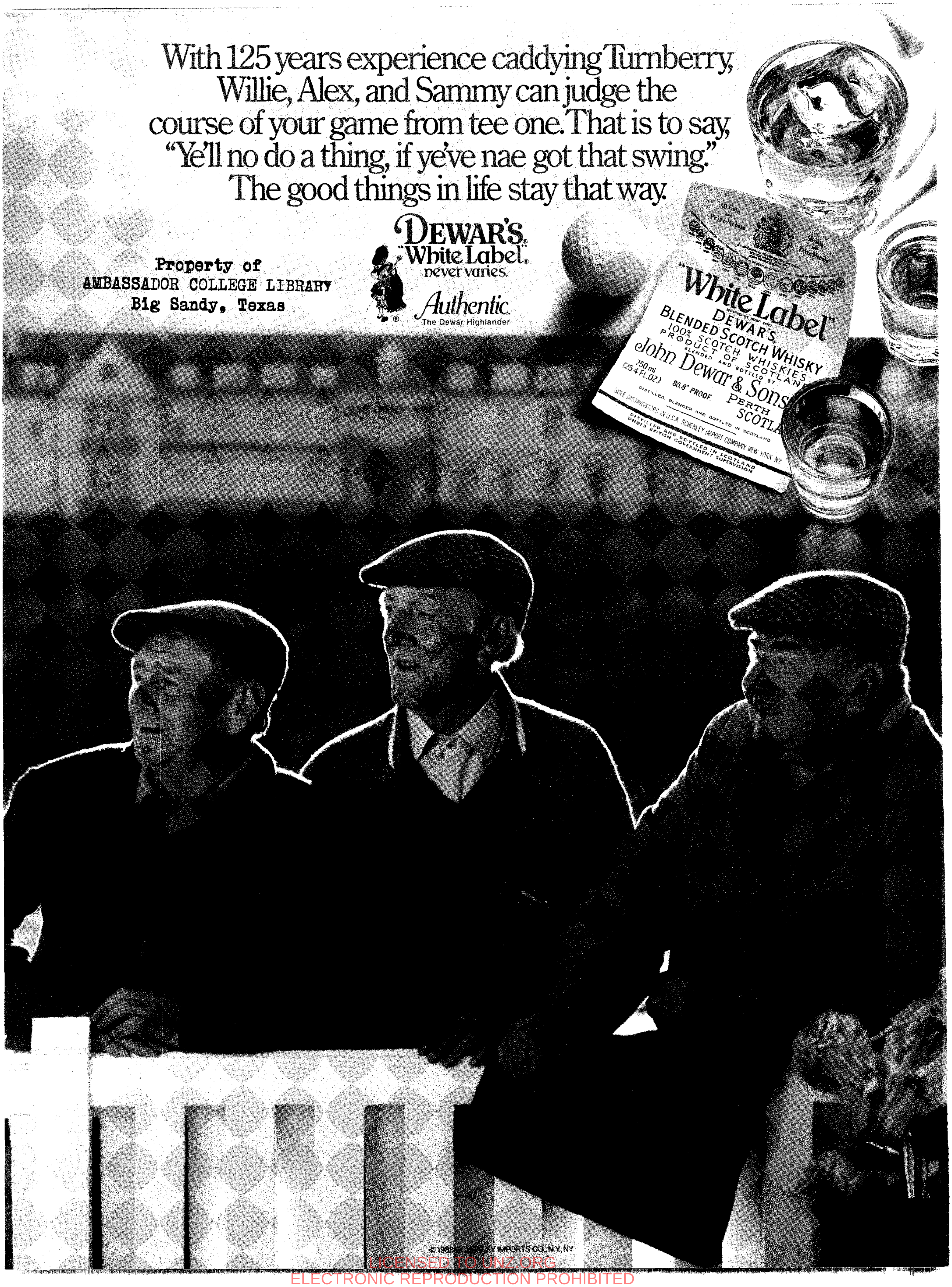
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